1319

THE

COFFEE-HOUSE POLITICIAN:

OR, THE

JUSTICE CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

A

COMEDY.

THE WORKS OF HENRY FIELDING, ESQ.

WITH

AN ESSAY

ON

HIS LIFE AND GENIUS,

BY

ARTHUR MURPHY, ESQ.

A NEW EDITION, IN FOURTEEN VOLUMES.

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PROLOGUE:

SPOKEN BY MR. MILWARD.

In ancient Greece, the infant Muse's school,
Where Vice first felt the pen of Ridicule,
With honest freedom and impartial blows
The Muse attack'd each Vice as it arose:
No grandeur could the mighty villain screen
From the just satire of the comic scene:
No titles could the daring poet cool,
Nor save the great right honourable fool.
They spar'd not even the aggressor's name,
And public villainy felt public shame.
Long hath this generous method been disus'd,
For Vice hath grown too great to be abus'd;
By pow'r defended from the piercing dart,
It reigns, and triumphs in the lordly heart;
While beaux, and cits, and squires our scenes afford,
Justice preserves the rogues who wield her sword;
All satire against her tribunal's quash'd,
Nor lash the bards, for fear of being lash'd.
But the heroic Muse who sings to-night,
Through these neglected tracts attempts her flight.
Vice, cloth'd with pow'r, she combats with her pen,
And, fearless, dares the lion in his den.
Then only reverence to pow'r is due,
When public welfare is its only view:
But when the champions, whom the public arm
For their own good with pow'r, attempt their harm,
He sure must meet the general applause,
Who 'gainst those traitors fights the public cause.
And while these scenes the conscious knave displease,
Who feels within the criminal he sees,
The uncorrupt and good must smile, to find
No mark for satire in his generous mind.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Worthy,	MR. OGDEN.
Squeezum,	MR. HIPPISLEY.
Politic,	MR. CHAPMAN.
Ramble,	MR. WALKER.
Constant,	MR. MILWARD.
Sotmore,	MR. HULETT.
Dabble,	MR. RAY.
Quill,	MR. H. BULLOCK.
Staff,	MR. HALL.
Porer,	MR. MACLEAN.
Faithful,	MR. HOUGHTON.

WOMEN.

Hilaret,	MRS. YOUNGER.
Isabella,	MRS. BOHEME.
Mrs. Squeezum,	MRS. BULLOCK.
Mrs. Staff,	MRS. KILBY.
Cloris,	MRS. STEVENS.

EVIDENCES, WATCH, &C.

SCENE—LONDON.

RAPE UPON RAPE;

OR, THE

JUSTICE CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE—*A parlour in* POLITIC'S *house. A table spread with news-papers. Chairs.*

HILARET, CLORIS.

HILARET.

WELL. Cloris, this is a mad frolic. I am horridly frighted at the thoughts of throwing myself into the power of a young fellow.

Clo. It is natural to us to be frighted at first: I was in a little terror myself on my wedding-day, but it went all off before the next morning. A husband, like other bug-bears, loses all his horror when we once know him thoroughly.

Hil. But if he should not prove a good husband—

Clo. Then you must not prove a good wife—— If he keeps a mistress, do you keep a gallant; if he stay out with his friends at a tavern, do you be merry with your friends at home.

Hil. You give fine advice indeed.

Clo. Upon my word, madam, it was such as I followed myself. I had a rogue of a husband that robbed me of all I had, and kept a mistress under my nose: but I was even with him: for it hath been ever my opinion, that a husband, like a courtier, who is above doing the duties of his office, should keep a deputy.

Hil. But suppose you had been in love with your husband?

Clo. Why so I was, madam, as long as he deserv'd it: but love, like fire, naturally goes out when it hath nothing to feed on.

Hil. Well, if it be possible to be assured of a lover's sincerity, I think I may be assured of Constant: at least it is adviseable to persuade myself of his truth whom I should love, tho' he wanted it:— Ah, Cloris! you may as easily remove a rock as a woman's passion——

Clo. And yet it is very often built on a sandy foundation.

Hil. Love is the same, whatever be its object: we as often like men for imaginary as real perfections; we all look through a prismatic glass in love, and whatever beauties we have once fancied, we never lose the opinion of—our amorous faith is as implicit as our religious.

Clo. If I have any judgment in mankind, and I am sure I have had some experience in them, your passion could have been no-where better fixed: captain Constant hath all the qualities any woman can desire. He hath youth, beauty, vigour, gal-

lantry, constancy, and, as Mr. Cowley says, a long &c.

SCENE II.

POLITIC, HILARET, CLORIS.

Pol. Ay, there it goes, tick tack, tick tack, like the pendulum of a clock. What mischief are you hatching, hey?——It is impossible that two women should be together without producing mischief.

Clo. I always thought a man and woman the more likely to produce mischief: and yet I think them the properer company.

Pol. I suppose you will tell my daughter so too.

Hil. Indeed, papa, she need not: for I was always of that opinion.

Pol. You was! but I shall prevent your wishes—

Hil. You may be mistaken. [*Aside.*

Pol. I do not believe the head of cardinal Fleury can be more perplexed, than mine is with this girl. To govern yourself, is greater than to govern a kingdom, said an old philosopher! and to govern a woman, is greater than to govern twenty kingdoms.

Hil. I wish you would not perplex yourself with cardinals or kingdoms; I wish you would mind your own business, instead of the public's: dear papa, don't give yourself any more trouble about Don Carlos, unless you can get him for a son-in-law.

Pol. Not if I were a king. I will make you a little sensible who Don Carlos is———

Hil. Nay, I do not understand one word of your politics.

Pol. I am sorry you do not—A news-paper would

be a more profitable entertainment for you than a romance. You would find more in one half sheet, than in the grand Cyrus.

Hil. More lies, very probably——You know I do read the home paragraphs in the Whitehall Evening Post: and that's the best of them.

Pol. If you would be informed in these matters, you must read all that come out: about forty every day, and some days fifty: and of a Saturday, about fourscore. Would you continue in such a course but one twelvemonth, I do not question but you might know as much of politics as—any man that comes to our coffee-house. And I had rather see you a politician, than a woman of quality.

Hil. If I may speak freely, it would have been better for me that you had been less a politician.

Pol. You are deceived, very much deceived: but some fool hath put this into your head. You may live to see me one of the greatest men in England. Did I not say at the siege of Gibraltar, that within one three years we should see whether we should have peace or no. And yet I am an ignoramus; I know nothing, I warrant you: I had better have continued a merchant no doubt: but then what had become of my projects? Where had been all those twenty different schemes which I have now ready to lay before the parliament, greatly for my own honour, and the interest of my country? Harkye, I have contrived a method to pay off the debts of the nation, without a penny of money.

Hil. And you will not get a penny by it, I dare swear.

Pol. No, no, no certainly; tho' I would not take twenty thousand pounds for the advantage which will arise to me from it. It hath lain these three years in a friend's hands of mine of the House of Commons; who assured me not many days ago

that it should be taken shortly into consideration, tho' he believed it could not be this sessions.

Hil. Nor this age, I am confident. [*Aside.*

Pol. And how do you think it is to be compassed! why, by procuring a machine to carry ships by land about an hundred miles: and so prosecute the East-India trade through the Mediterranean.

Hil. I wish you success, Sir: but I must take my leave of you, for it grows very late: so good-night, papa. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

POLITIC *solus.*

I cannot rest for these preparations of the Turks: what can be their design!——It must be against the emperor.——Ay, ay, we shall have another campaign in Hungary. I wish we may feel no other effect from them——should the Turkish gallies once find a passage through the Streights, who can tell the consequence. I hope I shall not live to see that day.

SCENE IV.

POLITIC, DABBLE.

Dab. We are all undone, neighbour Politic! all blown up! all ruined!

Pol. Protect us——what is the matter? No news of the Turks, I hope!

Dab. An express is arrived with an account of the Dauphin's death.

Pol. Worse and worse—This is a finishing stroke, indeed! Mr. Dabble, I take this visit exceeding kind—pray be pleased to sit: we must confabulate

on this important accident.——Pray light your pipe—I wish this may not retard the introduction of Don Carlos into Italy.

Dab. I wish it may.

Pol. How!

Dab. I wish Don Carlos do not prove a more formidable power than is imagined.

Pol. Don Carlos a formidable power, Mr. Dabble?

Dab. I wish we do not find him so.

Pol. Sir, I look on Don Carlos to be an errant blank in the affairs of Europe——and let me observe to you, the Turks give me much greater uneasiness than Don Carlos can: what the design of their preparations can be, is difficult to determine——this I know, that I know nothing of the matter.

Dab. I think we have no need to travel so far for apprehensions, when danger is so near us: the prospect of affairs in the West is so black, that I see no reason to regard the East: the monstrous power which Don Carlos may be possessed of by the death of the Dauphin——

Pol. Rather, the monstrous power which the emperor may be possessed of.

Dab. The emperor—ah!
Pol. Don Carlos truly.
} *Both shake their heads at one another.*

Dab. I would fain ask one question, Mr. Politic. Pray, how large do you take Tuscany to be?——

Pol. How large do I take Tuscany to be——let me see——Tuscany, ay; how large do I take it to be——hum——Faithful!——bring some more tobacco. How large do I take it to be——why, truly, I take it to be about as large as the kingdom of France——or something larger.———

Dab. As large as the kingdom of France!——you might as well compare this tobacco-pipe to a cannon. Why Tuscany, Sir, is only a town—a garrison to be

admitted into Tuscany; that is, into the town of Tuscany——

Pol. Sir, I will convince you of your error—— Here, Faithful, bring a map of Europe hither.

Dab. I did not think, Mr. Politic, you had been so ignorant in geography.

Pol. I believe I know as much as you, or any one, of it.

SCENE V.

POLITIC, DABBLE, FAITHFUL.

Faith. Sir, Sir, your daughter is gone out of the house, no one knows whither.

Pol. And give me leave to tell you, Sir, I wish your own ignorance in public affairs doth not appear to our cost.

Dab. Sir, I wish you wou'd send for the map.

Pol. Map me no maps, Sir, my head is a map, a map of the whole world.——

Faith. Sir, your daughter——

Dab. If your head be a map, it is a very erroneous one.

Pol. Sir, I would not have call'd Tuscany a town in a coffee-house, to have been master of it.

Dab. Nor I have compared it to France, to have been king of both.

SCENE VI.

POLITIC, DABBLE, FAITHFUL, PORER.

Por. Great news, gentlemen, all's safe again.

Pol. More deaths?

Por. An express is arriv'd with a certain account of the Dauphin's being in good health.

Dab. This is good news, indeed.

Pol. Is there a certain confirmation?

Por. Very certain—I came this monent from the secretary's office.

Pol. Dear Mr. Porer, you are the welcomest man alive——This news makes me the happiest creature living.

Faith. I wish, Sir, my news may not prevent it. Your daughter, Sir, Miss Hilaret, is gone out of the house, and no one knows whither.

Pol. My daughter gone! that is some allay to my happiness, I confess: but the loss of twenty daughters would not balance the recovery of the Dauphin.—However, gentlemen, you will excuse me, I must go inquire into this affair.

Dab. Be not concerned at any thing, after what you have heard: let the private give way to the public eve. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *The Street.*

SOTMORE, RAMBLE.

Sot. Why, thou wilt not leave us yet, and sneak away to some nasty little whore? A pox confound them, they have spoiled so many of my companions, and forc'd me to bed sober at three o'clock in the morning so often—that if the whole sex were going to the devil, I would drink a bumper to their good journey.

Ramb. And I would go thither along with them. The dear charming creatures! Woman! It is the best word that ever was invented. There's music, there's magic in it. Mark Anthony knew well to lay out his money, and when he gave the world for a woman——he bought a lumping pennyworth.

Sot. If he had given it for a hogshead of

good claret, I would have commended the purchase more.

Ramb. Wine is only the prologue to love: it only serves to raise our expectations. The bottle is but a passport to the bed of pleasure. Brutes drink to quench their appetites—— but lovers to inflame them.

Sot. 'Tis pity the generous liquor should be used to no better a purpose.

Ramb. It is the noblest use of the grape—and the greatest glory of Bacchus is to be page to Venus.

Sot. Before I go into a tavern again with a man who will sneak away after the first bottle, may I be cursed with the odious sight of a pint as long as I live; or become member of a city club, where men drink out of thimbles, that the fancy may be heightened by the wine, about the same time that the understanding is improved by the conversation: I'll sooner drink coffee with a politician, tea with a fine lady, or 'rack punch with a fine gentleman, than thus be made a whetstone of, to sharpen my friends' inclinations, that some little strumpet may enjoy the benefit of that good humour which I have raised.

Ramb. Why, thou art as ill-natured and as angry as a woman would be, who was disappointed in the last moment, when her expectations were at the highest.

Sot. And have I not the same cause?

Ramb. Truly, honest Nol, when a man's reason begins to stagger, I think him the properest company for the women: one bottle more, and I had been fit for no company at all.

Sot. Then thou hadst been carried off with glory. —An honest fellow should no more quit the tavern while he can stand, than a soldier should the field; but you fine gentlemen are for preserving yourselves safe from both, for the benefit of the ladies.——

'Sdeath! I'll use you with the same scorn that a soldier would a coward: so, Sir, when I meet you next, be not surprised if I walk on the other side the way.

Ramb. Nay, pr'ythee, dear Silenus, be not so enraged; I'll but take one refreshing turn, and come back to the tavern to thee. Burgundy shall be the word, and I will fight under thy command till I drop.

Sot. Now thou art an honest fellow—and thou shalt toast whomsoever thou pleasest—We'll bumper up her health, till thou dost enjoy her in imagination. To a warm imagination, there is no bawd like a bottle. It shall throw into your arms the soberest prude or wildest coquette in town; thou shalt rifle her charms, in spite of her art. Nay, thou shalt increase her charms more than her art: and when thou art surfeited with the luscious pleasure, wake cooly the next morning, without any wife by your side, or any fear of children.

Ramb. What a luscious picture hast thou drawn!

Sot. And thou shalt have it, boy! Thou shalt triumph over her virtue, if she be a woman of quality, or raise her blushes, if she be a common strumpet. I'll go order a new recruit upon the table, and expect you with impatience.—' Fill every glass.' [*Sings.*

[*Exit* Sotmore.

SCENE VIII.

RAMBLE *solus.*

Ramb. Sure this fellow's whole sensation lies in his throat; for he is never pleased but when he is swallowing; and yet the hogshead will be as soon drunk with the liquor it contains, as he. I wish it had no other effect upon me. Pox on my paper scull! I have no sooner buried the wine in my belly, than

its spirit rises in my head.—I am in a very proper humour for a frolic; if my good genius, and her evil one, would but send some lovely creature in my way ——ha! the devil hath heard my prayers.

SCENE IX.

RAMBLE, HILARET.

Hil. Was ever any thing so unfortunate! to lose this wench in the scuffle, and not know a step of the way——What shall I do?

Ramb. By all my love of glory, an adventure!

Hil. Ha! who's that? who are you, Sir?

Ramb. A cavalier, madam, a knight-errant rambling about the world in quest of adventures. To plunder widows and ravish virgins; to lessen the number of bullies, and increase that of cuckolds, are the obligations of my profession.

Hil. I wish you all the success so worthy an adventurer deserves. [*Going.*

Ramb. But hold, madam, I am but just sallied, and you are the first adventure I have met with. [*Takes hold of her.*

Hil. Let me go, I beseech you, Sir, I will have nothing to say to any of your profession.

Ramb. That's unkind, madam: for as I take it, our professions are pretty nearly allied, and, like priest and nun, we are proper company for one another.

Hil. My profession, Sir!

Ramb. Yes, madam, I believe I am no stranger to the honourable rules of your order. Nay, 'tis probable I may know your abbess too; for tho' I

have not been in town a week, I am acquainted with half a dozen.

Hil. Nothing but your drink, Sir, and ignorance of my quality, could excuse this rudeness.

Ramb. (Whu——[*Whistles.*] Ignorance of your quality! The daughter of some person of rank, I warrant her.) [*Aside.*] Look'e, my dear, I shall not trouble myself with your quality: it is equal to me whether your father rode in a coach and six, or drove it.——I have had as much joy in the arms of an honest boatswain's wife, as with a relation of the Great Mogul.

Hil. You look, Sir, so much like a gentleman, that I am persuaded this usage proceeds only from your mistaking me. I own it looks a little odd for a woman of virtue to be found alone in the street, at this hour——

Ramb. Yes, it does look a little odd indeed. [*Aside.*

Hil. But when you know my story, I am confident you will assist me, rather than otherwise. I have this very night escaped with my maid from my father's house; and as I was going to put myself into the hands of my lover, a scuffle happening in the street, and both running away in a fright to avoid it, we unluckily separated from each other.——Now, Sir, I rely on the generosity of your temper to assist an unhappy woman; for which you shall not only have my thanks, but those of a very pretty fellow into the bargain.

Ramb. I am that very pretty fellow's very humble servant. But I find I am too much in love with you myself, to preserve you for another: had you proved what I at first took you for, I should have parted with you easily; but I read a coronet in your eyes:

(she shall be her grace if she pleases, I had rather give her a title than money.) [*Aside.*

Hil. Nay, now you mistake me as widely as you did at first.

Ramb. Nay, by this frolic, madam, you must be either a woman of quality, or a woman of the town—Your low, mean people, who govern themselves by rules, dare not attempt these noble flights of pleasure—flights only to be reached by those who boldly soar above reputation.

Hil. This is the maddest fellow. [*Aside.*

Ramb. So, my dear, whether you be of quality or no quality, you and I will go drink one bottle together at the next tavern.

Hil. I have but one way to get rid of him. [*Aside.*

Ramb. Come, my dear angel. Oh! this dear soft hand.

Hil. Could I but be assur'd that my virtue would be safe.

Ramb. No-where safer. I'll give thee any thing in pawn for it—(but my watch.) [*Aside.*

Hil. And then my reputation——

Ramb. The night will take care of that—Virtue and reputation! These whores have learnt a strange cant since I left England. [*Aside.*

Hil. But will you love me always?

Ramb. Oh! for ever and ever, to be sure.

Hil. But will you——too.

Ramb. Yes, I will——too.

Hil. Will you promise to be civil?

Ramb. Oh! yes, yes; (I was afraid she would have asked me for money.)

Hil. Well, then I will venture.—Go you to that corner tavern, I'll follow you.

Ramb. Excuse me, madam, I know my duty better—so if you please, I'll follow you.

Hil. I insist on your going first.

Ramb. And so you'll leave me in the lurch: I see you are frighted at the roughness of my dress, but fore gad, I am an honest tar, and the devil take me if I bilk you.

Hil. I don't understand you.

Ramb. Why then, madam, here is a pound of as good tea as ever come out of the Indies; you understand that, I hope.

Hil. I shall take no bribes, Sir.

Ramb. Refuse the tea! I like you now indeed; for you cannot have been long upon the town, I'm sure. But I grow weary with impatience. If you are a modest woman, and insist on the ceremony of being carried, with all my heart.

Hil. Nay, Sir, do not proceed to rudeness.

Ramb. In short, my passion will be dallied with no longer. Do you consider, I am just come on shore, that I have seen nothing but men and the clouds this half year, and a woman is as ravishing a sight to me, as the returning sun to Greenland. I am none of your puisny beaux, that can look on a fine woman, like a surfeited man on an entertainment. My stomach's sharp, and you are an ortolan; and if I do not eat you up, may salt beef be my fare for ever! [*Takes her in his arms.*

Hil. I'll alarm the watch.

Ramb. You'll be better-natured than that. At least, to encounter danger is my profession; so have at you, my little Venus—If you don't consent, I'll ravish you.

Hil. Help there! a rape, a rape!

Ramb. Hush, hush, you call too loud, people will think you are in earnest.

Hil. Help, a rape!

SCENE X.

RAMBLE, HILARET, STAFF, WATCH.

Staff. That's he there, seize him.

Ramb. Stand off, ye scoundrels!

Staff. Ay, Sir, you should have stood off——— Do you charge this man with a rape, madam?

Hil. I am frighted out of my senses——

Staff. A plain case!——The rape is sufficiently proved.——What, was the devil in you, to ravish a woman in the street thus!

Hil. Oh! dear Mr. Constable, all I desire is that you would see me safe home.

Staff. Never fear, madam, you shall not want evidence. [*Aside to her.*

Ramb. Nay, if I must lodge with these gentlemen, I am resolv'd to have your company, madam.) Mr. Constable, I charge that lady with threatening to swear a rape against me, and laying violent hands upon my person, whilst I was inoffensively walking along the street.

Hil. How! villain!

Ramb. Ay, ay, madam, you shall be made a severe example of. - The laws are come to a fine pass truly, when a sober gentleman can't walk the streets for women.

Hil. For heaven's sake, Sir, don't believe him.

Staff. Nay, madam, as we have but your bare affirmation on both sides, we cannot tell which way to incline our belief; that will be determin'd in the morning by your characters—I would not have you dejected, you shall not want a character.

[*Aside to her.*

Hil. This was the most unfortunate accident sure, that ever befel a woman of virtue.

Staff. If you are a woman of virtue, the gentleman will be hanged for attempting to rob you of it. If you are not a woman of virtue, why you will be whipped for accusing a gentleman of robbing you of what you had not to lose.

Hil. Oh! this unfortunate fright!——But, Mr. Constable, I am very willing that the gentleman should have his liberty, give me but mine.

Staff. That request, madam, is a very corroborating circumstance against you.

Ramb. Guilt will ever discover itself.

Staff. Bring them along.

1 *Watch.* She looks like a modest woman, in my opinion.

Ramb. Confound all your modest women, I say —a man can have nothing to do with a modest woman, but he must be married, or hang'd for't.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE—JUSTICE SQUEEZUM'S; *a table, pen, ink, paper, &c.*

SQUEEZUM, QUILL.

SQUEEZUM.

Did mother Bilkum refuse to pay my demands, say you.

Quill. Yes, sir; she says she does not value your

worship's protection of a farthing, for that she can bribe two juries a-year to acquit her in Hicks's-hall, for half the money which she hath paid you within these three months.

Squeez. Very fine! I shall show her that I understand something of juries, as well as herself. Quill, make a memorandum against mother Bilkum's trial, that we may remember to have the pannel No. 3; they are a set of good men and true, and hearken to no evidence but mine.

Quill. Sir, Mr. Snap, the bailiff's follower, hath set up a shop, and is a freeholder. He hopes your worship will put him into a pannel on the first vacancy.

Squeez. Minute him down for No. 2, I think half of that pannel are bailiff's followers. Thank heaven, the laws have not excluded those butchers.——

Quill. No, Sir, the law forbids butchers to be jurymen, but does not forbid jurymen to be butchers.

Squeez. Quill, d'ye hear? look out for some new recruits for the pannel No. 1. We shall have a swinging vacancy there the next sessions.—Truly, if we do not take some care to regulate the juries in the Old Bailey, we shall have no juries for Hicks's-hall.

Quill. Very true, Sir. But that pannel hath been more particularly unfortunate. I believe I remember it hanged, at least twice over.

Squeez. Ay, poor fellows! We must all take our chance, Quill. The man who would live in this world, must not fear the next. The chance of peace is doubtful as that of war; and they who will make their fortunes at home, should entertain no more dread of the bench, than a soldier should of the field. We are all militant here; and a halter hath

been fatal to many a great man, as well as a bullet.

SCENE II.

SQUEEZUM, QUILL, STAFF.

Quill. Sir, here's Mr. Staff, the reforming constable.

Staff. An't please your worship, we have been at the gaming-house in the alley, and have taken six prisoners, whereof we discharged two who had your worship's licence.

Squeez. What are the others?

Staff. One is an half-pay officer; another an attorney's clerk; and the other two are young gentlemen of the Temple.

Squeez. Discharge the officer and the clerk; there is nothing to be got by the army or the law—the one hath no money, and the other will part with none. But be not too forward to quit the Templars.

Staff. Asking your worship's pardon, I don't care to run my finger into the lion's mouth. I would not willingly have to do with any limb of the law.

Squeez. Fear not; these bear no nearer affinity to lawyers, than a militia regiment of squires do to soldiers; the one gets no more by his gown, than the other by his sword. These are men that bring estates to the Temple, instead of getting them there.

Staff. Nay, they are bedaub'd with lace as fine as lords

Squeez. Never fear a lawyer in lace.——The lawyer that sets out in lace, always ends in rags.

Staff. I'll secure them.—We went to the house where your worship commanded us, and heard the

dice in the street; but there were two coaches with coronets on them at the door, so we thought it proper not to go in.

Squeez. You did right. The laws are turnpikes, only made to stop people who walk on foot, and not to interrupt those who drive through them in their coaches——The laws are like a game at loo, where a blaze of court cards is always secure, and the knaves are the safest cards in the pack.

Staff. We have taken up a man for a rape too.

Squeez. What is he?

Staff. I fancy he's some great man; for he talks French, sings Italian, and swears English.

Squeez. Is he rich?

Staff. I believe not, for we can't get a farthing out of him.

Squeez. A certain sign that he is. Deep pockets are like deep streams; and money, like water, never runs faster than in the shallows.

Staff. Then there's another misfortune too.

Squeez. What's that?

Staff. The woman will not swear any thing against him.

Squeez. Never fear that; I'll make her swear enough for my purpose. What sort of a woman is she?

Staff. A common whore, I believe.

Squeez. The properest person in the world to swear a rape. A modest woman is as shy of swearing a rape, as a gentleman is of swearing a battery. ——We will make her swear enough to frighten him into a composition, a small part of which will satisfy the woman. So go bring them before me.—But hold! have you been at home since I sent a prisoner thither this morning?

Staff. Yes, an't please your worship.

Squeez. And what says he?

Staff. He threatens us confoundedly! and says you have committed him without any accusation. I'm afraid we shall get nothing out of him.

Squeez. We'll try him till noon however.

SCENE III.

SQUEEZUM, MRS. SQUEEZUM.

Mrs. Squeez. I desire, Mr. Squeezum, you would finish all your dirty work this morning; for I am resolv'd to have the house to myself in the afternoon.

Squeez. You shall, my dear; and I shall be obliged to you, if you can let me have the coach this morning.

Mrs. Squeez. I shall use it myself.

Squeez. Then I must get horses put into the chariot.

Mrs. Squeez. I am not determined whether I shall use the coach or chariot; so it is impossible you should have either. Besides, a hack is the properest to do business in; and as I cannot spare you a servant, will look better.

Squeez. Well, child, well, it shall be so.——Let me only beg the favour of dining a little sooner than ordinary.

Mrs. Squeez. That is so far from being possible, that we cannot dine till an hour later than usual, because I must attend at an auction, or I shall lose a little China bason which is worth its weight in jewels, and it is probable I may get it for its weight in gold, which will not be above one hundred guineas; and those you must give me, child.

Squeez. A hundred guineas for a china bason! Oh, the Devil take the East-India trade! The clay of the one Indies runs away with all the gold of the other.

Mrs. Squeez. I may buy it for less; but it is good to have rather too much money about one, than too little.

Squeez. In short, I cannot support your extravagance.

Mrs. Squeez. I do not desire you to support my extravagance.

Squeez. I wish you would not.

Mrs. Squeez. Thus stands the case: you say I am extravagant; I say I am not: sure, my word will balance your's every-where but at Hicks's-hall.—— And heark'e, my dear; if whenever I ask for a trifle, you object my extravagance to me, I'll be reveng'd; I'll blow you up, I'll discover all your midnight intrigues, your protecting ill houses, your bribing juries, your snacking fees, your whole train of rogueries. If you do not allow me what I ask, I'll bid fair to enter on my jointure, Sir.

Squeez. Well, my dear, this time you shall be indulged.—Trust a thief or lawyer with your purse, a whore or physician with your constitution, but never trust a dangerous secret with your wife; for when once you have put it into her power to hang you, the sooner you are hang'd, the better. [*Aside.*

SCENE IV.

SQUEEZUM, QUILL, MRS. SQUEEZUM, STAFF, WATCH, RAMBLE, HILARET.

Staff. An't please your worship, here is a gentleman hath committed a rape last night on this young woman.

Squeez. How! a rape! Hath he committed a rape on you, child?

Mrs. Squeez. This may be worth hearing. [*Aside.*

Hil. Sir, I have nothing to say against him. I desire you would give us both our liberty. He was a little frolicsome last night, which made me call for these peoples' help; and when once they had taken hold of us, they would not suffer us to go away.

Squeez. They did their duty.——The power of discharging lieth in us, and not in them.

Ramb. Sir———

Squeez. Sir, I beg we may not be interrupted. Heark'e, young woman, if this gentleman hath treated you in an ill manner, do not let your modesty prevent the execution of justice. Consider, you will be guilty yourself of the next offence he commits; and upon my word, by his looks, it is probable he may commit a dozen rapes within this week.

Hil. I assure you he is innocent.

Squeez. Mr. Staff, what say you to this affair?

Staff. May it please your worship, I saw the prisoner behave in a very indecent manner, and heard the woman say he had ravish'd away her senses.

Squeez. Fie upon you, child, will you not swear this?

Hil. No, Sir; but I shall swear something against you, unless you discharge us.

Squeez. That cannot be, madam; the fact is too plain. If you will not swear now, the prisoner must be kept in custody till you will.

Staff. If she will not swear, we can swear enough to convict him.

Ramb. Very fine, faith! This justice is worse than a grand inquisitor. Pray, honest, formidable Sir, what private pique have you against me, that

you would compel the lady to deserve the pillory, in order to promote me higher?

Squeez. My dear, did you ever see such a ravishing look as this fellow hath? Sir, if I was a judge, I would hang you without any evidence at all. They are such fellows as these who sow dissention between man and wife, and keep up the names of cuckold and bastard in the kingdom.

Ramb. Nay, if that be all you accuse me of, I will confess it freely, I have employ'd my time pretty well. Tho' as I do not remember ever to have done you the honour of dubbing, Mr. Justice, I cannot see why you should be so incensed against me; for I do not imagine you any otherwise an enemy to these amusements than a popish priest to sin, or a doctor to disease.

Mrs. Squeez. You are very civil, Sir, to threaten to dub my husband before my face.

Ramb. I ask pardon, madam; I did not know with whom I had the honour to be in company: it was always against my inclination to affront a lady; but a woman of your particular merit, must have claimed the most particular respect.

Mrs. Squeez. I should have expected no rudeness from a gentleman of your appearance, and would much rather attribute any misbecoming word to inadvertency than design.

Ramb. Madam, I know not how to thank so much goodness; but do assure you, I would buy an introduction to your acquaintance at a much greater danger thand this prosecution, which, I believe, you already see the malice of, I hope, madam I stand already acquitted in your opinion.

Mrs. Squeez. I hope, Sir, it will only appear to have been a frolic: I must own I have been always a great enemy to force——since there are so many willing.

Ramb. So, I find there is no danger of a rape here. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Squeez. Well, child, can you find any thing against this gentleman?

Squeez. The woman is difficult of confessing in public: but I fancy when I examine her in private, I may get it out of her.—So, Mr. Constable, withdraw your prisoner.

Mrs. Squeez. Nay, he appears so much of a gentleman, that till there be stronger evidence, I will take charge of him.——Come, Sir, you shall go drink a dish of tea with me.——You may stay without. [*To the Constable,* &c.

Ramb. This kindness of your's, madam, will be an encouragement to offenders.

SCENE V.

SQUEEZUM, HILARET.

Squeez. Come, come, child, you had better take the oath, tho' you are not altogether so sure. Justice should be rigorous. It is better for the public that ten innocent people should suffer, than that one guilty should escape; and it becomes every good person to sacrifice their conscience to the benefit of the public.

Hil. Would you persuade me to perjure myself?

Squeez. By no means, not for the world. Perjury indeed! Do you think I do not know what perjury is better than you? He did attempt to ravish you, you own; very well. He that attempts to do you any injury, hath done it in his heart. Besides, a woman may be ravished, ay, and many a woman hath been ravished, ay, and men been hanged for it——when she hath not certainly known she hath been ravished.

Hil. You are a great casuist in conscience. But

you may spare yourself any further trouble: for I assure you it will be in vain.

Squeez. I see where your hesitation hangs; you are afraid of spoiling your trade—You think severity to a customer will keep people from your house.—Pray, answer me one question—How long have you been upon the town?

Hil. What do you mean?

Squeez. Come, come, I see you are but a novice, and I like you the better: for your's is the only business wherein people do not profit by experience.—You are very handsome—it is pity you should continue in this abandoned state.—Give me a kiss—nay, be not coy to me.——I protest, you are as full of beauty as the rose is of sweetness, and I of love as its stalk is full of briars——Oh! that we were as closely joined together too.

Hil. Why, you will commit a rape yourself, Mr. Justice.

Squeez. If I thought you would prove constant, I would take you into keeping: for I have not liked a woman so much these many years.

Hil. I will humour this old villain, I am resolved! [*Aside.*

Squeez. What think you, could you be constant to a vigorous, healthy, middle-aged man, hey!—Could this buy thy affections off from a set of idle rascals, who carry their gold upon their backs, and have pockets as empty as their heads? Fellows who are greater curses on a woman than the vapours; for as those persuade her into imaginary diseases, these present her with real.——Let thy silence give consent: here, take this purse as an earnest of what I'll do for you.

Hil. Well, and what shall I do for this?

Squeez. You shall do—You shall do nothing;

I will do. I will be a verb active, and you shall be a verb passive.

Hil. I wish you be not of the neuter gender.

Squeez. Why, you little arch rogue, do you understand Latin, hussy?

Hil. A little, Sir! My father was a country parson, and gave all his children a good education. He taught his daughters to write and read himself.

Squeez. What, have you sisters, then?

Hil. Alack-a-day, Sir! sixteen of us, and all in the same way of business.

Squeez. Ay, this it is to teach daughters to write. I would as soon put a sword into the hand of a madman, as a pen into those of a woman; for a pen in the hand of a woman is as sure an instrument of propagation, as a sword in that of a madman is of destruction. [*Aside.*]——Sure, my dear, the spirit of love must run very strongly in the blood of your whole family.

Hil. Oh, Sir, it was a villainous man of war that harboured near us.—My poor sisters were ruined by the officers, and I fell a martyr to the chaplain.

Squeez. Ay, ay, the sailors are as fatal to our women as our soldiers are. One Venus rose from the sea, and thousands have set in it—But not Venus herself could compare to thee, my little honeysuckle?

Hil. Be not so hot, Sir.

Squeez. Bid the touchwood be cold behind the burning-glass. The touchwood is not more easily kindled by the sun, than I by your dear eyes.

Hil. The touchwood is not drier, I dare swear. [*Aside.*

Squeez. But hark! I hear my wife returning—Leave word with my clerk where I shall send to you —I will be the kindest of keepers, very constant, and very liberal——

Hil. Two charming qualities in a lover!

Squeez. My pretty nosegay, you will find me vastly preferable to idle young rakehells. Besides, you are safe with me. You are as safe with a justice in England, as a priest abroad; gravity is the best cloak for sin, in all countries.——Be sure to be punctual to the time I shall appoint you.

Hil. Be not afraid of me.

Squeez. Adieu, my pretty charmer. I shall burn with impatience.

SCENE VI.

SQUEEZUM *solus.*

Go thy ways for a charming girl! Now, if I can get her at this wild fellow's expense, I shall have performed the part of a shrewd justice; for I would make others pay for my sins as well as their own. I fancy my wife has sufficiently frightened him by this, and that he will truckle to any terms to be acquitted; for I must own she will pump a man much better than I.——Oh! here they come. I must deal with my gentleman now in another style.

SCENE VII.

SQUEEZUM, MRS. SQUEEZUM, RAMBLE.

Ramb. Well, Sir, is the lady determined to swear stoutly?

Squeez. Truly, it is hard to say what she determines; she is gone to ask the advice of a divine and a lawyer.

Ramb. Then the odds are against me: for the lawyer will certainly advise her to swear; and it is possible the priest may not contradict her in it.

Squeez. It is indeed a ticklish point, and it were adviseable to make it up as soon as possible. The first loss is always the least. It is better to wet your coat than your skin, and to run home when the clouds begin to drop, than in the middle of the storm. In short, it were better to give a brace of hundred pounds to make up the matter now, than to venture the consequence. I am heartily concerned, to see a gentleman in such a misfortune. I am sorry the age is so corrupt. Really I expect to see some grievous and heavy judgment fall on the nation. We are as bad as ever Sodom and Gomorrah were; and wish we may not be as miserable.

Ramb. Heark'e, justice; I take a sermon to be the first punishment which a man undergoes after conviction. It is very hard I must be condemned to it before-hand.

Mrs. Squeez. Nay, Sir, I am sure Mr. Squeezum speaks for your good.——I shall get a necklace out of this affair. [*Aside.*

Squeez. Ay, that I am sure I do: my interest sways not one way or the other.—I would, were I in that gentleman's circumstances, do what I advise him to.

Ramb. Faith, Sir, that I must doubt: for were you in my circumstances, you would not be worth the money.

Squeez. Nay, Sir, now you jest with me; a gentleman can never be at a loss for such a trifle.

Ramb. Faith, you mistake. I know a great many gentlemen not worth three farthings. He that resolves to be honest cannot resolve not to be poor.

Squeez. A gentleman, and poor! Sir, they are contradictions. A man may as well be a scholar without learning, as a gentleman without riches. But I have no time to dally with you. If you do not understand good usage, while it is dealt you,

you may, when you feel the reverse. The affair may now be made up for a trifle: the time may come when your whole fortune would be too little. —An hour's delay in the making up an offence is as dangerous as in the sewing up of a wound.

Ramb. Well, you have over-persuaded me—I'll take your advice.

Squeez. I'll engage you will not repent it—— I don't question but you will regard me as your friend.

Ramb. That I do, indeed. And to give you the most substantial instance of it—I will ask a favour, which is expected only from the most intimate friendship—which is, that you will be so kind to lend me the money.

Squeez. Alack-a-day, Sir, I have not such a sum in my command. Besides, how must it look in me, who am an officer of justice, to lend a culprit money wherewith to evade justice! Alas, Sir, we must consider our characters in life, we must act up to our characters: and tho' I deviate a little from mine, in giving you advice, it would be entirely forsaking the character of a justice to give you money.

Mrs. Squeez. I wonder how you could ask it.

Ramb. Necessity obliges to any thing, madam. Mr. Squeezum was so kind to show me the necessity of giving money, and my pockets were so cruel to show me the impossibility of it.

Squeez. Well, Sir, if you cannot pay for your transgressions like the rich, you must suffer for them like the poor.——Here, Constable.

SCENE VIII.

SQUEEZUM, MRS. SQUEEZUM, RAMBLE, STAFF, CONSTABLES.

Squeez. Take away your prisoner: keep him in safe custody, till further orders. If you come to a wiser resolution within these two hours, send me word: after that it will be too late.

Ramb. Heark'e, Mr. Justice, you had better use me as you ought, and acquit me; for if you do any thing which you cannot defend, hang me, if I am not revenged on you.

Squeez. Hang you!——I wish there may not be more meaning in the words than you imagine.

Ramb. 'Sdeath! you old rascal, I can scarce forbear rattling those old dry bones of thine, till they crack thy wither'd skin.

Squeez. Bear evidence of this; I am threatened in the execution of my office.

Ramb. Come, honest Mr. Constable, Mr. Nocturnal Justice, let me go any-where from this fellow—The night hath chosen a better justice than the day.

SCENE IX.

SQUEEZUM, MRS. SQUEEZUM.

Squeez. I am afraid I shall make nothing of this ellow at last. I have a mind to discharge him.

Mrs. Squeez. Oh! by no means; for I am sure he hath money.

Squeez. Yes, and so am I. But suppose he will not part with it; it is impossible to take it from

him: for there is no law yet in being to screen a justice of peace from a downright robbery.

Mrs. Squeez. Try him a little longer, however.

Squeez. I will till the afternoon; but if he should not consent by that time, I must discharge him; for I have no hopes in the woman's swearing. She is discharged already.

Mrs. Squeez. I'll make him a visit at the constable's house, and try if I can alarm him into a composition. I may make him do more than you imagine.

Squeez. Do so, my dear——I doubt not your power—Good-morrow, honey.

Mrs. Squeez. But, my dear, pray remember the hundred guineas.

Squeez. Yes, yes, I shall remember them: they are not likely to be soon forgotten.—Follow me to my escritoire.

SCENE X.

MRS. SQUEEZUM *sola.*

Since you are sure of going to the devil, honest spouse, I'll take care to equip you with a pair of horns, that you may be as like one another as possible. This dear wild fellow must be mine, and shall be mine: I like him so well, that if he had even ravished me, on my conscience I should have forgiven him.

SCENE XI.

MR. WORTHY'S.

WORTHY, POLITIC.

Wor. Upon my word, Mr. Politic, I am heartily sorry for this occasion of renewing our acquaintance.

I can imagine the tenderness of a parent, tho' I never was one.

Pol. Indeed, neighbour Worthy, you cannot imagine half the troubles, without having undergone them. Matrimony baulks our expectations every way; and our children as seldom prove comforts to us as our wives. I had but two—whereof one was hanged long ago—and the other I suppose may be in a fair way by this.

Wor. In what manner did she escape from you?

Pol. She had taken leave of me to retire to rest, not half an hour before I heard of her departure. I impute it all to the wicked instructions of an imp of the devil called a chamber-maid, who is the companion of her flight.

Wor. But do you know of no lover?

Pol. Let me see——hey!——there hath been a fellow in a red coat, with whom she hath conversed for some time, in spite of my teeth.

Wor. Depend on it, he is the occasion of your loss. I can grant you a warrant against him, if you know his name, tho' I fear you are too late.

Pol. No, Sir, I am not too late; my daughter is an heiress, and you know the punishment for stealing an heiress. If I could hang the rascal, it would be some satisfaction.

Wor. That will be impossible, without her consent; and truly, if she be married, I would advise you to follow the example of that emperor, who when he discovered something worse than a marriage between one of his subjects and his daughter, chose rather to let him enjoy her as his own, than punish him.

Pol. Pray where did that emperor reign?

Wor. I have almost forgotten, but I think it was one of the Greek emperors, or one of the Turks.

Pol. Bring me no example from the Turks, good Mr. Worthy, I find no such affinity in our interests

Sir, I dread and abhor the Turks. I wish we do not feel them, before we are aware.

Wor. But Sir——

Pol. But me no buts——what can be the reason of all this warlike preparation, which all our newspapers have informed us of? Yes, and the same newspapers a hundred times in the same words. Is the design againt Persia? Is the design against Germany? Is the design against Italy?——Suppose we should see Turkish galleys in the channel? We may feel them, yes, we may feel them—in the midst of our security: Troy was taken in its sleep, and so may we.

Wor. Sure, Sir, you are asleep, or in a dream—

Pol. Yes, yes, these things are called idle dreams—the justest apprehensions may be styled dreams—but let me tell you, Sir, men betray their own ignorance often, in attacking that of other men.

Wor. But what is all this to your daughter?

Pol. Never tell me of my daughter, my country is dearer to me than a thousand daughters; should the Turks come among us, what would become of our daughters then? and our sons, and our wives, and our estates, and our houses, and our religion, and our liberty?—When a Turkish aga should command our nobility, and janizaries make grandfathers of lords, where should we look for Britain then?

Wor. Truly, where I may look for Mr. Politic now, in the clouds.

Pol. Give me leave, Sir, only to let you a little into the present state of Turkey.

Wor. I must beg to be excused, Sir; if I can be of any service to you, in relation to your daughter, you may command my attention: I may probably defend you from your own countrymen, but truly from the Turks I cannot.

Pol. I am glad to hear you have some apprehen-

sion of them, as well as myself—That you are not so stupidly besotted, as I meet with some people at the coffee-house; but perhaps you are not enough apprized of the danger. Give me leave only to show you how it is possible for the Grand Signior to find an ingress into Europe—Suppose, Sir, this spot I stand on to be Turkey—then here is Hungary—very well—here is France, and here is England—granted—then we will suppose he had possession of Hungary—what then remains but to conquer France, before we find him at our own coast—But, Sir, this is not all the danger; now I will show you how he can come by sea to us.

Wor. Dear Sir, refer that to some other time; you have sufficiently satisfied me, I assure you.

Pol. It is almost time to go to the coffee-house—so, dear Mr. Worthy, I am your most obedient servant.

Wor. Mr. Politic, your very humble servant.

SCENE XII.

WORTHY, *solus.*

I recollect the dawnings of this political humour to have appeared when we were at the Bath together; but it has risen finely in these ten years. What an enthusiasm must it have arrived to, when it could make him forget the loss of his only daughter! The greatest part of mankind labour under one delirium or other: and Don Quixote differed from the rest, not madness, but the species of it. The covetous, the prodigal, the superstitious, the libertine, and the coffee-house politician, are all Quixotes in their several ways.

That man alone from madness free, we find,
Who, by no wild unruly passion blind,
To reason gives the conduct of his mind.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE—*The Street.*

HILARET, CLORIS, *meeting.*

HILARET.

Dear Cloris.

Clo. Dear madam, is it you? you altogether?

Hil. Ay, ay, altogether, thank Heavens! I had like to have lost something, but all's safe, I assure you.

Clo. Ah! madam, I wish it were.

Hil. What, don't you believe me?

Clo. I wish you could not me, or I myself. Poor captain Constant———

Hil. What of him?

Clo. Oh! madam!

Hil. Speak quickly, or kill me, which you please———

Clo. ——Is taken up for a rape.

Hil. How!

Clo. It is too true, his own servant told me.

Hil. His servant belied him, and so do you—— Show me where he is; if he be in a dungeon, I'll find him out.

Clo. Very generous, indeed, madam! A king

should sooner visit a prisoner for treason, than I a lover for a rape.

Hil. It would be unpardonable in me to entertain so flagrant a belief at the first hearing, against a man who hath given me such substantial proofs of his constancy: besides, an affair of my own makes me the more doubtful of the truth of this; but if there appear any proof of such a fact, I will drive him for ever from my thoughts.

Clo. Yes, madam, justice Squeezum will take care to have him driven another way.

Hil. Justice Squeezum! Let me hug you for that information. Now, I can almost swear he is innocent: I have such an adventure to surprise you with; but let me not lose a moment——come, show me the way.

Clo. Poor creature! she knows the way to her destruction too well——but it would be impertinence in a servant to put her out of it. [*Aside.*

SCENE II.

The Constable's House.

CONSTANT *alone.*

I begin to be of that philosopher's opinion, who said, that whoever will entirely consult his own happiness, must be little concerned about the happiness of others. Good nature is Quixotism, and every princess Micomicona will lead her deliverer into a cage. What had I to do to interpose? What harm did the misfortunes of an unknown woman bring me, that I should hazard my own happiness and reputation on her account?—But sure, to swear a rape against me for having rescued her from a ravisher, is an unparallelled piece of ingratitude.

SCENE III.

CONSTANT *and* MRS. STAFF.

Mrs. Staff. Will your honour please to drink a dram, or some 'rack punch?

Const. Dear madam, do not trouble me; I can drink nothing.

Mrs. Staff. Truly, Sir, but I can. Not trouble you! I had never such a customer here before. You a captain charged with a rape! I should sooner take you for some poor attorney, charged with forgery and perjury; or a traveling parson, with stealing a gown and cassoc.

Const. Drink what you will, and I'll pay what you please.

Mrs. Staff. Thank your honour! your honour will not be offended, I hope——we stand at a great rent; and truly, since this gin act, trade hath been so dull, that I have often wished my husband would live by the highway himself, instead of taking highwaymen.

Const. You are not the only wife who would give her husband this advice, I dare swear. Nay, were men all so uxorious to take it, Tyburn would have as much business as Doctors' Commons.

Mrs. Staff. I wish it had more; for we must stand and fall by one another; no business there, no business here; and truly, captain, 'tis with sorrow I say it, where we have one felon now, we had ten a year or two ago——I have not seen one prisoner brought in for a rape this fortnight, except your honour. I hope your handsel will be lucky.

SCENE IV.

CONSTANT, STAFF, MRS. STAFF.

Staff. Captain, your servant; I suppose you will be glad of company——here is a very civil gentleman, I assure you.

Mrs. Staff. More gentlemen! this is rare news indeed.

Const. I had rather be alone.

Staff. I have but this one prison-room, captain; besides, I assure you, this is no common fellow, but a very fine gentleman, a captain too—and as merry a one———

Const. What is the cause of his misfortune?

Staff. A rape, captain, a rape—no dishonourable offence—I would not have brought any scoundrels into your honour's company: but rape and murder no gentleman need be ashamed of; and this is an honest brother-ravisher—I have ravished women myself formerly: but a wife blunts a man's edge. When once you are married, you will leave off ravishing, I warrant you—to be bound in wedlock, is as good a security against rapes, as to be bound over to the peace is against murder.

Mrs. Staff. My husband will have his jest—I hope your honour will pardon him.

Staff. But here is the gentleman.

SCENE V.

CONSTANT, RAMBLE, STAFF, MRS. STAFF.

Const. Prodigious!

Ramb. Dear Constant!

Const. What in the name of wonder hath brought you to England!

Ramb. What in the devil's name hath brought thee to the Constable's?

Const. Only a rape, Sir; no dishonourable offence, as Mr. Constable hath it.

Ramb. You jest.

Staff. No, Sir, upon my word the captain is in earnest.

Ramb. Why, I should sooner have suspected ermine, or lawn sleeves. But I see gravity and hypocrisy are inseparable.——Well, give me thy hand, brother, for our fortunes agree exactly.

Staff. And will agree in the end, I don't question. This is not the first time of their meeting together on this account; a couple of old whore-masters, I warrant them. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Staff. Will your honours please to drink any punch, noble captains? it will keep up your spirits.

Staff. Don't force the gentlemen, wife, to drink whether they will or no.—I wish you well off this affair—in the mean time, whatever my house affords is at your service—and let me assure you, the more you drink, the less you will lament your misfortune.

Ramb. Spoken like a true philosopher.

SCENE VI.

CONSTANT, RAMBLE.

Ramb. But, dear Billy, I hope thou hast not really committed, hey?

Const. What I heartily repent of, I assure you. I rescued a woman in the street, for which she was so kind to swear a rape against me; but it gives me

no uneasiness equal to the pleasure I enjoy in seeing you.

Ramb. Ever kind and good-natur'd!

Const. Yet I wish our meeting had been on another occasion; for the freedom of your life makes me suspect the consequence of your confinement may be heavier than mine.

Ramb. I can't tell what the consequence may be, nor shall I trouble myself about it: but I assure thee, no sucking babe can be more innocent. If our cases differ in any thing, it is in this, that my woman hath not sworn.

Const. This pleases me indeed! But, pray, how came you to leave the Indies, where I thought you had been settled for life?

Ramb. Why, on the same account that I went thither, that now I am here, by which I live, and for which I live, a woman.

Const. A woman!

Ramb. Ay, a fine, young, rich woman! a widow with fourscore thousand pounds in her pocket—— there's a north star to steer by.

Const. What is her name?

Ramb. Her name——her name is Ramble.

Const. What, married!

Ramb. Ay, Sir: soon after you left the Indies, honest Mr. Ingot left the world, and me the heir to his wife with all her effects.

Const. I wish you joy, dear Jack; this thy good fortune hath so filled me with delight, that I have no room for my own sorrows.

Ramb. But I have not unfolded half yet.

Sot. [*Without.*] Let two quarts of rum be made into punch, let it be hot—hot as hell.

Ramb. D'ye hear, we are in a fine condition, 'faith!

SCENE VII.

CONSTANT, RAMBLE, SOTMORE, STAFF.

Sot. Here they are, here are a brace of desponding whoremasters for you——Ramble, what, nothing to say in praise of the women; Mark Antony made a fine bargain, hey, when he gave the world for a woman? 'Sdeath, if he had been alive now, I'd have waged six gallons of claret I had seen him hanged for a rape——as I shall very suddenly my two worthy friends.

Ramb. Harkee, Sotmore, if you say any thing against the women, we'll cut your throat, and toss justice in a murder into the bargain.

Sot. Not speak against women! you shall as soon compel me not to drink: you shall sow up my lips, if you do either.——Here, you, let the punch be gotten ready.

Staff. It shall, an't please your honour. (This gentleman is a rare customer to a house; I wish he would commit a rape too.) [*Aside.*

SCENE VIII.

CONSTANT, RAMBLE, SOTMORE.

Const. You must not rail against the ladies, Sotmore, before Ramble; for he is a married man.

Ramb. And what is better, my wife is at the bottom of the sea.

Sot. And what is worse, all her effects are at the bottom of the sea with her.

Const. How!

Ramb. Faith! Sotmore hath spoken truth for

once.——Notwithstanding my pleasantry, the lady and her fortune are both gone together; she went to the other world fourscore thousand strong; and if there be any such thing there, I don't question but she is married again by this time.

Sot. You would not take my advice. I have caution'd thee never to trust any thing on the same bottom with a woman. I would not insure a ship that had a woman on board for double the price.—The sins of one woman are enough to draw down a judgment on a fleet.

Ramb. Here's a fellow, who, like a prude, makes sin a handle to his abuse.—Art thou not ashamed to mention sin—who art a cargo of iniquity? Why wilt thou fill thy venom'd mouth with that of others, when thou hast such stores of thy own?

Const. What occasioned your separating?

Ramb. A storm, and my ill stars. I left the ship wherein she was to dine with the captain of one of our convoy, when a sudden violent storm arising, I lost sight of her ship, and from that day have never seen or heard of her.

Sot. Nor ever will—I heartily hope. Tho' as for the innocent chests, those I wish deliver'd out of the deep. But the sea knows its own good: it will be sure to keep the money though possibly it may refund the woman; for a woman will swim like a cork, and they are both of the same value; nay, the letter is the more valuable, as it preserves our wine, which women often spoil.

Const. Why, Sotmore, wine is the touchstone of all merit with thee, as gold is to a stock-jobber; and thou would'st as soon sell thy soul for a bottle, as he for a guinea.

Sot. Wine, Sir, is as apt a comparison to every thing that is good, as woman is to every thing that is bad.

Const. Fie, Sotmore! this railing against the ladies will make your company as scandalous to gentlemen, as railing at religion would to a parson.

Ramb. Right, Constant! they are my religion, I am the high-priest of the sex.

Sot. Women and religion! Women and the devil: he leaves his votaries in the lurch, and so do they.

Const. I fancy, Ramble, this friend of our's will turn parson one day or other—

Ramb. If he was not such a sot, I should think it possible.

Sot. Why faith! I am almost superstitious enough to fancy this a judgment on thee for breaking thy word.—Did I not tell thee, thou wert strolling off to some little dirty whore! and you see the truth of my prophecy.

Ramb. Thou art in the right: it was not only a whore, but the most impudent of all whores——a modest whore.

Const. A modest whore! let her be married to an honest attorney, by all means.

Ramb. And sent together to people his majesty's plantations.

Sot. Modesty, now-a-days, as often covers impudence, as it doth ugliness. It is as uncertain a sign of virtue, as quality is; or as fine clothes are of quality.

Ramb. Yet to do her right: the persuasions of the justice could not prevail with her to perjure herself.

Sot. Conscientious strumpet! she hopes to pick your pocket another time, which it were charity to thee to wish she might: for if thou escapest this, she certainly will have an opportunity.

Ramb. Pray, honest Nol, how didst thou find us out? for a boy would as soon have sent for his

schoolmaster when he was caught in an orchard, as I for thee on this occasion.

Sot. Find you out! why the town rings of you ——there is not a husband or guardian in it, but what is ready to get drunk for joy. If the woman be not gold proof, she will be bribed to swear against you. You are a nuisance, Sir! I don't believe he hath been in town six days, and he hath had above sixteen women.

Ramb. And they are a nobler pleasure than so many gallons which thou hast swallowed in that time.

Sot. Sir, I pay my vintner, and therefore do no injury.

Ramb. And, Sir, I do no injury: and therefore have no reason to pay.

Sot. Hey-dey! is taking away a man's wife or daughter no injury?

Ramb. Not when the wife is weary of her husband, and the daughter longs for one.

Const. Art thou not ashamed, Sotmore, to throw a man's sins in his face, while he is suffering for them?

Sot. That is the time, Sir: besides, you see what an effect it hath on him: you might as well rail at a knight of the post in the pillory.

Ramb. Let him alone, the punch will be here immediately, and then he'll have no leisure to rail.

Sot. Is it not enough to make a man rail, to have parted with a friend happy in the night, and to find him the next morning in so fair a way to— Death and damnation! show me the whore; I'll be revenged on her and the whole sex. If thou art hanged for ravishing her, I'll be hang'd for murdering her. Describe the little mischief to me. Is she tall, short, black, brown, fair? In what form hath the devil diguised himself?

Ramb. In a very beautiful one, I assure you: she hath the finest shape that ever was beheld, genteel to a miracle; then the brighest eyes that ever glanced on a lover, the prettiest little mouth, and lips as red as a cherry: and for her breasts, not snow, marble, lilies, alabaster, ivory, can come up to their whiteness; but their little, pretty, firm, round form, no art can imitate, no thought conceive——Oh! Sotmore, I could die ten thousand millions of times upon them———

Sot. You are only likely to die once for them.

Const. All these raptures about a common whore, Ramble?

Sot. Ay, every woman he sees, they are all alike to him, modest or immodest, high or low, from the garret to the cellar, St. James's to the stews; find him but a woman, and he'll make an angel of her. —He hath the same taste for women, as a child for pictures, or a hungry glutton for an entertainment: every piece is a Venus, and every dish an ortolan.

Ramb. To say the truth of her, Sotmore must have allow'd her handsome, and I must allow her to have been a damn'd, confounded, common———

SCENE IX.

CONSTANT, RAMBLE, SOTMORE, HILARET.

Ramb. Ha! conjur'd up, by Jupiter! Well, my little enemy, do the priest and the lawyer consent—and will you swear—ha!

Hil. [*Not regarding* Ramble, *runs to* Constant.] My Constant!

Ramb. Hey-dey! what, are we both in for ra-

vishing the same woman?—I see, by her fondness, he hath really ravished her.

Const. O, Hilaret! this kindness of your's sinks me the deeper; can you bear to think on one accused of such a crime as I am?

Hil. Never to believe it can I bear.

Const. How shall I repay this goodness! Then, by heavens, I am innocent. [*They talk apart.*

Ramb. Hey! the devil!——Is this Constant's mistress? Here will be fine work, i'faith! [*Aside.*

Sot. Is this the lady that did you the favour, Sir? [*To* Ramble.

Ramb. This the lady! No——why this is a woman of virtue; tho' she hath a great resemblance of the other, I must confess.

Sot. Then I suppose this is she whom Constant hath toasted this half year—his honourable mistress, with a pox.—Rare company for a man who is in prison for a rape!

Hil. And was you in that scuffle which parted me and my maid in Leicester-Fields?

Const. It was there this unfortunate accident happened, while I was going to the place of our appointment.

Hil. It had like to have occasioned another to me, which, that I escaped, I am to thank this gentleman.

Ramb. Oh, madam! your most obedient, humble servant. Was it you, dear madam?

Const. Ha! is it possible my friend can have so far indebted me!——This is a favour I can never return.

Ramb. You over-rate it, upon my soul you do; I am sufficiently repaid by this embrace.

Const. I can never repay thee.—Would'st thou have given me worlds, it could not have equalled the least favour conferr'd on this lady.

Ramb. I should have conferr'd some favours on her, indeed, if she would have accepted them. [*Aside.*

Hil. I am glad it is to Mr. Constant's friend I am oblig'd.

Sot. Yes, you are damnably obliged to him for his character of you. [*Aside.*

Const. My dear Hilaret, shall I beg to hear it all? I can have no pleasure equal to finding new obligations to this gentleman.

Hil. Since you desire it——

Ramb. I fancy, madam, your fright at that time may have occasioned your forgetting some circumstance; therefore, since captain Constant desires it, I will tell him the story.—I had just parted from this gentleman, when I heard a young lady's voice crying out for help; (I think the word rape was mentioned, but that I cannot perfectly remember;) upon this, making directly to the place where the noise proceeded, I found this lady in the arms of a very rude fellow.

Hil. The most impudent fellow, sure, that ever was born!

Ramb. A very impudent fellow, and yet a very cowardly one; for the moment I came up, he quitted his hold, and was gone out of sight in the twinkling of an eye.

Const. My dear Ramble, what hast thou done for me!

Ramb. No obligation, dear Constant! I would have done the same for any man breathing. But to proceed: The watch came up, who would not be satisfied with what she then said, but conveyed us both to the Round-house, whence we were carried in the morning before Justice Squeezum, and by him notwithstanding this lady's protestations, your hum-

ble servant was committed to that place where he now finds himself with this good company.

Const. Oh, my friend!—May heaven send me an opportunity of serving thee in the same manner!

Ramb. May that be the only prayer which it denies to Constant!

SCENE X.

CONSTANT, RAMBLE, SOTMORE, HILARET, STAFF.

Staff. The punch is ready, gentlemen, you may walk down; the liberty of my house is at your service.

Sot. And that is liberty enough, while thou hast punch here. If thy house were a sea of punch, I would not prefer any house in town to it.

Staff. Your honour shall not want that.

Sot. And I shall want nothing more.

Staff. Captain, a word with you. [*To Ramble.*] There's madam Squeezum below desires to speak with you alone.

Ramb. Bring her up.—Sotmore, you must excuse me a few moments, Constant and this lady will entertain you.

Sot. Let the moments be very few. I'll lay five gallons to one, this fellow hath another whore in his eye.

SCENE XI.

RAMBLE, MRS. SQUEEZUM.

Ramb. So; my affair with my friend's mistress is happily over.——That I should not know a modest woman! But there is so great an affectation of modesty in some women of the town, and so great an

affectation of impudence in some women of fashion, that it is not impossible to mistake. Now for Mrs. Justice, her business with me is not exceeding difficult to guess.

Mrs. Squeez. You will think I have a vast deal of charity, captain, who am not only the solicitress of your liberty at home to my husband, but can carry my good-nature so far as to visit you in your confinement. I cannot say but I have a generous pity for any one whom I imagine to be accused wrongfully.

Ramb. I am obliged to you indeed, madam, for that supposal.

Mrs. Squeez. You are the cause of it. Wherefore do you imagine I ventured myself alone with you this morning.

Ramb. From your great humanity, madam.

Mrs. Squeez. Alas, Sir! it was to try whether you were really the man you were reported to be; and I am certain I found you as inoffensive, quiet, civil, well-bred a gentleman, as any virtuous woman could have wished. Your behaviour was so modest that I could never imagine it possible you should have been guilty of a rape. No overgrown alderman of sixty, or taper beau of six-and-twenty, could have been more innocent company.

Ramb. Whu!—— [*Aside.*

Mrs. Squeez. Your then carriage hath wrought so great an effect upon me, that I have ventured to trust myself here with you; nay, I could trust myself any-where with so modest a gentleman.

Ramb. I'll take care, madam, never to forfeit your good opinion of me; you may trust yourself with me any-where; I'll never behave in any other manner than becomes the best bred man alive with the best bred lady. I swear by this soft hand, these

lips, and all the millions of charms that dwell in this dear body ——

Mrs. Squeez. What do you mean?

Ramb. I know not what I mean; tongue can't express, nor thought conceive—we can only feel the exquisite pleasures love has in store.

Mrs. Squeez. Nay, I protest and vow——

Ramb. Protestations are as vain as struggling. This closet hath a bed in it that would not disgrace a palace.

Sot. [*At the door.*] Why, Ramble! Jack Ramble! Art thou not ashamed to leave thy friends thus for some little dirty strumpet? If thou dost not come immediately, we'll break open the door, and drown her in punch.

Mrs. Squeez. [*Softly.*] I am undone!——

Ramb. Fear nothing.——Go to your bowl, I'll come this instant.

Sot. I'll not wag without you.

Ramb. Then I'll come down, break your bowl, and spill all your liquor.

Sot. Bring thy whore along with thee! there's one there already, she'll be glad of her company: if you don't come in an instant, I will be back again.

Mrs. Squeez. What shall I do?

Ramb. My angel! love shall instruct thee.

Mrs. Squeez. Let me go—some other time—I will not run any venture here.

Ramb. I will not part with you.

Mrs. Squeez. You shall hear from me in half an hour. You shall have your liberty, and I'll appoint you where to meet me.

Ramb. Shall I depend on you?

Mrs. Squeez. You may—Adieu.—Don't follow me; I can slip out a back way.

Ramb. Farewel, my angel!

SCENE XII.

RAMBLE, *solus.*

Confound this drunken rascal! this is not the first time he hath spoiled an intrigue for me. But hold, as I am to have my liberty before-hand, I don't think this half-hour's delay at all unlucky. That consideration may sufficiently compensate the staying of my stomach. This adventure of mine begins to put on a tolerable aspect. An intrigue with a rich justice's wife, is not to be slighted by a young fellow of a desperate fortune. I do not doubt but in a very short time, when I am taken up for the next rape, to bribe the justice with his own money.—Lend a man your gold he may forget the debt; venture your life for him, he may forget the obligation; but once engage his wife, and you secure his friendship. There is no friend in all extremity so sure as your cuckold—and the surest hold you can take of a man, as of a bull, is by his horns.

SCENE XIII.

RAMBLE, CONSTANT, SOTMORE, HILARET.

Sot. Ha! what's become of thy wench? If thou hadst none, thy absence was the more inexcusable.

Const. O Ramble! this our better genius hath invented the most notable plot.——Such a net is laid for the justice it will at once entangle him, and disentangle us. Mr. Hogshead here is to play his part too.

Ramb. I am sorry we cannot do without him; for

should there be any claret in his way, he'd disappoint the whole affair for one bottle.

Sot. Not for the best Burgundy in France. This lady hath won my heart by one bumper.——By all the pleasures of drinking, madam, I like you more than your whole sex put together. There is no honesty in man or woman, that will not drink. Honesty is tried in wine, as gold is in the fire. Madam, you have made a conquest of me. I'll drink your health as long as I can stand, and that's as long as a reasonable woman can require.

Hil. I am exceedingly proud of my conquest over a man of Mr. Sotmore's good sense.

Const. Upon my word you may: you are the first woman, I believe, he ever was civil to.

Sot. It was because they none of them had your merit: a parcel of tea-drinking sluts.——If I had a daughter that drank tea, I would turn her out of doors. The reason that men are honester than women is, their liquors are stronger. If the sex were bred up to brandy and tobacco, if they all liked drinking as well as you seem to do, madam, I should turn a lover.

Ramb. Why, Constant, such another compliment would make thee jealous.

Hil. Upon my word, he hath reason already!

Sot. Madam, I like you; and if a bottle of Burgundy were on one side, and you on the other, I do not know which I should choose.

Const. Thou would'st choose the bottle, I am sure.

Ramb. But I long to hear this conspiracy.

Sot. Then it must be below. I strictly forbid any secrets to be told but at the council table. The rose is ever understood over the drinking room, and a glass is the surest turnkey to the lips.

Const. That's contrary to the opinion of philosophers.

Sot. Of the sober ones it may; but all your wise philosophers were a set of the most drunken dogs alive. I never knew a sober fellow but was an ass——and your ass is the soberest of all animals. Your sober philosophers, and their works, have been buried long ago. I remember a saying of that great philosopher and poet, Horace, who wrote in Falernian instead of ink:

No verses last——can long escape the night,
Which the dull scribbling water-drinkers write.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE—SQUEEZUM'S.

SQUEEZUM, QUILL.

SQUEEZUM.

You delivered my letter?

Quill. Yes, an't please your worship, I left it at the coffee-house, where she directed me.

Squeez. Very well.———Quill.

Quill. Sir.

Squeez. I think I may trust thee with any secret —and what I am now going to tell, will show thee what a confidence I put in thee.——In short, Quill, I suspect my wife——

Quill. Of what, Sir?

Squeez. I am afraid that I am not the only person free with her, and that I am free of the corporation of cuckolds.

Quill. Then your worship is free of all the corporations in England.

Squeez. Now thou knowest that there are very wholesome laws against cuckoldom; the advantage of a man's horns is, that he may shove his wife out of doors with them.

Quill. And that is no inconsiderable advantage.

Squeez. But there must be a discovery first. It is not enough that a man knows himself to be a cuckold; the world must know it too. He that will keep his horns in his pocket, must keep his wife in his bosom. Therefore, Quill, as it is in your power to observe my wife, I assure you a very handsome reward on her conviction: for I begin to find, that if I do not discover her, she will shortly discover me, or ruin me by bribing her to hold her tongue. It is not a little gold will make a gag for a woman.

Quill. Sir, I shall be as diligent as possible.

Squeez. And I as liberal on your success.

[*Exit* Squeezum.

SCENE II.

QUILL *solus.*

Indeed, Justice, that bait will not do. I know you too well to trust to your liberality. Your wife will reward services better than you. Besides, I have too much honour to take fees on both sides. And since I am her pimp in ordinary, I'll go like an honest and dutiful servant, and discover this conspiracy: for should she once be turn'd out of the family, I should make but a slender market of this close-finger'd

justice, whose covetousness would suffer no rogues to live but himself.

SCENE III.

The CONSTABLE'S *House.*

RAMBLE, CONSTANT.

Ramb. This little mistress of your's is the most dextrous politician, if that drunken puppy doth not disappoint us.

Const. Never fear him: he hath cunning enough, and there hath been so long a war in his head between wine and his senses, that they seem now to have come to an agreement that he is never to be quite in them, nor ever quite out of them: his life is one continued scene of being half drunk.

Ramb. Well, as we can be of no further use in the affair, but must stay here and expect the issue; pr'y-thee, tell me, what hath become of you these three long years, since you quitted the service of the East-India company, and came over to England with Sotmore?

Const. Why, at my first return to England, the prospect of war was in every one's eye; and not only the reports of the people, but the augmentation of the troops assur'd us of its approach: upon which, I resolved to embark my small remains of fortune in the service of my country, and obtained the same commission on that occasion which I had enjoyed in the Indies. My history is not very full of adventures: I continued therein till the reduction, when I shared the fate of several unhappy brave fellows, and was sent a-begging with a red coat on my back.

Ramb. It is the faculty of the cloth to be ragged. —Red is as apt to be ragged, as white to be soil'd.

It is commonly the fate of our brave soldiers to bring home ragged cloaths, as well as colours, and both are rewarded by Westminster-hall—the one is hung up in it, and the other is locked up safe by an order from it; for, Heaven be prais'd! the jails are always open hospitals for us.

Const. The only happiness which hath attended me since my return, is my having contracted an intimacy with that young lady whom you saw here; which hath proceeded so far, that last night we had appointed to meet in order to our marriage; but as I was just arrived at the place, a woman well-dress'd was attacked in the street by a ruffian. I immediately flying to her assistance, the fellow quitted her, and left me alone in the possession of the watch, who early this morning carried me before Justice Squeezum, and by him I was committed hither.

Ramb. What, did she appear against you?

Const. No; they said she was ill of some bruises she had received, but desired I might be kept in custody till the afternoon, at which time she would appear against me. But by what Hilaret hath told us, and by some methods which have been used to extort money from me, I am inclined to fancy it is all a contrived piece of villainy of the justice, and not of the woman's, as I at first imagined.

Ramb. Be assur'd of it;——if there be roguery, the justice hath the chief part in it. But comfort yourself with the expectation of revenge; for I think he cannot possibly escape the net we have spread, unless the devil have more gratitude than he is reported to have, and will assist his very good friend at a crisis.

Const. But what do you intend in England, where you have no friends?

Ramb. I know not yet whether I have or no. I left an old father here, and a rich one. He thought

fit to turn me out of doors for some frolics, which, it is probable, if he yet lives, he may have forgiven me by this. But what's become of him, I know not; for I have not heard one word of him these ten years.

Const. I think you have been vastly careless, in neglecting him so long.

Ramb. 'Tis as I have acted in all affairs of life; my thoughts have ever succeeded my actions: the consequence hath caused me to reflect when it was too late. I never reasoned on what I should do, but what I had done; as if my reason had her eyes behind, and could only see backwards.

SCENE IV.

RAMBLE, CONSTANT, STAFF.

Staff. Here is a letter for your honour.

Ramb. [*Reads it.*] Ay, this is a letter, indeed!

Const. What is it?

Ramb. My freedom, under a sign-manual from the queen of these regions.

Const. Explain.

Ramb. Then, Sir, in plain English, without either trope or figure, it is a letter from the justice's wife, with an order to the constable for my liberty. [*Reads.*

'SIR,

'I was no sooner recovered of the fright which 'that unmannerly friend of your's occasioned, than 'I have performed my promise. You will find me 'at home: the constable hath orders by the bearer 'to acquit you.'

Here's good-nature for you! [*Kisses the letter.*] Thou dear wife of a damn'd rogue of a justice, I fly to thy arms.

Const. Heark'e! suppose you brought her to be a witness to our design—and—here, take this letter of assignation from the justice to Hilaret; it will give your discovery credit.

Rumb. An admirable thought! I fly to execute it. Dear Constant, good-morrow. I hope, when next we meet, we shall meet

In happier climes, and on a safer shore,
Where no vile justice shall invade us more.

Const. Success attend you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Tavern.

SQUEEZUM, DRAWER.

Squeez. No woman been to inquire for Mr. Jones?

Draw. Sir, I know of none; but I'll ask at the bar, if you please.

Squeez. Do—and leave word, if any such comes, to show her up hither.——I have no reason to doubt her company, but I am impatient for it. I protest this woman hath revived the vigour of youth in me; sure, I must have over-reckoned my years!——I cannot be above forty-nine at the most.——I wish this dear girl was come.—I am afraid I did wrong in giving her those five shillings, in a purse worth above two shillings more, which who knows but she may be spending on some bully, who will perhaps send another present to me in return.

SCENE VI.

SQUEEZUM, HILARET.

Squeez. Oh! are you come—you little, pretty, dear, sweet rogue!——I have been waiting for you these——these four hours at least.

Hil. Young lovers are commonly earlier than their appointment.

Squeez. Give me a kiss for that.—Thou shalt find me a young lover, a vigorous young lover too.——Hit me a slap in the face, do——Bow-wow! Bow-wow! I'll eat up your clothes.——Come, what will you drink? White or red?——Women love white best.——Boy, bring half a pint of mountain.——Come, sit down; do, sit down.——Come, now let us hear the story how you were first debauched.—Come—that I may put it down in my history at home. I have the history of all the women's ruin that ever I lay with, and I call it, THE HISTORY OF MY OWN TIMES.

Hil. I'll warrant it is as big as a church bible.

Squeez. It is really of a good reputable size. I have done execution in my time.

Hil. And may do execution still.

Boy. [*Without.*] Half a pint of mountain in the Lion, score.

Squeez. Well—But now let me have the history—Where did your amour begin?—at church I warrant you. More amours begin at church than end there.——Or, perhaps, you went to see the man of war——Going to see sights hath ruined many a woman. No wonder children are lovers of them, since so many owe their being to them.

Hil. [*Aside.*] I thank you for that remembrance, I had forgot my lover.———Ay, Sir, it was there

indeed I saw him first; that was the fatal scene of our interview.

Squeez. Well, and was the amour managed by letter or by word of mouth.

Hil. By letter, Sir. I believe he writ two quires of paper to me before I would send him an answer: I returned him several unopened, and then several others opened——But at last he obtained an answer.

Squeez. Well, and after your answer, what followed then?

Hil. Oh! he thought himself sure of me, as soon as I had answered his letter.

Squeez. Ay, I have always observed in my amours, that when I received an answer, I never failed of the woman; a woman follows her letter infallibly. Well, and what did he say in the second letter?

Hil. Oh! he swore a thousand fond things: that his love should last as long as his life: that his whole happiness depended on me——and a vast deal of that nature.

Squeez. Ay, ay, just as I have done myself. I find whoring is as methodical as the law.

Hil. And I fancy as tedious with you, old gentleman. [*Aside.*

Squeez. Well, and how many letters did you write to him, hey!——before——

Hil. Not many. He did not want much encouragement.

Squeez. Then passing over the rest of the suit, let us come to the last fatal meeting.

Hil. It was of a Sunday morning.——

Squeez. Right. My old method: when other people are gone to church.

Hil. In an exceeding hot day. ——

Squeez. May or June?——Women and cherries are commonly gathered in the same month.

Hil. I was fatigued with walking in the garden, and retired to an arbour to repose myself: guess what was my surprise, when I found the dear perfidious had conveyed himself hither before me.

Squeez. A sly dog! My old way again. An ambush is as useful in love as war.

Hil. At my first entrance, he pretended a surprise at seeing me unexpectedly; but on my questioning how and with what design he had conveyed himself there, he immediately threw off the cloke, and confessed all: he flew to me, caught me in his arms with the most eager raptures, and swore the most violent love and eternal constancy. I in the greatest agony of rage repelled him with my utmost force; he redoubled his attacks, I slackened my resistance; he intreated, I raved; he sighed, I cried; he press'd, I swooned; he——

Squeez. Oh!—I can bear no longer, my angel! my paradise! my honey-suckle! my dove! my darling!

Hil. What do you mean, Sir?

Squeez. I mean to eat you up, to swallow you down, to squeeze you to pieces.

Hil. Help there! A rape, a rape!

SCENE VII.

SQUEEZUM, HILARET, SOTMORE.

Sot. Hey-day! what in the devil's name is here?——Justice Squeezum ravishing a woman!

Hil. Oh! for Heaven's sake, Sir, assist a poor forlorn, hapless maid, whom this wicked man hath treacherously seduced.

Squeez. Oh lud!——Oh lud!

Sot. Fie upon you, Mr. Squeezum! you who are a magistrate, you who are the preserver and executor of our laws, thus to be the breaker of them!

Squeez. Can'st thou accuse me?

Hil. You know too well how barbarously you have used me. For pity's sake, Sir, secure him; do not let him escape, till we send for a constable. If there be any law for a justice, I am resolved to hang him.

Squeez. Oh lud! what shame have I brought myself to! that ever I should live to see this day!

Sot. If thou hadst stood to thy bottle like an honest fellow, this had never happened; but you must go a-whoring with a pox to you, at your years too; with these spindle shanks, that weezle face, that crane's neck of a body. Who would have imagined that such an old wither'd may-pole as thou art, should attempt to fall on a woman? Why, thou wilt be the diversion of the whole town. Grub-street will dine a month on your account. Thou will be ushered to Tyburn with more pomp than Alexander was ushered into Babylon. Justice never triumphs so universally as at the execution of one of her own officers.

Squeez. Sir, if there be truth on earth, I am as innocent——

Sot. All the innocence on earth will not save you——A man doth not always draw the rope by the weight of h s ns. Your innocence will not acquit you in a court of justice against her oath; and when you come to the gallows, it will be vain to plead your innocence. All's fish that comes to the net there. The gallows so seldom gets its due, that it never parts with what it gets.

Hil. Can you pretend to innocence? Was not this gentleman an eye-witness to your rudeness, to the injuries you offered me?

Sot. Ay, ay, I can swear to the rape with as safe a conscience as I can drink a glass of wine.

Squeez. I see I am betrayed; I am caught in my own trap. There is but one way to escape, which is the way I have opened to others. [*Aside.*] I see, madam, your design is to extort money from me. I am too well acquainted with the laws to contend: I hope you will be reasonable; for I am poor, very poor, I assure you: it is not for men of my honesty to be rich.

Hil. Sir, if you would give me millions, it should not satisfy my revenge! you should be hang'd for an example to others.

Squeez. Here's a cruel wretch! who prefers my blood to my gold, which is almost my blood.

Sot. Hey-day! what vehicle is this? a vinegar bottle?——Half a pint, by Jupiter! Why, thou sneaking rascal, canst thou pretend to honesty, when this dram-glass hath been found upon thee? Were I thy judge, or thy jury, this very sneaking vehicle should hang thee, without any other evidence. But come, since you are to be hang'd, I'll drink one bumper to your good journey to the other world.—You will find abundance of your acquaintance, whom you have sent before you.—And now, I'll go call the drawer to fetch a constable.

Squeez. Hold, hold, Sir! for mercy sake do not expose me so. Will nothing content you, madam?

Hil. Nothing but the rigour of the law. Sir, I beseech you, lose no time, but send for the constable immediately.

Squeez. I'll do any thing; I'll consent to any terms.

Hil. The constable! the constable!

Squeez. Stay, dear Sir! I'll give you a hundred guineas; I'll do any thing.

Hil. Remember your vile commitment of two

gentlemen this morning.—But I will revenge the injuries of my friends.—Sir, I beseech you send for the officers.

Squeez. One is already dismissed from his confinement, the other shall be dismissed immediately.

Hil. It is too late.

Sot. Heark'e, Sir, will you leave off whoring, and take to drinking for the future?

Squeez. I'll leave them off both.

Sot. Then you shall be hang'd: but if you will commence honest fellow, and get drunk every day of your life, I'll intercede with this lady, that on your acquitting the gentleman, you shall be acquitted yourself.

Squeez. I'll do any thing, I'll quit any thing.

Sot. Madam, let me persuade you to be merciful this time to this unfortunate and undutiful servant of justice.

Hil. Sir, I can deny you nothing.

Squeez. Get me a pen and ink; I'll send an order to bring him hither, and discharge him instantly.

Sot. Drawer, bring pen, ink, and paper, and a bottle of old port.

Squeez. [*To* Hil.] And could you have had the conscience to have sworn against a poor old man?

Sot. Faith! 'twas a little cruel. Could you have had the heart to see him swinging like a gibbeted skeleton? Could you have served up such a dry dish to justice——the body of one of her own children too?——But here's the paper.——Come, Sir, write his discharge and your own—

[Squeezum *writes,* Sotmore *and* Hilaret *advance.*]

that I shall have an opinion of your sex's understanding ever after.

Hil. Let a woman alone for a plot, Mr. Sotmore.

Sot. Ay, Madam, a woman that will drink a bumper. Wine is the fountain of thought; and

The more we drink,
The more we think.

It is a question with me, whether wine hath done more good, or physic harm in the world; I wou'd have every apothecary's shop in the town turn'd into a tavern.

Hil. I am afraid, the more you have of the one, the more you will require of the other.

Sot. It is their drugs that debauch our wine: Wine in itself is as innocent as water, and physic poisons both. It is not the juice of the grape, but of the drug that is pernicious. Let me advise you, madam, leave off your damn'd adulterated water, your tea, and take to wine. It will paint your face better than vermilion, and put more honesty in your heart than all the sermons you can read. I'll introduce you to some clubs of my acquaintance, a set of honest fellows, that live in the clouds of tobacco, and know no home but a tavern.

Squeez. This letter, Sir, will produce the gentleman immediately.

Sot. Here, drawer——let this letter be sent whither it is directed. Come, honest Justice, our acquaintance hath an odd beginning, but we may be very good companions soon. Let us sit down, and expect our friend in the manner it becometh us. Remember what you have bargained to do every day of your life, and the obligation shall be dated from this hour. Come, sit thee down, honest publican, old justice merchant. [*They sit.*] Here's a health to the propagation of trade, thy trade I mean, to the increase of whores, and false dice.—Thou art a collector of the customs of sin, and he that would sin with impunity, must have thy permit. Come, pledge me, old boy; if thou

leavest one drop in the glass, thou shalt go to jail yet, by this bottle.

Squeez. I protest, Sir, your hand is too bountiful. You will overcome me with wine.

Sot. Well, and I love to see a magistrate drunk! it is a comely sight. When justice is drunk, she cannot take a bribe.

Squeez. Do you not remember how the Athenians punished drunkenness in a magistrate?

Sot. And do not I know that we have no such Athenian law among us? We punish drunkenness, as well as other sins, only in the lower sort. Drink, like the game, was intended for gentlemen—and no one should get drunk, who cannot go home in a coach—Come, madam, it is your glass now.

Hil. Dear Sir! I beg you would not compel me to it.

Sot. By this bottle but I will; I'll ravish thee to it before the justice's face. Come, it will be better for you than tea; you will not be obliged to sculk away and take a dram after this. Come, drink the justice's health, as a token of amity; the justice is a good honest drunken fellow. But let me give you some wholesome advice. [*To the Justice.*] Leave off fornicating; leave the girls to the boys, and stand to thy bottle; it is a virtue becoming our years; and don't be too hard on a wild honest young rake. Thou hast committed a couple of the prettiest boys to-day; don't do so any more.—Be as severe as you please to whores and gamesters, that offer to act without your licence; but if ever you grant a warrant for a friend of mine again, you shall not only drink the wine, but eat the bottle too. Come, here's your health, in hopes of your amendment; thou shalt pledge thy own health in a bumper.—Here, boy, bring up a gallon of wine.

Squeez. Not a drop more.

Sot. A drop! confound the name. Come, empty your glass; the lady is a-dry.

Squeez. This is worse than a prison.

Sot. You will get out of this with paying less fees. Drink, I say.

Squeez. Well, since I must——

Sot. Come, we'll have a song in praise of drinking. I'll sing the stanzas, and you shall bear the chorus.

SONG.

Let a set of sober asses
Rail against the joys of drinking,
While water, tea,
And milk agree,
To set cold brains a-thinking.
Power and wealth,
Beauty, health,
Wit and mirth in wine are crown'd;
Joys abound,
Pleasure's found,
Only where the glass goes round.

II.

The ancient sects on happiness
All differ'd in opinion,
But wiser rules
Of modern schools,
In wine fix her dominion.
Power and wealth, &c.

III.

Wine gives the lover vigour,
It makes glow the cheeks of beauty,
Makes poets write,
And soldiers fight,
And friendship do its duty.
Power and wealth, &c.

IV.

Wine was the only Helicon,
Whence poets are long liv'd so;
'Twas no other main,
Than brisk Champaigne,
Whence Venus was deriv'd too.
Power and wealth, &c.

V.

When Heav'n in Pandora's box
All kind of ill had sent us,
In a merry mood,
A bottle of good
Was cork'd up, to content us.
Power and wealth, &c.

VI.

All virtuous wine is nurse, too,
Of every vice destroyer;
Gives dullards wit,
Makes just the cit,
Truth forces from the lawyer.
Power and wealth, &c.

VII.

Wine sets our joys a-flowing,
Our care and sorrow drowning,
Who rails at the bowl,
Is a Turk in's soul,
And a Christian ne'er should own him.
Power and wealth, &c.

SCENE VIII.

SQUEEZUM, HILARET, SOTMORE, CONSTANT, STAFF.

Const. My Hilaret! my dear!

Hil. My Constant!

Sot. Give you joy, dear Constant, of your liberty.

Const. Thank you, dear Sotmore, to you I am partly obliged for it: Ramble and I will make you amends: we'll give you six nights for this.

Sot. Where is he?

Const. Very safe; be not concerned about him.

Hil. Well, Sir, since our affair is ended, there is the purse you presented me this morning. As I have not performed your expectations one way, I'll give you what I believe you did not expect—your money again. It is unopen'd I assure you.

Squeez. Thou art welcome, however.

Sot. Come, gentlemen, be pleased to take every man his chair and his glass; we will dedicate one hour or two to drinking I am resolv'd.

Squeez. First we will sacrifice to justice. Mr. Constable, do your duty.

Staff. Come in there.

SCENE IX.

SQUEEZUM, HILARET, SOTMORE, CONSTANT, STAFF, *Assistants.*

[*The Assistants seize* Constant, Hilaret, *and* Sotmore.]

Squeez. Seize those people in the king's name—

I accuse that woman and that man of conspiring to swear a rape against me.

Staff. It is in vain to contend, gentlemen.

Hil. Oh the villain!

Squeez. [*to* Sot.] The next letter you extort, Sir, be sure to examine the contents.

Sot. Thou rascal! will not even wine make thee honest?

Squeez. Observe gentlemen, how abusive he , but I'll make an example of you all: I'll prosecute you to the utmost severity of the law.—Mr. Constable, convey the prisoners to your house, when you shall have orders to bring them before a justice

Sot. And art thou really in earnest?

Squeez. You shall find I am, Sir, to your cost.

Sot. Then I have found one man with whom would not drink a glass of wine.

Staff. Come, gentlemen, you know the way t my house.—I am particularly glad to see your honour [*to* Sotmore], and will accomodate you in the best manner I can.

Const. I am too well acquainted with misfortune to repine at any; but how shall I bear your's, my Hilaret?

Hil. The less you seem to bear, the more you will lighten mine.

Sot. I must give the justice one wish. May Heaven rain small-beer upon thee, and may it corrupt thy body, till it is as putrified as thy mind.

Hil. One blessing only may Heav'n leave thy life,
May it take all things from thee—but thy wife.

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE—POLITIC'S *House.*

POLITIC *solus.*

SURE, never child inherited less of a father's disposition than mine; her mother certainly played me foul in the begetting her: I, who have been my whole life noted for sobriety, could never have given being to so wild a creature. I begin to recollect having seen a tall half-pay officer at my house formerly: nor do I think the girl unlike him. I am sure she hath been ever wild enough to have had any officer in the kingdom for her father. Nature hath been kind to the male of all creatures but man; the bull, the horse, the dog, are not encumber'd even with their own offspring: that care falls only to the females: but man, when once a gabbling priest hath chatter'd a few mischievous words over him, is bound to have and to hold from that day forward all the brats his wife is pleased to bestow on him. Yet I must own the girl hath been ever dutiful to me, till she became acquainted with this cursed fellow in a red coat. Why should red have such charms in the eyes of a woman? The Roman senate kept their armies abroad, to prevent their sharing in their lands at home; we should do the same, to prevent their sharing in our wives. A tall lusty fellow shall make more work for a midwife in one winter at home, than he can for a surgeon in ten summers abroad.

SCENE II.

POLITIC, FAITHFUL.

Pol. Well, any news of my daughter yet?

Faith. No, Sir; but there is some news from the secretaries' office; a mail is arrived from Holland, and you will have the contents of it in one of the evening papers.

Pol. Very well! I must be patient. I think we have three mails together now; I am not satisfied at all with the affairs in the North: the northern winds have not blown us any good lately: the clouds are a little darker in the East too than I could wish them.

SCENE III.

POLITIC, DABBLE.

Pol. Mr. Dabble, good morrow.

Dab. Are the mails come in?

Pol. Just arrived.

Dab. I have not slept one wink for reflecting on what you told me last night! perhaps this Dutch mail may give some insight into those affairs. But what says the Lying Post!

Pol. I have had no time to read it yet, I wish you would. I have only read, the London Journal, the Country Journal, the Weekly Journal, Applebee's Journal, the British Journal, the British Gazetteer, the Morning Post, the Coffee-House Morning Post, the Daily Post, the Daily Post-Boy, the Daily Journal, the Daily Courant, the Gazette, the Evening Post, the Whitehall Evening Post, the London Evening Post, and the St. James's Evening Post. So, if you please, begin the Lying Post.

Dab. [*reads.*] 'Moscow, January the 5th. We 'learn from Constantinople, that affairs continue 'still in the same doubtful way: it is not yet known 'what course our court will take. The Empress 'having been slightly indisposed, the other day, 'took the air in her own coach, and returned 'so well recovered, that she eat a very hearty 'supper.'—

Pol. Hum!—There is no mention of the supper in any other papers.

Dab. 'Berlin, January the 20th. We hear daily 'murmurs here concerning certain measures taken 'by a certain northern potentate; but cannot cer- 'tainly learn either who that potentate is, or what 'are the measures which he hath taken—mean 'time we are well assured, that time will bring them 'all to light.'

Pol. Pray read that last over again.

Dab. 'Mean time, we are well assured, that 'time will bring them all to light.'

Pol. Hum! Hum!

Dab. 'Marseilles, January the 18th. The affairs 'in regard to Italy continue still in the same un- 'certain condition.'

Pol. Hum!

Dab. 'The talk of a large embarkation still runs high?'

Pol. Hum!

Dab. 'The Spaniards continue still encamped 'near Barcelona.'

Pol. Hum! [*Shakes his head.*

Dab. 'And every thing seems tending to a rup- 'ture—mean time we expect the return o a courier 'from Vienna, who, 'tis generally expected, will 'bring the news of a general pacification.'

Pol. All is well again!

Dab. I like this, and some other papers, who dis-

appoint you with good news. Where the beginning of a paragraph threatens you with war, and the latter part of it insures you peace.

Pol. Please to read on———

Dab. ‘ However, notwithstanding these assu-‘ rances, ’tis doubted by most people, whether the ‘ said courier will not rather bring a confirmation of ‘ the war; but this is all guess-work, and till such ‘ time as we see an actual hostility committed, we ‘ must leave our readers in the same uncertain state ‘ we found them.’

Pol. Hum! there is no certainty to be come at, I find; it may be either peace or war.

Dab. Tho’ were I to lay a wager, I should choose war; for, if you observe, we are twice assured of that, whereas we have only one affirmation on the side of peace—but stay, perhaps the next paragraph, which is dated from Fontainbleau, may deside the question. ‘ Fontainbleau January 23. ‘ Yesterday his majesty went a hunting, to-day he ‘ hears an opera, and to-morrow he hears mass.’

Pol. I don’t like that; hearing mass is seldom the forerunner of good news.

Dab. ‘ It is observable that cardinal Fleury——’

Pol. Ay, now for it.

Dab. ‘ It is observable that cardinal Fleury hath ‘ for several days last past been in close con-‘ ference with the minister of a certain state, which ‘ causes various speculations; but as we do not ‘ know what was the matter in debate, we cannot ‘ say what may be the consequence thereof. Mean ‘ time we cannot help observing, that it hath oc-‘ casioned some people to put on very serene looks, ‘ who had worn cloudy ones for some time before: ‘ some imagine, on comparing this with the news ‘ from Marseilles, that a war will be unavoidable—— ‘ others, who are more peaceably inclined, are as ‘ strenuous advocates on the other side.——We

'must refer the whole to the determination of time, 'that great judge in worldly affairs, who never 'fails with his two-edged scythe to mow down the 'weeds which shadow over the secret counsels of 'state, and lay them open to the naked eye of the 'discerning politician.'

Pol. Shall I beg to hear that over again?

SCENE IV.

POLITIC, DABBLE, FAITHFUL.

Dab. [*reads.*] 'We must refer the whole to the determination,' &c. [Dab. *continues reading.*

Faith. Oh, Sir, Cloris hath brought the strangest news of my young mistress.

Pol. Don't interrupt us——blockhead.

Faith. If you lose a moment, she may be lost for ever.

Pol. Sirrah! peace.

Faith. Sir, my young mistress, Miss Hilaret, will be undone, ruined, hanged, if you do not assist her; she's taken up for a rape.—Oh! my poor young lady! the sweetest, best temper'd lady sure that ever was born. Oh! that ever I should see the day! And can you sit here, Sir, reading a parcel of damn'd, confounded, lying nonsense, and not go to your daughter's assistance?

Pol. Sure the fellow is possessed.

Faith. Sir, your daughter is possessed—possessed by constables—she is taken up for a rape.

Pol. My daughter taken up for a rape!

Faith. Yes, Sir; for ravishing a justice of peace.

Pol. Sure some accident has touched the fellow's brain.

Faith. Ay, Sir, and it would touch your's too,

if you had a grain of humanity in you—Oh! that I should live to see my poor young lady in such a misfortune!

Pol. A woman taken up for a rape——it is impossible.

Faith. They may swear it tho' for all that—I know her to be as modest a good young lady as any in the kingdom! but what will not a set of rogues swear. Sir, I liv'd with Squeezum before I liv'd with you! and know him to be as great a villain as any in the kingdom. Do, good Sir, come but with me to justice Worthy's, if you do not find your daughter there, turn me away for a vagabond.

Dab. I do remember, neighbour Politic, to have seen in some newspaper a story not very different from this.

Pol. Nay, if you have seen it in a newspaper, it may probably have some truth in it: so, neighbour Dabble, you will excuse me; I will meet you within an hour at the coffee-house, and there we will confer further.

SCENE V. WORTHY'S *House.*

WORTHY, ISABELLA.

Wor. Sure modesty is quite banished from the age we live in. There was a time when virtue carried something of a divine awe with it, which no one durst attack; but now the insolence of our youth is such, no woman dare walk the streets, but those who do it for bread.

Isa. And yet our laws, brother Worthy, are as rigorous as those of other c[illegible]ntries, and as well ex- [illegible]ted. ecu[illegible]

Wor. That I wish they were; but golden sands too often cl[illegible]g the wheels of justice, and obstruct her [illegible]

course: the very riches which were the greatest evidence of his villainy, have too often declared the guilty innocent; and gold hath been found to cut a halter surer than the sharpest steel.

Isa. Well, I am resolved to take care how I venture a step again after it is dark: I find the sun is the only guard to us women; for however chaste the moon may be in herself, she takes but very little care of our's.

Wor. But could the villain be very rude?

Isa. As rude as so short a time would permit. I would have given all I was worth in the world to have been here; but since I escaped, let us forget it.

Wor. Forget! by Heaven it shocks me; that we, who boast as wholesome laws as any kingdom upon earth, should, by the roguery of some of their executors, lose all their benefit. I long to see the time when here, as in Holland, the traveller may walk unmolested, and carry his riches openly with him.

SCENE VI.

WORTHY, ISABELLA, SQUEEZUM.

Squeez. Mr. Worthy, your humble servant. I come to wait on you on the strangest piece of business. We are brought to a fine pass indeed, when magistrates shall not be safe; we are like to protect others, when we cannot protect ourselves.

Wor. What is the occasion of all this passion; Mr. Squeezum?

Squeez. Occasion! I have scarce power to tell you. I have discovered one of the most damnable conspiracies, that hath been invented since the gunpowder treason plot.

Wor. Nothing against the government, I hope.

Squeez. Marry, but it is; for that which is against the officers of the government, is against the government. In short, Sir, it is a conspiracy against me, against myself. What do you think, brother Worthy, but that, moved and seduced by the instigation of the devil, a vile woman hath conspired to swear a rape against me?

Wor. A rape against you! foolish jade! Why, your very face would acquit you—-you have innocence in your looks, brother Squeezum.

Squeez. I hope my character will acquit me against such an accusation.

Wor. I think it ought; a man whose character would not, is very unfit for that honourable commission you bear.

Squeez. True! these slurs reflect on us all. The accusing a member, is accusing the body. We should consider it may be our own case. We should stand by one another, as the lawyers do. I hope, brother, you will show me extraordinary justice; and I assure you, should any affair of your's come before me, my partiality shall lean on your side.

Wor. Partiality, Sir! I hope no cause of mine ever will require it. I assure you, I shall do the strictest justice; I believe you will not need more.

Squeez. Sir, my case needs no more: but I think it incumbent on us all, to discountenance any prosecution of ourselves on any account whatsoever.

Wor. To discountenance it by the innocence of our lives, is indeed laudable, but no further. It is a cursed law which exempts the maker, or the executor of it, from its penalty.

Squeez. Truly, brother Worthy, I think the makers of laws, and the executors of them, should be free of them; as authors and actors are free of the playhouse.

Wor. You are ludicrous, Mr. Squeezum. But let me tell you, he is the greatest of villains, who hath the impudence to hold the sword of justice, while he deserves its edge.

Squeez. And let me tell you, brother Worthy, he is the greatest of fools who holds the sword of justice, and hurts himself with it.

Isa. Brother, your servant? my presence will be very little necessary at this trial.

SCENE VII.

WORTHY, SQUEEZUM, CONSTANT, HILARET, STAFF, SOTMORE, BRAZENCOURT, FIREBALL, *three Assistants.*

Squeez. But here come the prisoners.—Brother Worthy, this is the woman whom I accuse of this detestable fact;—the manner of it was this: I received a letter, in an unknow hand, appointing me to meet at a tavern, which out of pure good-nature I complied with; and upon my arrrival found that woman there alone, who, after a short discourse, laid hold of me, and bawl'd out; on which that man there entered, and both threaten'd me, that unless I immediately discharged that man [*Points to* Const.] with another whom I had committed for notorious crimes, that the woman should swear a rape against me.—This I am ready to swear.———

1.
2. *Ass.* } And we are ready to swear.
3.

Wor. What do you say, young woman, to this? You do not look like one whom I should suspect of such behaviour.

Hil. That I did threaten him, as he says, indeed I confess.

Wor. But did he attempt any such thing?

Hil. I can't say he did, but———

Squeez. Do you hear this, brother Worthy? I think you have nothing to do but to make her mittimus.

Wor. And for what reason did you offer this?

Hil. I offer'd it only to frighten him to the discharge of two gentlemen, whom he had villainously committed to the custody of that constable.

Wor. For what crimes do they stand committed, Mr. Constable?

Staff. For two rapes an't please your worship.

Hil. One of them on my account—tho' I never swore the least thing against him.

Wor. On your account!—I begin to be afraid he was unjustly committed indeed.

Squeez. Now, Sir, we shall proceed to blacken a little the character of this woman. Call Mr. Brazencourt; Mr. Brazencourt, what do you know of this fine lady?

Brazen. I know nothing more of her, than that I kept her half a year.

Wor. Kept her———in what capacity did you keep her?

Brazen. In the capacity of a whore till I was obliged to turn her off, for stealing four of my shirts, two pair of stockings, and my Common-prayer Book.

Squeez. Call captain Fireball.

Wor. Captain Fireball, pray do you know any harm of that person there?

Fire. Harm of her! ay, and so doth my surgeon too. She came to me from major Brazencourt. I kept her two months.

Hil. Sir, I beseech you to hear me.

Wor. By and by. You must not interrupt them.—Go on. Did you lose any thing by her, too?

Fire. No, but I got something by her, which made my surgeon get something by me—I love to express myself in modest terms, but I believe you all know what I mean.

Const. Damnation!

Squeez. Call Mr. Drury. We shall blacken her further presently.

Wor. Indeed, you need not; let us hear no more: for her sake, I will never put confidence in an innocent countenance again. Well, woman, can you say any thing for yourself?

Hil. Oh! that I could hide myself for ever from the world, and never from this hour behold the sun again!

Wor. Indeed but you shall, madam, and be beheld by others too.

Const. Come to my bosom, thou dearest, sweetest, loveliest; hide thy sorrows there. Death only shall tear thee from my arms again. Death! hell itself cannot have a torment equal to seeing one tear of thine.

Sot. Heark'e, justice, I believe thou art honester than thy brother; I am sure thou canst not be a greater rogue: if thou wilt act the right part, acquit us, and send that villain to prison.

SCENE VIII.

WORTHY, SQUEEZUM, CONSTANT, HILARET, SOTMORE, STAFF, *Constables, Assistants,* POLITIC, FAITHFUL, CLORIS.

Faith. Now, Sir, will you believe your own eyes—Is not that your own daughter?

Pol. It is indeed.—Oh my unfortunate child!—

Wor. Mr. Politic, your humble servant—I will

but commit this woman to jail, and then I will be at your command.

Pol. Sir, you shall not be my humble servant, nor will I be your's; and if you commit my daughter to prison, you are the worst of Turks.

Wor. Your daughter, Sir!

Pol. Yes, Sir, my daughter, Sir.

Hil. Oh! my father!

Pol. My poor child!——That ever I should live to see thee in such a misfortune!

Wor. Is it possible, Mr. Politic, that this young lady is your daughter?

Pol. Yes, Sir, it is as possible, as that the Turks may come into our part of Europe; and I wish this may not be as sure as that!

SCENE IX.

WORTHY, SQUEEZUM, CONSTANT, HILARET, STAFF, *Constables, Assistants,* POLITIC, FAITHFUL, SOTMORE, CLORIS, RAMBLE, MRS. SQUEEZUM, QUILL.

Mrs. Squeez. Where is the glory of the bench, this gallant justice? this terror and example of sin! Do you know this hand, Sir? Did you write this assignation? You are a noble gentleman, truly, to make an appointment with a fine lady, and then bring her before a magistrate.

Squeez. O my malignant stars!

Wor. Mrs. Squeezum, what is the matter?

Mrs. Squeez. You, Mr. Worthy, I am sure will pity one who hath the misfortune to be married to a man, who is as much a scandal to the commission he bears, as you are an honour to it; my conscience hath been too long burthened with conniving at his

rogueries. He, Sir, he alone is guilty, and every one whom he hath accused is innocent.

Wor. I know not what to think.

Ramb. Sir, that fellow there, that butcher of justice, is the greatest villain that ever was born. —Being a little frolicsome last night with this lady, that constable seiz'd us. 'Tis to me she is indebted for all this trouble; tho' Mr. Constable may claim some share, in not suffering us to depart at her desire.

Mrs. Squeez. And Mr. Justice may claim a little, who committed you to the constable's house without any evidence, or even accusation.

Ramb. That he might extort two hundred pounds, for which sum he offer'd to compromise the matter.

Squeez. Heark'e, madam, I shall be obliged to commit you to Bedlam.

Mrs. Squeez. No, Sir, I shall prevent you in that, as well as in your other designs; your plot with Mr. Quill, which the whole world shall know; you shall be divorced, Sir, tho' not the way you desire.

Squeez. Sir, I beseech you to hear no more.

Wor. That, Sir, I cannot grant.

Ramb. Sir, I desire that you would read that letter, which he sent to this young lady whom he hath accused.

Wor. [*Reads.*] 'My little honey-suckle, I will 'meet you within this half-hour at the Eagle. I 'hope after what you have received from me to-'day, you will not disappoint your's till then and 'ever after.'——

Did you write this letter, Mr. Squeezum?

Squeez. No, Sir, as I am ready to swear.

Mrs. Squeez. Sir, I will swear it to be his hand—

Faith. And so will I—I lived with him a twelve-month, and therefore should know it.

Quill. And I carried it to the lady.

Sot. Come, come, Justice, thou hast proof enough of her innocence. I will give you the word of a man of honour, which is more than the oaths of twenty such scoundrels as these, that she never intended more than to frighten him to the acquittal of captain Constant here, whom he had unjustly committed.

Const. And offered to acquit for a sum of money.

Wor. Captain Constant! is your name Constant, Sir?

Const. At your service.

Wor. Desire my sister to walk hither—I am more obliged to you than you know.

Squeez. Come, Sir, this is only losing time——I want the mittimus.

SCENE X.

WORTHY, SQUEEZUM, RAMBLE, CONSTANT, SOTMORE, HILARET, POLITIC, MRS. SQUEEZUM, QUILL, STAFF, FAITHFUL, &C. ISABELLA.

Wor. Sister, do you know this gentleman?

Isa. Captain Constant! It is happy for me that I do——I thank you, Sir, for your generous rescue last night, which my fright at that time prevented my acknowledging.

Const. And was it you, madam?———

Ramb. My Isabella!

Isa. Ha!—it is, it is my Ramble——

Ramb. My touch deceives me not, it is my charming she, once more restored to my despairing hopes.

Isa. What lucky stars can have contrived this interview?

Ramb. Very lucky stars they appear now; but they had a confounded ugly aspect some time ago.

Isa. Surprising! Brother, let that fellow be secured. He was the person from whose hands this gentleman delivered me. [*To* Fireball.

Quill. I hope your worship will forgive me; but I hir'd these two men, by my master's command, to be evidences for him.

Wor. Surprising villainy!——secure them instantly. And particularly that justice——whom I shall no longer treat as a gentleman, but as his villainy hath merited. Constable, I charge you with them all—and let them be kept below in the parlour, whither I will come immediately and sign their commitment.

Squeez. Sir, you shall wish you had dealt more favourably with me.

Wor. Sir, your threatenings will not terrify me.

Faith. Come, gentlemen, we'll be your safeguard.

Mrs. Squeez. I'll follow thee, like thy evil genius, till I have brought thee to that justice thou deservest.

SCENE *the last.*

WORTHY, RAMBLE, CONSTANT, SOTMORE, HILARET, ISABELLA, POLITIC.

Ramb. My dear Isabella, I am so overjoyed at this unexpected meeting, that I do not ask for the safety of our treasure. Since the sea has refunded Isabella, let it take the jewels.

Isa. The sea hath been even kinder than your wish, it hath returned you both.

Ramb. I should soon have forgotten that loss, in

having Isabella; yet, for her sake, the treasure is welcome too.

Wor. Mr. Politic, I am heartily concerned at this misfortune which hath befallen your daughter.

Ramb. Mr. Politic!—By Heaven's, his features are the same. Had you not a son, Sir, once?

Pol. Yes, Sir, I had; but I turn'd him out of doors, and believe he was hang'd long ago.

Ramb. Then I am his ghost, just arrived from the Indies. When you turn'd me out of doors, I got admitted into the East-India Company's service; I changed my name in order to escape your discovery——and I hope you will now give us both your blessing.

Pol. Are you really that wild fellow my son?

Ramb. I am that very identical wild person, I assure you.

Pol. I don't know whether I'll give you my blessing or no, till I see how you are married.

Wor. Mr. Politic, I rejoice in the union of our families; this lady, your son's wife, is my sister—and if fourscore thousand pounds can make the match agreeable to you, it will be so.

Pol. Hath the wild rogue made his fortune at last! Well, son, I give you my blessing; and my dear daughter, I give you joy, and I hope the boy will give it you, ay, and lasting, constant joy.—If he doth not make you a good husband, I'll not own him: if he doth not make you blessed, he shall have no blessing of mine.

Isa. Sir, I doubt him not.

Ramb. Well, father, I have nothing more to ask of you, but in favour of my friend captain Constant, whose love I am certain will complete the happiness of my sister.

Wor. I think I have never been witness to such

a complication of villainy. Sir, [*to* Constant] I assure you, and all of you, you shall have sufficient reparation for the injuries you have suffer'd. And, Sir, by the character which I have had from my sister of that gentleman, I do not think your daughter can be better disposed of, let the difference of fortune be what it please.

Ramb. Besides, tho' his estate be not equal now, it may become so; for no man hath a better insight into politics.

Pol. Nay, if he studies bend that way, no man indeed can tell to what his estate may come.—— Had I known this sooner, my doors should never have been shut against him. Sir, I shall be glad to confabulate with you at my house—and if you should set your heart on my daughter, I do not believe I shall do any thing to break it.

Ramb. Nay, Sir, there is no hour like the present: this hour hath proved lucky to your family.— Give me leave to present your daughter to one, whom if she deserves, I shall be proud of calling her sister.

Const. Ramble, you have crown'd my obligations with a gift, far dearer than the earth could prove.

Hil I only wish you may always think so, captain. And now, papa, I hope you will pardon this night's sally, to both me and poor Cloris; we have been already sufficiently punished; and since the event is happy, imitate in this one thing the Turks, and consider it favourably, as it hath been prosperous.

Pol. The Turks! I wish you were better acquainted with them than in romances; I hope that gentleman will take care to instruct you in public affairs.——Well, Jack [*to* Ramble], I long to have some communication with you about the affairs of the Indies, and the posture of our trade there—— I hope you left the Great Mogul in good health——

Ramb. Very slightly indisposed of a cold, at my departure.

Pol. I heartily forgive you all: so let me see you all embrace one another.———This is the comfort of age, Mr. Worthy.

Sot. Let me embrace you all together.—I have found this day two good women—and they have fallen to the share of my friends—and I will get drunk this night if the spirit of wine will do it—I'll drink to your happiness while you are enjoying it.——— While you are tasting the joys of Venus, I will swallow down the delights of Bacchus.———I despair of either of your company this month yet———but the justice shall celebrate this night with me.— Come, honest Justice—I have found one honest justice too—

Wor. Really, Sir, I think you have sufficiently celebrated already——

Sot. No, but I have not———And you, Sir, will be drunk at your children's wedding-night.

Pol. I never drink any thing but coffee, Sir.

Sot. Damn your coffee——

Ramb. Sotmore, thou shalt have justice.———Mr. Worthy, I assure you, notwithstanding this humour the world hath not an honester man.

Wor. It is pity he should besot himself so. Your character of him encourages me to employ some labour in advising him to quit so beastly a pleasure.— Come, gentlemen, I desire you would celebrate this day at my house. To-morrow, I will proceed to take all possible measures to your receiving satisfaction for your injuries, and making public example of so great a villain: for the crimes of a magistrate give the greatest sanction to sin.

No reverence that church or state attends,
Whose laws the priest or magistrate offends.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MRS. YOUNGER.

At length the dreadful hurricane is ended,
And I and spouse are safe together landed.
For after all this mighty fuss about it,
Our play hath ended modestly without it.
But, ladies, did not you too sympathise?
Hey? pray, confess, do all your frowns arise
Because so much of Rape and Rape we bawl?
Or is it, that we have no Rape at all?
Indeed, our Poet, to oblige the age,
Had brought a dreadful scene upon the stage:
But I, perceiving what his Muse would drive at,
Told him the ladies never would connive at,
A downright actual Rape——unless in private.
But notwithstanding what these poets tell us,
Who'd think our beaus were such high mettled fellows!
Oh! may our youth, whose vigour is so parlous,
To Italy be wafted with Don Carlos;
There should one victory but give them scope,
They would not leave one maidenhead for the Pope;
Or should some new pope Joan the chair possess,
They'd play the devil with her——holiness.
No nunnery one virgin should enclose,
But new Rome fall, by what the old arose.
'Twas a strange doctrine that Lucretia taught,
When on herself reveng'd her lover's fault!
Heathenish wretch! The pious Christian wife,
Tho' ravished, still content herself with life:
So zealous from self-murder we refrain,
We live, tho' sure of ravishing again.
But may no fears of such a fate affright
The beauteous kind spectators of to-night;
Safe to your husbands' arms may you escape,
And never know that dreadful thing, a Rape.

THE

TRAGEDY OF TRAGEDIES;

OR, THE

LIFE AND DEATH

OF

TOM THUMB THE GREAT.

WITH THE ANNOTATIONS OF

H. SCRIBLERUS SECUNDUS.

FIRST ACTED IN 1730, AND ALTERED IN 1731.

H. SCRIBLERUS SECUNDUS,

HIS

PREFACE.

THE town hath seldom been more divided in its opinion, that concerning the merit of the following scenes. Whilst some publicly affirmed, that no author could produce so fine a piece but Mr. P——, others have with as much vehemence insisted, that no one could write any thing so bad, but Mr. F———.

Nor can we wonder at this dissention about its merit, when the learned world have not unanimously decided even the very nature of this tragedy. For though most of the universities in Europe have honoured it with the name of 'Egregium et maximi 'pretii opus, tragœdiis tam antiquis quàm novis 'longè anteponendum;' nay, Dr. B———hath ponounced, 'Citiùs Mævii Æneadem quàm Scrib-'leri istius tragœdiam hanc crediderim, cujus auto-'rem Senecam ipsum tradidisse haud dubitârim:' and the great professor Burman hath stiled Tom Thumb, 'Heroum omnium tragicorum facile prin-'cipem:' Nay, though it hath, among other languages, been translated into Dutch, and celebrated with great applause at Amsterdam (where burlesque

never came) by the title of Mynheer Vander Thumb, the burgomasters receiving it with that reverent and silent attention which becometh an audience at a deep tragedy. Notwithstanding all this, there have not been wanting some who have represented these scenes in a ludicrious light: and Mr. D——hath been heard to say, with some concern, that he wondered a tragical and Christian nation would permit a representation on its theatre, so visibly designed to ridicule and extirpate every thing that is great and solemn among us.

This learned critic and his followers were led into so great an error by that superstitious and piratical copy which stole last year into the world; with what injustice and prejudice to our author, will be acknowledged, I hope, by every one who shall happily peruse this genuine and original copy. Nor can I help remarking, to the great praise of our author, that however imperfect the former was, even that faint resemblance of the true Tom Thumb contained sufficient beauties to give it a run of upwards of forty nights to the politest audiences. But notwithstanding that applause which it received from all the best judges, it was as severely censured by some few bad ones, and, I believe, rather maliciously than ignorantly, reported to have been intended a burlesque on the loftiest parts of tragedy, and designed to banish, what we generally call, fine things from the stage.

Now, if I can set my country right in an affair of this importance, I shall lightly esteem any labour which it may cost. And this I the rather undertake, first, as it is indeed in some measure incumbent on me to vindicate myself from that surreptitious copy before-mentioned, published by some ill-meaning people under my name; secondly, a[illegible] nowing my-

self more capable of doing justice to our author than any other man, as I have given myself more pains to arrive at a thorough understanding of this little piece, having for ten years together read nothing else; in which time, I think, I may modestly presume, with the help of my English dictionary, to comprehend all the meanings of every word in it.

But should any error of my pen awaken Clariss. Bentleium to enlighten the world with his annotations on our author, I shall not think that the least reward or happiness arising to me from these my endeavours.

I shall wave at present what hath caused such feuds in the learned world, whether this piece was originally written by Shakspeare, though certainly that, were it true, must add a considerable share to its merit, especially with such who are so generous as to buy and commend what they never read, from an implicit faith in the author only: a faith, which our age abounds in as much, as it can be called deficient in any other.

Let it suffice, that the TRAGEDY of TRAGEDIES, or, The LIFE and DEATH of TOM THUMB, was written in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Nor can the objection made by Mr. D———, that the tragedy must then have been antecedent to the history, have any weight, when we consider, that though the HISTORY OF TOM THUMB, printed by and for Edward M———r, at the Looking-glass on London-bridge, be of a later date, still must we suppose this history to have been transcribed from some other, unless we suppose the writer thereof to be inspired; a gift very faintly contended for by the writers of our age. As to this history's not bearing the stamp of second, third, or fourth edition, I see but little in that objection; editions being very uncertain lights to judge of books by: and perhaps Mr. M———r

may have joined twenty editions in one, as Mr. C——l hath here now divided one into twenty.

Nor doth the other argument, drawn from the little care our author hath taken to keep up to the letter of this history, carry any greater force. Are there not instances of plays, wherein the history is so perverted, that we can know the heroes whom they celebrate by no other marks than their names: nay, do we not find the same character placed by different poets in such different lights, that we can discover not the least sameness, or even likeness, in the features? The Sophonisba of Mairet, and of Lee, is a tender, passionate, amorous mistress of Massinissa: Corneille and Mr. Thomson give her no other passion but the love of her country, and make her as cool in her affection to Massinissa as to Syphax. In the two latter, she resembles the character of Queen Elizabeth; in the two former, she is the picture of Mary Queen of Scotland. In short, the one Sophonisba is as different from the other, as the Brutus of Voltaire is from the Marius, jun. of Otway; or as the Minerva is from the Venus of the ancients.

Let us now proceed to a regular examination of the tragedy before us, in which I shall treat separately of the Fable, the Moral, the Characters, the Sentiments, and the Diction. And first of the

Fable; which I take to be the most simple imaginable; and to use the words of an eminent author, 'One, regular and uniform, not charged with a 'multiplicity of incidents, and yet affording several 'revolutions of fortune; by which the passions may 'be excited, varied, and driven to their full tumult 'of emotion.'——Nor is the action of this tragedy less great than uniform. The spring of all is the love of Tom Thumb for Huncamunca; which caused the quarrel between their majesties in the first act; the

for grief; the latter of which is literally implied in the sermo pedestris, as the former is in the sesquipedalia verba.

Cicero recommendeth the former of these, 'Quid 'est tam furiosum vel tragicum quám verborum 'sonitus inanis, nullâ subjectâ sententiâ neque sci-'entiâ.' What can be so proper for tragedy as a set of big sounding words, so contrived together as to convey no meaning? which I shall one day or other prove to be the sublime of Longinus. Ovid declareth absolutely for the latter inn:

Omne genus scripti gravitate tragœdia vincit.

Tragedy hath, of all writings, the greatest share in the bathos; which is the profound of Scriblerus.

I shall not presume to determine which of these two styles be proper for tragedy.——It sufficeth, that our author excelleth in both. He is very rarely within sight through the whole play, either rising higher than the eye of your understanding can soar, or sinking lower than it careth to stoop. But here it may, perhaps, be observed, that I have given more frequent instances of authors who have imitated him in the sublime, than in the contrary. To which I answer, first, bombast being properly a redundancy of genius, instances of this nature occur in poets, whose names do more honour to our author, than the writers in the doggrel, which proceeds from a cool, calm, weighty way of thinking. Instances whereof are most frequently to be found in authors of a lower class. Secondly, that the works of such authors are difficultly found at all. Thirdly, that it is a very hard task to read them, in order to extract these flowers from them. And lastly, it is very difficult to transplant them at all; they being like some flowers of a very nice nature, which will

flourish in no soil but their own: for it is easy to transcribe a thought, but not the want of one. The EARL OF ESSEX, for instance, is a little garden of choice rareities, whence you can scarce transplant one line so as to preserve its original beauty. This must account to the reader for his missing the names of several of his acquaintance, which he had certainly found here, had I ever read their works; for which, if I have not a just esteem, I can at least say with Cicero, 'Quæ non contemno, quippè quæ nunquam legerim.' However, that the reader may meet with due satisfaction in this point, I have a young commentator from the university, who is reading over all the modern tragedies, at five shillings a dozen, and collecting all that they have stole from our author, which shall shortly be added as an appendix to this work.

passion of Lord Grizzle in the second; the rebellion, fall of Lord Grizzle, and Glumdalca, devouring of Tom Thumb by the cow, and that bloody catastrophe, in the third.

Nor is the moral of this excellent tragady less noble than the fable; it teaches these two instructive lessons, *viz.* That human happiness is exceeding transient; and that death is the certain end of all men: the former whereof is inculcated by the fatal end of Tom Thumb; the latter, by that of all the other personages.

The Characters are, I think, sufficiently described in the Dramatis Personæ; and I believe we shall find few plays, where greater care is taken to maintain them throughout, and to preserve in every speech that characteristical mark which distinguishes them from each other. 'But (says Mr. D——) how 'well doth the character of Tom Thumb, whom we 'must call the hero of this tragedy, if it hath any 'hero, agree with the precepts of Aristotle, who de- 'fineth "Tragedy to be the imitation of a short, but 'perfect action, containing a just greatness in itself." '&c. What greatness can be in a fellow, whom 'history relateth to have been no higher than a span?' This gentleman seemeth to think, with Serjeant Kite, that the greatness of a man's soul is in proportion to that of his body; the contrary of which is affirmed by our English physiognominical writers. Besides, if I understand Aristotle right, he speaketh only of the greatness of the action and not of the person.

As for the Sentiments and the Diction, which now only remain to be spoken to; I thought I could afford them no stronger justification, than by producing parallel passages out of the best of our English writers. Whether this sameness of thought and expression, which I have quoted from them, proceeded from an agreement in their way of thinking, or

whether they have borrowed from our author, I leave the reader to determine. I shall adventure to affirm this of the sentiments of our author; that they are generally the most familiar which I have ever met with, and at the same time delivered with the highest dignity of phrase; which brings me to speak of his diction.——Here I shall only beg one postulatum, *viz.* That the greatest perfection of the language of a tragedy is, that it is not to be understood; which granted (as I think it must be), it will necessarilly follow, that the only way to avoid this is by being too high or too low for the understanding, which will comprehend every thing within its reach. Those two extremities of style Mr. Dryden illustrates by the familiar image of two inns, which I shall term the aërial and the subterrestrial.

Horace goes further, and showeth when it is proper to call at one of these inns, and when at the other:

> Telephus et Peleus, cúm paupe ret exul uterque,
> Projicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba.

That he approveth of the sesquipedalia verba, is plain; for had not Telephus and Peleus used this sort of diction in prosperity, they could not have dropt it in adversity. The aërial inn, therefore (says Horace), is proper only to be frequented by princes and other great men, in the highest affluence of fortune; the subterrestrial is appointed for the entertainment of the poorer sort of people only, whom Horace advises,

> ——dolere sermone pedestri.

The true meaning of both which citations is, that bombast is the proper language for joy, and doggrel

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

King Arthur, a passionate sort of king, huband to Queen Dollallolla, of whom he stands a little in fear; father to Huncamunca, whom he is very fond of, and in love with Glumdalca,	MR. MULLART.
Tom Thumb the Great, a little hero with a great soul, something violent in his temper, which is a little abated by his love for Huncamunca,	YOUNG VERHUYCK.
Ghost of Gaffer Thumb, a whimsical sort of Ghost,	MR. LACY.
Lord Grizzle, extremely zealous for the liberty of the subject, very choleric in his temper, and in love with Huncamunca,	MR. JONES.
Merlin, a conjurer, and in some sort father to Tom Thumb,	MR. HALLAM.
Noodle, } Courtiers in place, and consequently of that party that is uppermost,	MR. REYNOLDS.
Doodle, }	MR. WATHAN.
Foodle, a courtier that is out of place, and consequently of that party that is undermost,	MR. AYRES.
Bailiff, and } of the party of the plaintiff,	MR. PETERSON.
Follower, }	MR. HICKS.
Parson, of the side of the church,	MR. WATSON.

WOMEN.

Queen Dollallolla, wife to King Arthur, and mother to Huncamunca, a woman intirely faultless, saving that she is a little given to drink, a little too much a virago towards her husband, and in love with Tom Thumb,	MRS. MULLART.
The Princess Huncamunca, daughter to their majesties King Arthur and Queen Dollallolla, of a very sweet, gentle, and amorous disposition, equally in love with Lord Grizzle and Tom Thumb, and desirous to be married to them both,	MRS. JONES.
Glumdalca, of the Giants, a captive Queen, beloved by the King, but in love with Tom Thumb,	MRS. DOVE.
Cleora, *Mustacha*, — Maids of honour, in love with Noodle, Doodle	

COURTIERS, GAURDS, REBELS, DRUMS, TRUMPETS, THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

SCENE—THE COURT OF KING ARTHUR, AND A PLAIN THEREABOUTS.

TOM THUMB THE GREAT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE—*The Palace.*

DOODLE, NOODLE.

DOODLE.

Sure such a * day as this was never seen!
The sun himself, on this auspicious day,
Shines like a beau in a new birth-day suit:
This down the seams embroider'd, that the beams.
All nature wears one universal grin.

* Corneille recommends some very remarkable day wherein to fix the action of a tragedy. This the best of our tragical writers have understood to mean a day remarkable for the serenity of the sky, or what we generally call a fine summer's day: so that, according to this their exposition, the same months are proper for tragedy which are proper for pastoral. Most of our celebrated English tragedies, as Cato, Mariamne, Tamerlane, &c. begin with their observations on the morning. Lee seems to have come the nearest to this beautiful description of our author's:

Indeed!——A day * we never saw before.
The mighty † Thomas Thumb victorious comes;
Millions of giants crowd his chariot wheels,
‡ Giants! to whom the giants in Guildhall

The morning dawns with an unwonted crimson,
The flowers all odorous seem, the garden birds
Sing louder, and the laughing sun ascends
The gaudy earth with an unusual brightness:
All nature smiles. CÆS. BORG.

Massinissa in the new Sophonisba is also a favourite of the sun;

————The sun too seems,
As conscious of my joy, with broader eye
To look abroad the world, and all things smile
Like Sophonisba.

Memon, in the Persian Princess, makes the sun decline rising, that he may not peep on objects which would prophane his brightness.

————The morning rises slow,
And all those ruddy streaks that us'd to paint
The day's approach are lost in clouds, as if
The horrors of the night had sent 'em back,
To warn the sun he should not leave the sea,
To peep, &c.

* This line is highly conformable to the beautiful simplicity of the ancients. It hath been copied by almost every modern.

Not to be is not to be in woe. STATE OF INNOCENCE.
Love is not sin but where 'tis sinful love. DON SEBASTIAN.
Nature is nature, Lælius. SOPHONISBA.
Men are but men, we did not make ourselves. REVENGE.

† Dr. B——y reads; The mighty tall-mast Thumb. Mr. D——s; The mighty Thumbing Thumb. Mr. T——d reads; Thundering. I think Thomas more agreeable to the great simplicity so apparent in our author.

‡ That learned historian Mr. S——n, in the third number of his criticism on our author, takes great pains to explode this passage. ' It is, says he, difficult to guess what giants are here meant, unless the giant Despair in the Pilgrim's Progress, or the giant Greatness in the Royal Villain; for I have heard of no other sort of giants in the

Are infant dwarfs. They frown, and foam, and roar;
While Thumb, regardless of their noise, rides on.
So some cock-sparrow, in a farmer's yard,
Hops at the head of an huge flock of turkeys.

Dood. When Goody Thumb first brought this Thomas forth,
The Genius of our land triumphant reign'd;
Then, then, O Arthur! did thy Genius reign.

Nood. They tell me it is* whisper'd in the books
Of all our sages, that this mighty hero,

the reign of king Arthur.' Petrus Burmannus makes three Tom Thumbs, one whereof he supposes to have been the same person whom the Greeks called Hercules; and that by these giants are to be understood the Centaurs slain by that hero. Another Tom Thumb he contends to have been no other than the Hermes Trismegistus of the ancients. The third Tom Thumb he places under the reign of king Arthur; to which third Tom Thumb, says he, the actions of the other two were attributed. Now though I know that this opinion is supported by an assertion of Jestus Lipsius, 'Thomam illum Thumbum non alium quàm Herculem fuisse satis constat,' yet shall I venture to oppose one line of Mr. Midwinter against them all:---

In Arthur's court Tom Thumb did live.

'But then says Dr. B----y, if we place Tom Thumb in the court of king Arthur, it will be proper to place that court out of Britain, where no giants were ever heard of.' Spencer, in his Fairy Queen, is of another opinion, where, describing Albion, he says,

------------Far within a savage nation dwelt
Of hideous giants.

And in the same canto,

Then Elfar with two brethren giants had,
The one of which had two heads---------
The other three.

Risum teneatis, amici.

* 'To whisper in books, says Mr. D-----s, is arrant nonsense.' I am afraid this learned man does not sufficiently understand the extensive meaning of the word Whisper. If

By Merlin's art begot, hath not a bone
Within his skin, but is a lump of gristle.

Dood. Then 'tis a gristle of no mortal kind;
Some god, my Noodle, stept into the place
Of Gaffer Thumb, and more than * half begot
This mighty Tom.

Nood. ——† Sure he was sent express
From Heav'n to be the pillar of our state.
Tho' small his body be, so very small
A chairman's leg is more than twice as large,
Yet is his soul like any mountain big;
And as a mountain once brought forth a mouse,
‡ So doth this mouse contain a mighty mountain.

he had rightly understood what is meant by the 'senses whisp'ring the soul,' in the Persian Princess, or what 'whisp'ring like winds is in Aurengzebe, or like thunder in another author, he would have understood this. Emmeline in Dryden sees a voice, but she was born blind, which is an excuse Panthea cannot plead in Cyrus, who hears a sight.

————Your description will surpass
All fiction, painting, or dumb show of horror,
That ever ears yet heard, or eyes beheld.

When Mr. D------s understands these, he will understand whispering in books.

* ---Some ruffian stept into his father's place,
And more than half begot him. MARY Q. OF SCOTS.

† ---For Utamar seems sent express from Heaven,
To civilize this rugged Indian clime.
LIBERTY ASSERTED.

‡ 'Omne majus continet in se minus, sed minus non in se majus continere potest,' says Scaliger in Thumbo.—I suppose he would have cavilled at these beautiful lines in the Earl of Essex:—

—— ——Thy most inveterate soul
That looks through the foul prison of thy body.

And at those of Dryden—

The palace is without too well design'd;
Conduct me in for I will view thy mind. AURENGZEBE.

Dood. Mountain indeed! So terrible his name,
* The giant nurses frighten children with it,
And cry Tom Thumb is come, and if you are
Naughty, will surely take the child away.

Nood. But hark! † these trumpets speak the king's approach.

Dood. He comes most luckily for my petition.
[*Flourish.*

SCENE II.

KING, QUEEN, GRIZZLE, NOODLE, DOODLE, FOODLE.

King. ‡ Let nothing but a face of joy appear;
The man who frowns this day shall lose his head,
That he may have no face to frown withal.
Smile Dollallolla——Ha! what wrinkled sorrow,
§ Hangs, sits, lies, frowns upon thy knitted brow!

* Mr. Banks hath copied this almost verbatim.
It was enough to say, here's Essex come,
And nurses still'd their children with the fright.
E. OF ESSEX.

† The trumpet in a tragedy is generally as much as to say 'Enter King,' which makes Mr. Banks, in one of his plays, call it the trumpet's formal sound.

‡ Phraortes in the Captives seems to have been acquainted with king Arthur.

Proclaim a festival for seven days' space;
Let the court shine in all its pomp and lustre;
Let all our streets resound with shouts of joy;
Let music's care-dispelling voice be heard;
The sumptuous banquet, and the flowing goblet
Shall warm the cheek, and fill the heart with gladness,
Astarbe shall sit mistress of the feast.

§ Repentance frowns on thy contracted brow. SOPHONISBA.
Hung on his clouded brow, I mark'd despair. Ibid.
————————A sullen gloom
Scowls on his brow. BUSIRIS.

Whence flow those tears fast down thy blubber'd
cheeks,
Like a swoln gutter, gushing through the streets?
Queen. * Excess of joy, my lord, I've heard
folks say,
Gives tears as certain as excess of grief.
King. If it be so, let all men cry for joy,
† Till my whole court be drowned with their tears;
Nay, till they overflow my utmost land,
And leave me nothing but the sea to rule.

* Plato is of this opinion, and so is Mr. Banks;

Behold these tears sprung from fresh pain and joy.
E. OF ESSEX.

† These floods are very frequent in the tragic authors.

Near to some murmuring brook I'll lay me down,
Whose waters, if they should too shallow flow,
My tears shall swell them up till I will drown.
LEE'S SOPHONISBA.

Pouring forth tears at such a lavish rate,
That were the world on fire they might have drown'd
The wrath of Heav'n and quench'd the mighty ruin.
MITHRIDATES.

One author changes the waters of grief to those of joy.

——These tears, that sprung from tides of grief,
Are now augmented to a flood of joy. CYRUS THE GREAT.

Another

Turns all the streams of heat, and makes them flow
In pity's channel. ROYAL VILLAIN.

One drowns himself.

——Pity like a torrent pours me down,
Now I am drowning all within a deluge. ANNA BULLEN.

Cyrus drowns the whole world,—

Our swelling grief
Shall melt into a deluge, and the world
Shall drown in tears.
CYRUS THE GREAT.

Dood. My liege, I a petition have here got.
King. Petition me no petitions, Sir, to-day;
Let other hours be set apart for business.
To-day it is our pleasure to be * drunk,
And this our queen shall be as drunk as we.
Queen. (Tho' I already † half seas over am)
If the capacious goblet overflow
With arrack punch——'fore George! I'll see it out;
Of rum and brandy I'll not taste a drop.
King. Tho' rack, in punch, eight shillings be a quart,
And rum and brandy be no more than six,
Rather than quarrel you shall have your will.
[*Trumpets.*
But, ha! the warrior comes; the great Tom Thumb,
The little hero, giant-killing boy,
Preserver of my kingdom, is arrived.

* An expression vastly beneath the dignity of tragedy, says Mr. D——s, yet we find the word he cavils at in the mouth of Mithridates less properly used, and applied to a more terrible idea.

I would be drunk with death. MITHRIDATES.

The author of the new Sophonisba taketh hold of this monosyllable, and uses it pretty much to the same purpose:

The Carthaginian sword with Roman blood
Was drunk.

I would ask Mr. D——s, which gives him the best idea, a drunken king, or a drunken sword?
Mr. Tate dresses up king Arthur's resolution in heroic:

Merry, my lord, o'th' captain's humour right,
I am resolv'd to be dead drunk to-night.

Lee also uses this charming word;

Love's the drunkenness of the mind. GLORIANA.

† Dryden hath borrowed this, and applied it improperly;

I'm half seas o'er in death. CLEOM.

SCENE III.

TOM THUMB (*to them*) *with officers, prisoners, and attendants.*

King. * Oh! welcome most, most welcome to my arms.
What gratitude can thank away the debt
Your valour lays upon me?
Queen. ——————† Oh! ye gods! [*Aside.*
Thumb. When I'm not thank'd at all, I'm thank'd enough.
‡ I've done my duty, and I've done no more.
Queen. Was ever such a godlike creature seen! [*Aside.*
King. Thy modesty's a § candle to thy merit,
It shines itself, and shows thy merit too.
But say, my boy, where didst thou leave the giants?
Thumb. My liege, without the castle gates they stand,
The castle-gates too low for their admittance.
King. What look they like?
Thumb. Like nothing but themselves.

* This figure is in great use amongst the tragedians;

'Tis therefore, therefore 'tis. VICTIM.
I long, repent, repent, and long again. BUSIRIS.

† A tragical exlamation.

‡ This line is copied verbatim in the Captives.

§ We find a candlestick for this candle in two celebrated authors:

Each star withdraws
His golden head, and burns within the socket. NERO.
A soul grown old and sunk into the socket. SEBASTIAN.

Queen. * And sure thou art like nothing but thyself. [*Aside.*

King. Enough! the vast idea fills my soul.
I see them, yes, I see them now before me;
The monstrous, ugly, barb'rous sons of whores.
But ha! what form majestic strikes our eyes?
† So perfect, that it seems to have been drawn
By all the gods in council: so fair she is,
That surely at her birth the council paus'd,
And then at length cried out, This is a woman!

Thumb. Then were the gods mistaken—she is not
A woman, but a giantess——whom we,
‡ With much ado, have made a shift to hawl
Within the town; § for she is by a foot

* This simile occurs very frequently among the dramatic writers of both kinds.

† Mr. Lee hath stolen this thought from our author;

————This perfect face, drawn by the gods in council,
Which they were long in making. LUC. JUN. BRUT.

————At his birth the heavenly council paus'd,
And then at last cried out, This is a man!

Dryden hath improv'd this hint to the utmost perfection:

So perfect, that the very gods who form'd you, wonder'd
At their own skill, and cried, A lucky hit
Has mended our design! Their envy hindr'd,
Or you had been immortal and a pattern,
When Heaven would work for ostentation sake,
To copy out again. ALL FOR LOVE.

Banks prefers the works of Michael Angelo to that of the gods;

A pattern for the gods to make a man by,
Or Michael Angelo to form a statue.

‡ It is impossible, says Mr. W——, sufficiently to admire this natural easy line.

§ This tragedy, which in most points resembles the ancients, differs from them in this, that it assigns the same honour to lowness of stature, which they did to height. The

Shorter than all her subject giants were.
Glum. We yesterday were both a queen and wife.
One hundred thousand giants own'd our sway;
Twenty whereof were married to ourself.
Queen. Oh! happy state of giantism——where husbands
Like mushrooms grow, whilst hapless we are forc'd
To be content, nay, happy thought with one.
Glum. But then to lose them all in one black day,
That the same sun, which rising saw me wife
To twenty giants, setting should behold
Me widow'd of them all.——* My worn-out heart,
That ship, leaks fast; and the great heavy lading,
My soul, will quickly sink.
Queen. ———Madam, believe
I view your sorrows with a woman's eye;
But learn to bear them with what strength you may,
To-morrow we will have our grenadiers
Drawn out before you, and you then shall choose
What husbands you think fit.
Glum. ——† Madam, I am
Your most obedient, and most humble servant.
King. Think, mighty princess, think this court your own,
Nor think the landlord me, this house my inn;
Call for whate'er you will, you'll nothing pay.

gods and heroes in Homer and Virgil are continually described higher by the head than their followers, the contrary of which is observed by our author. In short, to exceed on either side, is equally admirable; and a man of three foot, is as wonderful a sight as a man of nine.

* My blood leaks fast, and the great heavy lading,
My soul, will quickly sink. MITHRID.

My soul is like a ship. INJUR'D LOVE.

† This well-bred line seems to be copied in the Persian Princess:

To be your humblest and most faithful slave.

* I feel a sudden pain within my breast,
Nor know I whether it arise my love
Or only the wind-colic. Time must show.
Oh, Thumb! what do we to thy valour owe?
Ask some reward, great as we can bestow.

Thumb. † I ask not kingdoms, I can conquer those;
I ask not money, money I've enough;
For what I've done, and what I mean to do,
For giants slain, and giants yet unborn,
Which I will slay——if this be call'd a debt,
Take my receipt in full——I ask but this,
‡ To sun myself in Huncamunca's eyes.

King. Prodigious bold request. } [*Aside.*
Queen. ——§ Be still, my soul. }

Thumb. || My heart is at the threshold of your mouth,

* This doubt of the king, puts me in mind of a passage in the Captives, where the noise of feet is mistaken for the rustling of leaves.

——Methinks I hear
The sound of feet;
No: 'twas the wind that shook yon cypress boughs.

† Mr. Dryden seems to have had this passage in his eye in the first page of Love Triumphant.

‡ Don Carlos, in the Revenge, suns himself in the charms of his mistress;

While in the lustre of her charms I lay.

§ A tragical phrase much in use.

|| This speech hath been taken to pieces by several tragical authors, who seem to have rifled it, and shared its beauties among them.

My souls waits at the portal of thy breast,
To ravish from thy lips the welcome news.

ANNA BULLEN.

And waits its answer there.——Oh! do not frown,
I've tried to reason's tune to tune my soul,
But love did overwind and crack the string.
Tho' Jove in Thunder had cried out, YOU SHAN'T,
I shou'd have lov'd her still——for oh, strange fate!
Then when I lov'd her least I lov'd her most!

King. It is resolv'd——the princess is your own.

Thumb. * Oh! happy, happy, happy, happy Thumb!

Queen. Consider, Sir, reward your soldier's merit,
But give not Huncamunca to Tom Thumb.

King. Tom Thumb! Odzooks, my wide extended realm
Knows not a name so glorious as Tom Thumb.
Let Macedonia Alexander boast,
Let Rome her Cæsars and her Scipios show,
Her Messieurs France, let Holland boast Mynheers,
Ireland her O's, her Mac's let Scotland boast,
Let England boast no other than Tom Thumb.

Queen. Tho' greater yet his boasted merit was,
He shall not have my daughter, that is pos'.

King. Ha! sayst thou Dollallolla!

Queen. ————I say he shan't.

King. † Then by our royal self we swear you lie.

My soul stands list'ning at my ears. CYRUS THE GREAT.

[Love to his tune my jarring heart would bring,
But reason overwinds, and cracks the string.
D. OF GUISE.

————I shou'd have lov'd,
Tho' Jove in muttering thunder had forbid it.
NEW SOPHONISBA.

And when it *(my heart)* wild resolves to love no more,
Then is the triumph of excessive love. Ibidem.

* Masinissa is one fourth less happy than Tom Thumb,
Oh! happy, happy, happy. Ibidem.

† No by myself. ANNA BULLEN.

Queen. * Who but a dog, who but a dog
Would use me as thou dost? Me, who have lain
† These twenty years so loving by thy side;
But I will be reveng'd. I'll hang myself,
Then tremble all who did this match persuade,
‡ For riding on a cat from high I'll fall,
And squirt down royal vengeance on you all.
Food. § Her majesty the queen is in a passion.
King. || Be she, or be she not——I'll to the girl
And pave thy way, oh Thumb——Now, by ourself,
We were indeed a pretty king of clouts
To truckle to her will——For when by force
Or art the wife her husband overreaches,
Give him the petticoat, and her the breeches.
Thumb. ¶ Whisper ye winds, that Huncamunca's mine;
Echoes repeat, that Huncamunca's mine!
The dreadful bus'ness of the war is o'er,
And beauty, heav'nly beauty! crown my toils.

* ——————Who caus'd
This dreadful revolution in my fate?
Ulamar. Who but a dog, who but a dog?
LIBERTY ASSERTED.

† ——————A bride,
Who twenty years lay loving by your side. BANKS.

‡ For borne upon a cloud from high I'll fall,
And rain down royal vengeance on you all.
ALBION QUEENS.

§ An information very like this we have in the Tragedy of Love; where Cyrus having stormed in the most violent manner, Cyaxares observes very calmly,

Why, nephew Cyrus——you are mov'd.

|| 'Tis in your choice—
Love me, or love me not. CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

¶ There is not one beauty in this charming speech, but what hath been borrowed by almost every tragic writer.

I've thrown the bloody garment now aside,
And hymeneal sweets invite my bride.
So when some chimney-sweeper all the day,
Hath thro' dark paths pursu'd the sooty way,
At night, to wash his hands and face he flies.
And in his t'other shirt with his Brickdusta lies.

SCENE IV.

GRIZZLE, *solus.*

* Where art thou, Grizzle! where are now thy glories?
Where are the drums that waken thee to honour?
Greatness is a lac'd coat from Monmouth-street,
Which fortune lends us for a day to wear,
To-morrow puts it on another's back.
The spiteful sun but yesterday survey'd
His rival high as Saint Paul's cupola;
Now may he see me as Fleet-ditch laid low.

SCENE V.

QUEEN, GRIZZLE.

Queen. † Teach me to scold, prodigious-minded Grizzle!
Mountain of treason, ugly as the Devil,
Teach this confounded hateful mouth of mine
To spout forth words malicious as thyself,
Words which might shame all Billingsgate to speak.

* Mr. Banks has (I wish I could not say too servilely) imitated this of Grizzle in his Earl of Essex.
Where art thou, Essex, &c.

† The Countess of Nottingham in the Earl of Essex is apparently acquainted with Dollallolla.

Griz. Far be it from my pride to think my tongue
Your royal lips can in that art instruct,
Wherein you so excel. But may I ask,
Without offence, wherefore my queen would scold?
Queen. Wherefore? Oh, blood and thunder! han't you heard
(What ev'ry corner of the court resounds)
That little Thumb will be a great man made?
Griz. I heard it, I confess——for who, alas!
* Can always stops his ears——But wou'd my teeth,
By grinding knives, had first been set on edge!
Queen. Would I had heard, at the still noon of night,
The hallalloo of fire in every street!
Odsbobs! I have a mind to hang myself,
To think I should a grandmother be made
By such a rascal———Sure the king forgets,
When in a pudding, by his mother put,
The bastard, by a tinker, on a stile
Was dropp'd.—O, good Lord Grizzle! can I bear
To see him from a pudding mount the throne?
Or can, Oh can! my Huncamunca bear
To take a pudding's offspring to her arms?
Griz. Oh horror! horror! horror! cease, my queen,
† Thy voice, like twenty screech-owls, wracks my brain.
Queen. Then rouse thy spirit—we may yet prevent
This hated match———

* Grizzle was not probably possessed of that glew of which Mr. Banks speaks in his Cyrus.

I'll glew my ears to ev'ry word.

† Screech-owls, dark ravens, and amphibious monsters,
Are screaming in that voice. MARY Q. OF SCOTS.

Griz. ———We will*; nor fate itself,
Should it conspire with Thomas Thumb, should cause it.
I'll swim through seas; I'll ride upon the clouds;
I'll dig the earth; I'll blow out ev'ry fire;
I'll rave; I'll rant; I'll rise; I'll rush; I'll roar;
Fierce as the man whom † smiling dolphins bore,
From the prosaïc to poetic shore.
I'll tear the scoundrel into twenty pieces.

Queen. Oh, no! prevent the match, but hurt him not;
For, tho' I would not have him have my daughter,
Yet can we kill the man that kill'd the giants?

Griz. I tell you, madam, it was all a trick,
He made the giants first, and then he kill'd them;
As fox-hunters bring foxes to the wood,
And then with hounds they drive them out again.

Queen. How! have you seen no giants? Are there not
Now, in the yard, ten thousand proper giants?

Griz. ‡ Indeed, I cannot positively tell,
But firmly do believe there is not one.

Queen. Hence! from my sight! thou traitor, hie away;
By all my stars, thou enviest Tom Thumb.

* The reader may see all the beauties of this speech in a late Ode, called the Naval Lyrick.

† This epithet to a dolphin doth not give one so clear an idea as were to be wished; a smiling fish seemingly a little more difficult to be imagined than a flying fish, Mr. Dryden is of opinion, that smiling is the property of reason, and that no irrational creature can smile.

Smiles, not allowed to beasts, from reason move.

STATE OF INNOCENCE.

‡ These lines are written in the same key with those in the Earl of Essex.

Go, sirrah! go, * hie away! hie!—— thou art
A setting dog—begone!

Griz. Madam, I go.

Tom Thumb shall feel the vengeance you have
rais'd:
So, when two dogs are fighting in the streets,
With a third dog one of the two dogs meets,
With angry teeth he bites him to the bone,
And this dog smarts for what that dog has done.

SCENE VI.

QUEEN, *sola.*

And whither shall I go?——Alack a-day!
I love Tom Thumb——but must not tell him so;
For what's a woman when her virtue's gone?
A coat without its lace; wig out of buckle;
A stocking with a hole in't——I can't live
Without my virtue, or without Tom Thumb.

Why sayst thou so, I love thee well, indeed
I do, and thou shalt find by this, 'tis true.

Or with this in Cyrus:

The most heroic mind that ever was.

And with above half of the modern tragedies.

* Aristotle, in that excellent work of his, which is very justly stiled his Master-piece, earnestly recommends using the terms of art, however coarse or even indecent they may be. Mr. Tate is of the same opinion.

BRU. Do not, like young hawks, fetch a course about;
Your game flies fair.
FRA. Do not fear it.
He answers you in your hawking phrase.

INJUR'D LOVE.

I think these two great authorities are sufficient to justify Dollallolla in the use of the phrase, 'Hie away, hie!'

In this scale put my virtue, that Tom Thumb.
Alas! Tom Thumb is heavier than my virtue.
But hold! perhaps I may be left a widow:
This match prevented, then Tom Thumb is mine;
In that dear hope I will forget my pain.
So, when some wench to Tothill Bridewell's sent,
With beating hemp and flogging she's content,
She hopes in time to ease her present pain,
At length is free, and walks the streets again.

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE—*The Street.*

BAILIFF, FOLLOWER.

BAILIFF.

Come on, my trusty follower, come on,
This day discharge thy duty, and at night
A double mug of beer, and beer shall glad thee.
Stand here by me, this way must Noodle pass.

Follow. No more, no more, oh Bailiff! every word

when in the same line she says she is speaking to a setting-dog.

* We meet with such another pair of scales in Dryden's King Arthur.

> Arthur and Oswald, and their different fates,
> Are weighing now within the scales of Heaven.

Also in Sebastian.

> This hour my lot is weighing in the scales.

Inspires my soul with virtue——Oh! I long
To meet the enemy in the street—and nab him:
To lay arresting hands upon his back,
And drag him trembling to the spunging-house.

Bail. There, when I have him, I will spunge upon him.

* Oh! glorious thought, by the sun, moon, and stars,
I will enjoy it, tho' it be in thought!
Yes, yes, my follower, I will enjoy it.

Follow. Enjoy it then some other time, for now
Our prey approaches.

Bail. Let us retire.

SCENE II.

TOM THUMB, NOODLE, BAILIFF, FOLLOWER.

Thumb. Trust me, my Noodle, I am wonderous sick;
For though I love the gentle Huncamunca,
Yet at the thought of marriage I grow pale:
For oh!—† but swear thou'lt keep it ever secret,
I will unfold a tale will make thee stare.

Nood. I swear by lovely Huncamunca's charms!

* Mr. Rowe is generally imagined to have taken some hints from this scene in his character of Bajazet; but as he, of all the tragic writers, bears the least resemblance to our author in his diction, I am unwilling to imagine he would condescend to copy him in this particular.

† This method of surprising an audience by raising their expectation to the highest pitch, and then baulking it, hath been practis'd with great success by most of our tragical authors.

Thumb. Then know—* my grandmamma hath often said,
Tom Thumb, beware of marriage.
Nood. Sir, I blush
To think a warrior, great in arms as you,
Should be affrighted by his grandmamma.
Can an old woman's empty dreams deter
The blooming hero from the virgin's arms?
Think of the joy that will your soul alarm,
When in her fond embraces clasp'd you lie,
While on her panting breast dissolv'd in bliss,
You pour out all Tom Thumb in every kiss.
Thumb. Oh! Noodle, thou hast fir'd my eager soul;
Spite of my grandmother she shall be mine.
I'll hug, caress, I'll eat her up with love:
Whole days, and nights, and years shall be too short
For our enjoyment, every sun shall rise
† Blushing to see us in our bed together.

* Almeyda in Sebastian is in the same distress;

Sometimes methinks I hear the groan of ghosts,
Thin hollow sounds and lamentable screams;
Then like a dying echo from afar
My mother's voice that cries, Wed not, Almeyda;
Forewarn'd, Almeyda, marriage is thy crime.

† 'As very well he may, if he hath any modesty in him,' says Mr. D----s. The author of Busiris is extremely zealous to prevent the sun's blushing at any indecent object, and therefore on all such occasions he addresses himself to the sun, and desires him to keep out of the way.

Rise never more, O sun! let night prevail,
Eternal darkness close the world's wide scene. BUSIRIS.

Sun, hide thy face, and put the world in mourning. Ibid.

Nood. Oh, Sir! this purpose of your soul pursue.
Bail. Oh, Sir! I have an action against you.
Nood. At whose suit is it?
Bail. At your taylor's, Sir.
Your taylor put this warrant in my hands,
And I arrest you, Sir, at his commands.
Thumb. Ha! dogs! Arrest my friend before my face!
Think you, Tom Thumb will suffer this disgrace?
But let vain cowards threaten by their word,
Tom Thumb shall show his anger by his sword.
[*Kills the bailiff and his follower.*
Bail. Oh, I am slain!
Fol. I am murdered also,
And to the shades, the dismal shades below,
My bailiff's faithful follower I go.
Nood. * Go then to hell like rascals as you are,
And give our service to the bailiffs there.
Thumb. Thus perish all the bailiffs in the land,
Till debtors at noon-day shall walk the streets,
And no one fear a bailiff or his writ.

Mr. Banks makes the sun perform the office of Hymen; and therefore not likely to be disgusted at such a sight.

The sun sets forth like a gay brideman with you.
MARY Q. OF SCOTS.

* Neurmahal sends the same message to heaven;
For I would have you, when you upwards move,
Speak kindly of us to our friends above. AURENGZEBE.

We find another to hell, in the Persian Princess;

Villain, get thee down
To hell, and tell them that the fray's begun.

SCENE III.

The Princess HUNCAMUNCA'S *Apartment.*

HUNCAMUNCA, CLEORA, MUSTACHA.

Hunc. * Give me some music—see that it be sad.

CLEORA *sings.*

I.

Cupid, ease a love-sick maid,
Bring thy quiver to her aid;
With equal ardour wound the swain:
Beauty should never sigh in vain.

II.

Let him feel the pleasing smart,
Drive the arrow thro' his heart;
When one you wound, you then destroy;
When both you kill, you kill with joy.

Hunc. † O Tom Thumb! Tom Thumb! wherefore art thou Tom Thumb?
Why hadst thou not been born of royal race?
Why had not mighty Bantam been thy father?
Or else the king of Brentford, Old or New?

Must. I am surpris'd that your Highness can give yourself a moment's uneasiness about that

* Anthony gives the same command in the same words.

† Oh! Marius, Marius, wherefore art thou Marius?

OTWAY'S MARIUS.

little insignificant fellow, * Tom Thumb the Great—one properer for a plaything than a husband.—Were he my husband, his horns should be as long as his body.—If you had fallen in love with a grenadier, I should not have wonder'd at it.—If you had fallen in love with something; but to fall in love with nothing!

Hunc. Cease, my Mustacha, on thy duty cease.
The Zephyr, when in flow'ry vales it plays,
Is not so soft, so sweet as Thummy's breath.
The dove is not so gentle to its mate.

Must. The dove is every bit as proper for a husband.——Alas! Madam, there's not a beau about the court looks so little like a man.—He is a perfect butterfly, a thing without substance, and almost without shadow too.

Hunc. This rudeness is unseasonable: desist;
Or I shall think this railing comes from love.
Tom Thumb's a creature of that charming form,
That no one can abuse, unless they love him.

Must. Madam, the king.

SCENE IV.

KING, HUNCAMUNCA.

King. Let all but Huncamunca leave the room.
[*Exeunt* Cleora *and* Mustacha.
Daughter, I have observ'd of late some grief
Unusual in your countenance——your eyes,

* Nothing is more common than these seeming contradictions; such as,

Haughty weakness.	VICTIM.
Great small world.	NOAH'S FLOOD.

* That, like two open windows, us'd to show
The lovely beauty of the rooms within,
Have now two blinds before them,—what is the cause?
Say, have you not enough of meat and drink?
We've given strict orders not to have you stinted.

Hunc. Alas! my lord, I value not myself,
That once I eat two fowls and half a pig;
† Small is that praise: but oh! a maid may want
What she can neither eat nor drink.

King. What's that?

Hunc. O ‡ spare my blushes; but I mean a husband.

* Lee hath improv'd this metaphor.

Dost thou not view joy peeping from my eyes,
The casements open'd wide to gaze on thee?
So Rome's glad citizens to windows rise,
When they some young triumpher fain would see.

GLORIANA.

† Almahide hath the same contempt for these appetites;

To eat and drink can no perfection be.

CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

The earl of Essex is of a different opinion, and seems to place the chief happiness of a general therein.

Were but commanders half so well rewarded,
Then they might eat. BANKS's Earl of Essex.

But if we may believe one, who knows more than either, the devil himself; we shall find eating to be an affair of more moment than is generally imagined.

Gods are immortal only by their food.

LUCIFER in the State of Innocence.

‡ 'This expression is enough of itself (says Mr. D------s) utterly to destroy the character of Huncamunca;' yet we find a woman of no abandon'd character in Dryden adventuring further, and thus excusing herself;

King. If that be all, I have provided one,
A husband great in arms, whose warlike sword
Streams with the yellow blood of slaughter'd giants,
Whose name in Terrâ Incognitâ is known,
Whose valour, wisdom, virtue, make a noise,
Great as the kettle-drums of twenty armies.

Hunc. Whom does my royal father mean?

King. Tom Thumb.

Hunc. Is it possible?

King. Ha! the window-blinds are gone,
* A country dance of joy is in your face.
Your eyes spit fire, your cheeks grow red as beef.

Hunc. O, there's a magic-music in that sound,
Enough to turn me into beef indeed!
Yes, I will own, since licens'd by your word,
I'll own Tom Thumb the cause of all my grief.
For him I've sigh'd, I've wept, I've gnaw'd my sheets.

King. Oh! thou shalt gnaw thy tender sheets no more,
A husband thou shalt have to mumble now.

Hunc. Oh! happy sound! henceforth let no one tell
That Huncamunca shall lead apes in hell.
Oh! I am overjoy'd!

King. I see thou art.

To speak our wishes first, forbid it pride,
Forbid it modesty; true, they forbid it,
But Nature does not; when we are athirst,
Or hungry, will imperious Nature stay,
Nor eat, nor drink before 'tis bid fall on? CLEOMENES.

Cassandra speaks before she is asked: Huncamunca afterwards. Cassandra speaks her wishes to her lover: Huncamunca only to her father.

* Her eyes resistless magic bear,
Angels, I see, and gods are dancing there.
LEE'S SOPHONISBA.

* Joy lightens in thy eyes, and thunders from thy brows;
Transports, like lightning, dart along thy soul,
As small-shot thro' a hedge.

Hunc. Oh! say not small.

King. This happy news shall on our tongue ride post,
Ourself we bear the happy news to Thumb.
Yet think not, daughter, that your powerful charms
Must still detain the hero from his arms;
Various his duty, various his delight;
Now in his turn to kiss and now to fight;
And now to kiss again. So, mighty † Jove,
When with excessive thund'ring tir'd above,
Comes down to earth, and takes a bit——and then
Flies to his trade of thund'ring back again.

SCENE V.

GRIZZLE, HUNCAMUNCA.

‡ *Griz.* Oh! Huncamunca, Huncamunca, oh!
Thy pouting-breasts, like kettle-drums of brass,
Beat everlasting loud alarms of joy;

* Mr. Dennis, in that excellent tragedy, call'd Liberty Asserted, which is thought to have given so great a stroke to the late French king, hath frequent imitations of this beautiful speech of king Arthur;

> Conquest light'ning in his eyes, and thund'ring in his arm.
> Joy lighten'd in her eyes.
> Joys like light'ning dart along my soul.

† Jove, with excessive thund'ring ti 'd above,
Comes down for ease, enjoys a nymph, and then
Mounts dreadful, and to thund'ring goes again.

GLORIANA.

‡ This beautiful line, which ought, says Mr. W—, to be written in gold, is imitated in the new Sophonisba;

As bright as brass they are, and oh, as hard;
Oh Huncamunca, Huncamunca! oh!

Hunc. Ha! dost thou know me, princess as I am,
* That thus of me you dare to make your game!

Griz. Oh Huncamunca, well I know that you
A princess are, and a king's daughter too;
But love no meanness scorns, no grandeur fears;
Love often lords into the cellar bears,
And bids the sturdy porter come up stairs.
For what's too high for love, or what's too low?
Oh Huncamunca, Huncamunca, oh!

Hunc. But granting all you say of love were true,
My love, alas! is to another due.
In vain to me a suitoring you come,
For I'm already promis'd to Tom Thumb.

Griz. And can my princess such a durgen wed,
One fitter for your pocket than your bed?
Advis'd by me, the worthless baby shun,
Or you will ne'er be brought to bed of one.
Oh take me to thy arms, and never flinch,
Who am a man by Jupiter ev'ry inch.
† Then while in joys together lost we lie,
I'll press thy soul while gods stand wishing by.

Oh! Sophonisba, Sophonisba, oh!
Oh! Narva, Narva, oh!

The author of a song, call'd Duke upon Duke, hath improv'd it.

Alas! O Nick, O Nick, alas!

Where, by the help of a little false-spelling, you have two meanings in the repeated words.

* Edith, in the Bloody Brother, speaks to her lover in the same familiar language;

Your grace is full of game.

† Traverse the glitt'ring chambers of the sky,
Born on a cloud in view of fate I'll lie,
And press her soul while gods stand wishing by.

HAN.

Hunc. If, Sir, what you insinuate you prove,
All obstacles of promise you remove;
For all engagements to a man must fall,
Whene'er that man is prov'd no man at all.
Griz. Oh let him seek some dwarf, some fairy-miss,
Where no joint-stool must lift him to the kiss!
But by the stars and glory you appear
Much fitter for a Prussian grenadier;
One globe alone on Atlas' shoulders rests,
Two globes are less than Huncamunca's breasts;
The milky way is not so white, that's flat,
And sure thy breasts are full as large as that.
Hunc. Oh, Sir, so strong your eloquence I find,
It is impossible to be unkind.
Griz. Ah! speak that o'er again, and let the * sound
From one pole to another pole rebound;
The earth and sky each be a battledoor,
And keep the sound, that shuttlecock, up an hour;
To Doctors' Commons for a licence I,
Swift as an arrow from a bow will fly.
Hunc. Oh no! lest some disaster we should meet,
'Twere better to be marry'd at the Fleet.
Griz. Forbid it, all ye Powers! a princess should
By that vile place contaminate her blood;
My quick return shall to my charmer prove,
I travel on the † post-horses of love.

* Let the four winds from distant corners meet,
And on their wings first bear it into France;
Then back again to Edina's proud walls,
Till victim to the sound th' aspiring city falls.
ALBION QUEENS.

† [I] do not remember any metaphors so frequent in the [p]oets, as those borrow'd from riding post; [the] gods and opportunity ride post. BANNIER.

Hunc. Those post-horses to me will seem too slow,
Tho' they should fly swift as the gods, when they
Ride on behind that post-boy, Opportunity.

SCENE VI.

TOM THUMB, HUNCAMUNCA.

Thumb. Where is my princess? where's my Huncamunca?
Where are those eyes, those cardmatches of love,
That * light up all with love my waxen soul?
Where is that face, which artful nature made
† In the same moulds where Venus self was cast?

------Let's rush together,
For death rides post. DUKE OF GUISE.

Destruction gallops to thy murder-post. GLORIANA.

* This image too very often occurs;

——Bright as when thy eye
First lighted up our loves. AURENGZEBE.

This not a crown alone lights up my name. BUSIRIS.

† There is great dissension among the poets concerning the method of making man. One tells his mistress that the mould she was made in being lost, Heaven cannot form such another. Lucifer, in Dryden, gives a merry description of his own formation;

Whom heaven neglecting, made and scarce design'd,
But threw me in for number to the rest.
STATE OF INNOCENCE.

In one place the same poet supposes man to be made of metal;

I was form'd
Of that coarse metal, which, when she was made,
The Gods threw by for rubbish. ALL FOR LOVE.

In another of dough;

Hunc. * Oh! what is music to the ear that's deaf,
Or a goose-pye to him that has no taste?
What are these praises now to me, since I
Am promised to another?

Thumb. Ha! promised?

Hunc. Too sure: 'tis written in the book of Fate.

Thumb. † Then I will tear away the leaf
Wherein it's writ: or if Fate won't allow

When the gods moulded up the paste of man,
Some of their clay was left upon their hands,
And so they made Egyptians. CLEOMENES.

In another of clay;
------Rubbish of remaining clay. SEBASTIAN.

One makes the soul of wax;
Her waxen soul begins to melt apace. ANNA BULLEN.

Another of flint;
Sure our two souls have somewhere been acquainted
In former beings, or struck out together,
One spark to Africk flew, and one to Portugal.
SEBASTIAN.

To omit the great quantities of iron, brazen, and leaden souls which are so plenty in modern authors---I cannot omit the dress of a soul as we find it in Dryden;

Souls shirted but with air. KING ARTHUR.

Nor can I pass by a particular sort of soul in a particular sort of description, in the New Sophonisba.

Ye mysterious powers,
——Whether thro' your gloomy depths I wander,
Or on the mountains walk, give me the calm,
The steady smiling soul, where wisdom sheds
Eternal sunshine, and eternal joy.

* This line Mr. Banks has plunder'd entire in his Anna Bullen.

† Good heaven! the book of Fate before me lay,
But to tear out the journal of that day.

So large a gap within its journal-book,
I'll blot it out at least.

SCENE VII.

GLUMDALCA, TOM THUMB, HUNCAMUNCA.

Glum. * I need not ask if you are Huncamunca,
Your brandy-nose proclaims——
Hunc. I am a princess;
Nor need I ask who you are.
Glum. A giantess;
The queen of those who made and unmade queens.
Hunc. The man, whose chief ambition is to be
My sweetheart, hath destroy'd these mighty giants.
Glum. Your sweetheart? Dost thou think the man, who once
Hath worn my easy chains, will e'er wear thine?
Hunc. Well may your chains be easy, since, if Fame
Says true, they have been tried on twenty husbands.
† The glove, or boot, so many times pull'd on,
May well sit easy on the hand or foot.

Or, if the order of the world below
Will not the gap of one whole day allow,
Give me that minute when she made her vow.
CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

* I know some of the commentators have imagined, that Mr. Dryden in the altercative scene between Cleopatra and Octavia, a scene which Mr. Addison inveighs against with great bitterness, is much beholden to our author. How just this their observation is, I will not presume to determine.

† 'A cobling poet indeed,' says Mr. D.: and yet I believe we may find as monstrous images in the Tragic authors: I'll put down one;

Glum. I glory in the number, and when I
Sit poorly down, like thee, content with one,
Heaven change this face for one as bad as thine.

Hunc. Let me see nearer what this beauty is,
That captivates the heart of men by scores.

[*Holds a candle to her face.*

Oh, Heaven! thou art as ugly as the devil.

Glum. You'd give the best of shoes within your shop
To be but half so handsome.

Hunc. ———Since you come
* To that, I'll put my beauty to the test:
Tom Thumb, I'm your's, if you with me will go.

Glum. Oh! stay, Tom Thumb, and you alone shall fill
That bed, where twenty giants us'd to lie.

Thumb. In the balcony that o'erhangs the stage,
I've seen a whore two 'prentices engage;
One half-a-crown does in his fingers hold,
The other shows a little piece of gold;
She the half-guinea wisely does purloin,
And leaves the larger and the baser coin.

Untie your folded thoughts, and let them dangle loose as a bride's hair. INJUR'D LOVE.

Which line seems to have as much title to a milliner's shop as our author's to a shoemaker's.

* Mr. L——takes occasion in this place to commend the great care of our author to preserve the metre of blank verse, in which Shakspeare, Johnson, and Fletcher, were so notoriously negligent; and the moderns, in imitation of our author, so laudably observant;

———Then does
Your majesty believe that he can be
A traitor? EARL OF ESSEX.

Every page of Sophonisba gives us instances of this excellence.

Glum. Left, scorn'd, and loath'd for such a chit as this;
* I feel the storm that's rising in my mind,
Tempests, and whirlwinds rise, and roll and roar.
I'm all within a hurricane, as if
† The world's four winds were pent within my carcase;
‡ Confusion, horror, murder, guts, and death!

SCENE VIII.

KING, GLUMDALCA.

King. § Sure never was so sad a king as I,
|| My life is worn as ragged as a coat
A beggar wears; a prince should put it off,
¶ To love a captive and a giantess.
Oh love! Oh love! how great a king art thou!
My tongue's thy trumpet, and thou trumpetest,

* Love mounts and rolls about my stormy mind.
AURENGZEBE.

Tempests and whirlwinds thro' my bosom move.
CLEOM.

† With such a furious tempest on his brow,
As if the world's four winds were pent within
His blustering carcase. ANNA BULLEN.

‡ Verba Tragica.

§ This speech has been terribly maul'd by the poet.

|| ———My life is worn to rags;
Not worth a prince's wearing. LOVE TRIUMPHANT.

¶ Must I beg the pity of my slave?
Must a king beg? But love's a greater king,
A tyrant, nay, a devil that possesses me.
He tunes the organ of my voice, and speaks,
Unknown to me, within me. SEBASTIAN.

Unknown to me, within me. * Oh Glumdalca!
Heaven thee design'd a giantess to make,
But an angelic soul was shuffled in.
† I am a multitude of walking griefs,
And only on her lips the balm is found,
‡ To spread a plaister that might cure them all.

Glum. What do I hear?

King. What do I see?

Glum. Oh!

King. Ah!

§ *Glum.* Ah! wretched queen!

King. Oh! wretched king!

* When thou wert formed, heaven did a man begin;
But a brute soul by chance was shuffled in.
AURENGZEBE.

† I am a multitude
Of walking griefs. NEW SOPHONISBA.

‡ I will take thy scorpion blood,
And lay it to my grief till I have ease. ANNA BULLEN.

Our author, who every-where shows his great penetration into human nature, here outdoes himself: where a less judicious poet would have raised a long scene of whining love. He, who understood the passion better, and that so violent an affection as this must be too big for utterance, chooses rather to send his characters off in this sullen and doleful manner: in which admirable conduct he is imitated by the author of the justly celebrated Eurydice. Dr. Young seems to point at this violence of passion:

——————Passion choaks
Their words, and they're the statues of despair.

And Seneca tells us, 'Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent.' The story of the Egyptian king in Herodotus is too well known to need to be inserted; I refer the more curious reader to the excellent Montaigne, who hath written an essay on this subject.

* *Glum.* Ah!
King. Oh!

SCENE IX.

TOM THUMB, HUNCAMUNCA, PARSON.

Parson. Happy's the wooing that's not long a doing:
For, if I guess right, Tom Thumb this night
Shall give a being to a new Tom Thumb.
Thumb. It shall be my endeavour so to do.
Hunc. Oh! fie upon you, Sir, you make me blush.
Thumb. It is the virgin's sign, and suits you well:
† I know not where, nor how, nor what I am;
‡ I'm so transported I have lost myself.

* To part is death————
————'Tis death to part.
————Ah!
————Oh! DON CARLOS.

† Nor know I whether
What am I, who or where. BUSIRIS.

I was I know not what, and am I know not how. GLORIANA.

‡ To understand sufficiently the beauty of this passage, it will be necessary that we comprehend every man to contain two selfs. I shall not attempt to prove this from philosophy, which the poets make so plainly evident.

One runs away from the other;
——Let me demand your majesty,
Why fly you from yourself? DUKE OF GUISE.

In a 2d, one self is a guardian to the other;
Leave me the care of me. CONQUEST OF GRAN.

Again,
Myself am to myself less near. Ibid.

Hunc. Forbid it, all ye stars! for you're so small,
That were you lost you'd find yourself no more.
So the unhappy sempstress once, they say,
Her needle in a pottle, lost, of hay;
In vain she look'd, and look'd, and made her moan;
For ah! the needle was for ever gone,
Parson. Long may they live, and love, and propagate,
Till the whole land be peopled with Tom Thumbs.
* So, when the Cheshire cheese a maggot breeds,
Another and another still succeeds:
By thousands and ten thousands they increase,
Till one continued maggot fills the rotten cheese.

In the same, the first self is proud of the second;
I myself am proud of me. STATE OF INNOCENCE.

In a 3d, distrustful of him;
Fain I would tell, but whisper it in my ear,
That none besides might hear, nay not myself.
EARL OF ESSEX.

In a 4th honours him;
I honour Rome,
And honour too myself. SOPHONISBA.

In a 5th, at variance with him;
Leave me not thus at variance with myself, BUSIRIS.

Again, in a 6th;
I find myself divided from myself. MEDA.

She seemed the sad effigies of herself. BANKS.

Assist me, Zulema, if thou wouldst be
The friend thou seemst, assist me against me.
ALBION QUEENS.

From all which it appears that there are two selfs; and therefore Tom Thumb's losing himself is no such solecism as it hath been represented by men, rather ambitious of criticising, than qualified to criticise.

* Mr. F—— imagines this parson to have been a Welsh one from his simile.

SCENE X.

NOODLE, *and then* GRIZZLE.

Nood. * Sure, Nature means to break her solid chain,
Or else unfix the world, and in a rage
To hurl it from its axletree and hinges;
All things are so confus'd, the king's in love,
The queen is drunk, the princess married is.
Griz. Oh! Noodle, hast thou Huncamunca seen?
Nood. I've seen a thousand sights this day, where none
Are by the wonderful bitch herself outdone,
The king, the queen, and all the court are sights.
Griz. † D——n your delay, you trifler, are you drunk, eh?
I will not hear one word but Huncamunca.
Nood. By this time she is married to Tom Thumb.
Griz. ‡ My Huncamunca!
Nood. Your Huncamunca,
Tom Thumb's Huncamunca, every man's Huncamunca.

* Our author hath been plunder'd here, according to custom.

Great Nature, break thy chain that links together
The fabric of the world, and make a chaos
Like that within my soul. LOVE TRIUMPHANT.

——Startle Nature, unfix the globe,
And hurl it from its axletree and hinges.
ALBION QUEENS.

The tott'ring earth seems sliding off its props.

† D-----n your delay, ye torturers proceed,
I will not hear one word but Almahide.
CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

‡ Mr. Dryden hath imitated this in All for Love.

Griz. If this be true, all womankind are damn'd.
Nood. If it be not, may I be so myself.
Griz. See where she comes! I'll not believe a word
Against that face, upon whose * ample brow
Sits innocence with majesty enthron'd.

SCENE XI.

GRIZZLE, HUNCAMUNCA.

Griz. Where has my Huncamunca been? See here. The licence in my hand!
Hunc. Alas! Tom Thumb!
Griz. Why dost thou mention him?
Hunc. Ah me! Tom Thumb!
Griz. What means my lovely Huncamunca?
Hunc. Hum!
Griz. Oh! speak.
Hunc. Hum!
Griz. Ha! your every word is hum:
† You force me still to answer you, Tom Thumb.
Tom Thumb, I'm on the rack, I'm in a flame,
‡ Tom Thumb, Tom Thumb, Tom Thumb, you love the name;
So pleasing is that sound, that were you dumb
You still would find a voice to cry, Tom Thumb.
Hunc. Oh! be not hasty to proclaim my doom,
My ample heart for more than one has room;

* This Miltonic style abounds in the New Sophonisba,
—And on her ample brow
Sat majesty.

† Your ev'ry answer still so ends in that,
You force me still to answer you Morat. AURENGZEBE.

‡ Morat, Morat, Morat, you love the name. Ibid.

A maid, like me, Heaven form'd at least for two,
*I married him, and now I'll marry you.

Griz. Ha! dost thou own thy falsehood to my face?
Think'st thou that I will share thy husband's place?
Since to that office one cannot suffice,
And since you scorn to dine one single dish on,
Go, get your husband put into commission.
Commissioners to discharge (ye Gods) it fine is,
The duty of a husband to your highness;
Yet think not long I will my rival bear,
Or unreveng'd the slighted willow wear;
The gloomy, brooding tempest, now confin'd
Within the hollow caverns of my mind,
In dreadful whirl shall roll along the coasts,
Shall thin the land of all the men it boasts,
†And cram up every chink of hell with ghosts.

* 'Here is a sentiment for the virtuous Huncamunca,' (says Mr. D------s) and yet, with the leave of this great man, the virtuous Panthea, in Cyrus, hath a heart every whit as ample;

For two I must confess are gods to me,
Which is my Abradatus first, and thee.

CYRUS THE GREAT.

Nor is the lady in Love Triumphant more reserv'd, though not so intelligible;

I am so divided,
That I grieve most for both, and love both most.

† A ridiculous supposition to any one who considers the great and extensive largeness of hell, says a commentator: but not so to those who consider the great expansion of immaterial substance. Mr. Banks makes one soul to be so expanded, that heaven could not contain it;

The heavens are all too narrow for her soul.

VIRTUE BETRAY'D.

* So have I seen, in some dark winter's day,
A sudden storm rush down the sky's highway,
Sweep thro' the streets with terrible ding dong,
Gush thro' the spouts, and wash whole clouds along.
The crowded shops, the thronging vermin skreen,
Together cram the dirty and the clean,
And not one shoe-boy in the street is seen.

Hunc. Oh, fatal rashness! should his fury slay
My hapless bridegroom on his wedding-day;
I, who this morn of two chose which to wed,
May go again this night alone to bed.
† So have I seen some wild unsettled fool,
Who had her choice of this and that joint-stool;

The Persian Princess hath a passage not unlike the author of this;

> We will send such shoals of murder'd slaves,
> Shall glut hell's empty regions.

This threatens to fill hell even though it was empty; lord Grizzle, only to fill up the chinks, supposing the rest already full.

* Mr. Addison is generally thought to have had this simile in his eye, when he wrote that beautiful one at the end of the third act of his Cato.

† This beautiful simile is founded on a proverb, which does honour to the English language;

> Between two stools the breech falls to the ground.

I am not so well pleased with any written remains of the ancients, as with those little aphorisms which verbal tradition hath delivered down to us, under the title of Proverbs. It were to be wished, that instead of filling their pages with the fabulous theology of the Pagans, our modern poets would think it worth their while to enrich their works with the proverbial sayings of their ancestors. Mr. Dryden hath chronicled one in heroic;

> Two ifs scarce makes one possibility.
>
> CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

My lord Bacon is of opinion, that whatever is known of arts and sciences might be proved to have lurked in the

To give the preference to either loth,
And fondly coveting to sit on both:
While the two stools her sitting-part confound,
Between 'em both fall squat upon the ground.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE—KING ARTHUR'S *Palace.*

*GHOST, *solus.*

HAIL! ye black horrors of midnight's midnoon!
Ye fairies, goblins, bats, and screech-owls, hail!
And oh! ye mortal watchmen, whose hoarse throats
Th' immortal ghosts dread croakings counterfeit,

Proverbs of Solomon. I am of the same opinion in relation to those above mentioned: at least I am confident, that a more perfect system of ethics, as well as economy, might be compiled out of them than is at present extant, either in the works of the ancient philosophers, or those more valuable, as more voluminous ones of the modern divines.

* Of all the particulars in which the modern stage falls short of the ancient, there is none so much to be lamented as the great scarcity of ghosts. Whence this proceeds, I will not presume to determine. Some are of opinion, that the moderns are unequal to that sublime language which a ghost ought to speak. One says ludicrously, that ghosts are out of fashion; another, that they are properer for comedy; forgetting, I suppose, that Aristotle hath told us, that a ghost is the soul of tragedy; for so I render the

All hail!——Ye dancing phantoms, who by day,
Are some condemn'd to fast, some feast in fire;
Now play in church-yards, skipping o'er the graves,
To the *loud music of the silent bell,
All hail!

SCENE II.

KING *and* GHOST.

King. What noise is this?—What villain dares,
At this dread hour, with feet and voice profane,
Disturb our royal walls?
Ghost. One who defies
Thy empty power to hurt him; † one who dares
Walk in thy bedchamber.
King. Presumptuous slave!
Thou diest.

ψυχὴ ὁ μῦθος τῆς τραγωδίας, which M. Dacier, amongst others, hath mistaken; I suppose misled by not understanding the Fabula of the Latins, which signifies a Ghost as well as Fable.

—' Te premet nox, fabulæque manes.' HOR.

Of all the ghosts that have ever appeared on the stage, a very learned and judicious foreign critic gives the preference to this of our author. These are his words, speaking of this tragedy:

—' Nec quidquam in illâ admirabilius quàm phasma quoddam horrendum, quod omnibus aliis spectris, quibuscum scatet Angelorum tragœdia, longè (pace D--ysii V. Doctiss. dixerim) prætulerim.'

* We have already given instances of this figure.

† Almanzor reasons in the same manner;

——————A ghost I'll be,
And from a ghost, you know, no place is free.
CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

Ghost. Threaten others with that word,
*I am a ghost, and am already dead.
King. Ye stars! 'tis well; were thy last hour to come,
This moment had been it; † yet by thy shroud
I'll pull thee backward, squeeze thee to a bladder,
'Till thou dost groan thy nothingness away.
Thou fly'st! 'Tis well. [*Ghost retires.*
‡ I thought what was the courage of a ghost!
Yet, dare not, on thy life—Why say I that,
Since life thou hast not?—Dare not walk again
Within these walls, on pain of the Red-sea.

* 'The man who writ this wretched pun (says Mr. D.) would have picked your pocket:' which he proceeds to show not only bad in itself, but doubly so on so solemn an occasion. And yet in that excellent play of Liberty Asserted, we find something very much resembling a pun in the mouth of a mistress, who is parting with the lover she is fond of;

Ul. Oh, mortal woe! one kiss, and then farewel.
Irene. The gods have given to others to fare well.
O miserably must Irene fare.

Agamemnon, in the Victim, is full as facetious on the most solemn occasion, that of sacrificing his daughter;

Yes, daughter, yes; you will assist the priest;
Yes, you must offer up your—vows for Greece.

† I'll pull thee backwards by thy shroud to light,
Or else I'll squeeze thee, like a bladder, there,
And make thee groan thyself away to air.
CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

Snatch me, ye gods, this moment into nothing.
CYRUS THE GREAT.

‡ So, art thou gone? Thou canst no conquest boast,
I thought what was the courage of a ghost.
CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

King Arthur seems to be as brave a fellow as Almanzor, who says most heroically,

——In spite of ghosts I'll on.

For, if henceforth I ever find thee here,
As sure, sure as a gun, I'll have thee laid———

Ghost. Were the Red-sea a sea of Holland's-gin,
The liquor (when alive) whose very smell
I did detest, did loath—yet, for the sake
Of Thomas Thumb, I would be laid therein.

King. Ha! said you?

Ghost. Yes, my liege, I said Tom Thumb,
Whose father's ghost I am—once not unknown
To mighty Arthur. But, I see, 'tis true,
The dearest friend, when dead, we all forget.

King. 'Tis he, it is the honest Gaffer Thumb.
Oh! let me press thee in my eager arms,
Thou best of ghosts! thou something more than ghost!

Ghost. Would I were something more, that we again
Might feel each other in the warm embrace.
But now I have th' advantage of my king;
* For I feel thee, whilst thou dost not feel me.

King. But say, † thou dearest air, oh! say what dread,
Important business sends thee back to earth?

Ghost. Oh! then prepare to hear——which but to hear,
Is full enough to send thy spirit hence.
Thy subjects up in arms, by Grizzle led,
Will, ere the rosy-finger'd morn shall ope

* The ghost of Lausaria in Cyrus, is a plain copy of this, and is therefore worth reading.

> Ah, Cyrus!
> Thou may'st as well grasp water, or fleet air,
> As think of touching my immortal shade.
>
> CYRUS THE GREAT.

† Thou better part of heavenly air.

CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

The shutters of the sky, before the gate
Of this thy royal palace, swarming spread:
* So have I seen the bees in clusters swarm,
So have I seen the stars in frosty nights,
So have I seen the sand in windy days,
So have I seen the ghost on Pluto's shore,
So have I seen the flowers in spring arise.
So have I seen the leaves in autumn fall,
So have I seen the fruits in summer smile,
So have I seen the snow in winter frown.

King. D——n all thou hast seen!——dost thou, beneath the shape
Of Gaffer Thumb, come hither to abuse me
With similies to keep me on the rack?
Hence—or, by all the torments of thy hell,
† I'll run thee thro' the body, tho' thou'st none!

Ghost. Arthur, beware! I must this moment hence,
Not frighted by your voice, but by the cocks!
Arthur—beware, beware, beware, beware!
Strive to avert thy yet impending fate;
For if thou'rt kill'd to-day,
To-morrow all thy care will come too late.

* 'A string of similies (says one) proper to be hung up in the cabinet of a prince.'

† This passage hath been understood several different ways by the commentators. For my part, I find it difficult to understand it at all. Mr. Dryden says,

I have heard something how two bodies meet,
But how two souls join I know not.

So that till the body of a spirit be better understood, it will be difficult to understand how it is possible to run him through it.

SCENE III.

KING, *solus.*

King. Oh! stay, and leave me not uncertain thus!
And whilst thou tellest me what's like my fate,
Oh! teach me how I may avert it too.
Curst be the man who first a simile made!
Curst ev'ry bard who writes!—So have I seen
Those whose comparisons are just and true,
And those who liken things not like at all.
The devil is happy that the whole creation
Can furnish out no simile to his fortune.

SCENE IV.

KING, QUEEN.

Queen. What is the cause, my Arthur, that you steal
Thus silently from Dollallolla's breast?
Why dost thou leave me in the * dark alone,
When well thou know'st I am afraid of sprites?
King. Oh Dollallolla! do not blame my love!
I hop'd the fumes of last night's punch had laid
Thy lovely eyelids fast.—But oh! I find
There is no power in drams to quiet wives;
Each morn, as the returning sun, they wake,
And shine upon their husbands.
Queen. Think, oh think!
What a surprise it must be to the sun,
Rising, to find the vanish'd world away.

* Cydaria is of the same fearful temper with Dollallolla.
I never durst in darkness be alone. IND. EMP.

What less can be the wretched wife's surprise,
When, stretching out her arms to fold thee fast,
She found her useless bolster in her arms!
*Think, think on that—oh think, think well on that!
I do remember also to have read
†In Dryden's Ovid's Metamorphosis,
That Jove in form inanimate did lie
With beauteous Danaë: and trust me, love,
‡I fear'd the bolster might have been a Jove.

King. Come to my arms, most virtuous of thy sex;
Oh, Dollallolla! were all wives like thee,
So many husbands never had worn horns.
Should Huncamunca of thy worth partake,
Tom Thumb indeed were blest—Oh, fatal name!
For didst thou know one quarter what I know,
Then wouldst thou know—alas! what thou wouldst know!

Queen. What can I gather hence? Why dost thou speak
Like men who carry rareeshows about?
'Now you shall see, gentlemen, what you shall see.'
O tell me more, or thou hast told too much.

* Think well of this, think that, think every way.
SOPHONISBA.

† These quotations are more usual in the comic than in the tragic writers.

§ 'This distress (says Mr. D---) I must allow to be extremely beautiful, and tends to heighten the virtuous character of Dollallolla, who is so exceeding delicate, that she is in the highest apprehension from the inanimate embrace of a bolster. An example worthy of imitation from all our writers of tragedy.'

SCENE V.

KING, QUEEN, NOODLE.

Noodle. Long life attend your majesties serene,
Great Arthur, king, and Dollallolla queen!
Lord Grizzle, with a bold rebellious crowd,
Advances to the palace, threat'ning loud,
Unless the princess be deliver'd straight,
And the victorious Thumb, without his pate,
They are resolv'd to batter down the gate.

SCENE VI.

KING, QUEEN, HUNCAMUNCA, NOODLE.

King. See where the princess comes! Where is
Tom Thumb?
Hunc. Oh! Sir, about an hour and half ago
He sallied out t'encounter with the foe,
And swore, unless his fate had him misled,
From Grizzle's shoulders to cut off his head,
And serve't up with your chocolate in bed.
King. 'Tis well, I find one devil told us both.
Come, Dollallolla, Huncamunca, come,
Within we'll wait for the victorious Thumb;
In peace and safety we secure may stay,
While to his arm we trust the bloody fray;
Tho' men and giants should conspire with gods,
* He is alone equal to all these odds.

* 'Credat Judæus Appella,
Non ego.'------

(Says Mr. D.)------For, passing over the absurdity of being equal to odds, can we possibly suppose a little insignificant fellow---------I say again a little insignificant fellow, able to

Queen. He is, indeed, a * helmet to us all,
While he supports we need not fear to fall;
His arm dispatches all things to our wish,
And serves up ev'ry foe's head in a dish.
Void is the mistress of the house of care,
While the good cook presents the bill of fare;
Whether the cod, that northern king of fish,
Or duck, or goose, or pig, adorn the dish,
No fears the number of her guests afford,
But at her hour she sees the dinner on the board.

vie with a strength which all the Samsons and Herculeses of antiquity would be unable to encounter?

I shall refer this incredulous critic to Mr. Dryden's defence of his Almanzor; and lest that should not satisfy him, I shall quote a few lines from the speech of a much braver fellow than Almanzor, Mr. Johnson's Achilles;

Tho' human race rise in embattl'd hosts,
To force her from my arms---Oh! son of Atreus!
By that immortal pow'r, whose deathless spirit
Informs this earth, I will oppose them all. VICTIM.

* 'I have heard of being supported by a staff (says Mr. D.), but never of being supported by a helmet.' I believe he never heard of sailing with wings, which he may read in no less a poet than Mr. Dryden;

Unless we borrow wings and sail thro' air.
LOVE TRIUMPHANT.

What will he say to a kneeling valley?

--------------I'll stand
Like a safe valley that low bends the knee
To some aspiring mountain. INJUR'D LOVE.

I am asham'd of so ignorant a carper, who doth not know that an epithet in tragedy is very often no other than an expletive. Do not we read in the new Sophonisba of 'grinding chains, blue plagues, white occasions, and blue serenity?' Nay, it is not the adjective only, but sometimes half a sentence is put by way of expletive, as, 'Beauty pointed high with spirit,' in the same play------and, 'In the lap of blessing, to be most curst,' in the Revenge.

SCENE VII.

A Plain.

LORD GRIZZLE, FOODLE, *and Rebels.*

Grizzle. Thus far our arms with victory are crown'd;
For tho' we have not fought, yet we have found
* No enemy to fight withal.
Food. Yet I,
Methinks, would willingly avoid this day,
† This first of April, to engage our foes.
Griz. This day, of all the days of th' year, I'd choose,
For on this day my grandmother was born.
Gods! I will make Tom Thumb an April-fool;
‡ Will teach his wit an errant it ne'er knew,
And send it post to the Elysian shades.
Food. I'm glad to find our army is so stout,
Nor does it move my wonder less than joy.
Griz. § What friends we have, and how we came so strong,
I'll softly tell you as we march along.

* A victory like that of Almanzor:
Almanzor is victorious without fight.
CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

† Well have we chose an happy day for fight.
For every man in course of time has found
Some days are lucky, some unfortunate. K. ARTHUR.

‡ We read of such another in Lee;
Teach his rude wit a flight she never made,
And send her post to the Elysian shade. GLORIANA.

§ These lines are copied *verbatim* in the Indian Emperor.

SCENE VIII.

Thunder and Lightning.

TOM THUMB, GLUMDALCA, *cum suis.*

Thumb. Oh, Noodle! hast thou seen a day like this?
*The unborn thunder rumbles o'er our heads,
† As if the gods meant to unhinge the world,
And heaven and earth in wild confusion hurl;
Yet will I boldly tread the tott'ring ball.

Merl. Tom Thumb!

Thumb. What voice is this I hear?

Merl. Tom Thumb!

Thumb. Again it calls.

Merl. Tom Thumb!

Glum. It calls again.

Thumb. Appear, whoe'er thou art, I fear thee not.

Merl. Thou hast no cause to fear, I am thy friend,
Merlin by name, a conjuror by trade,
And to my art thou dost thy being owe.

Thumb. How!

Merl. Hear then the mystic getting of Tom Thumb.

* Unborn thunder rolling in a cloud.
CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

† Were heaven and earth in wild confusion hurl'd,
Should the rash gods unhinge the rolling world,
Undaunted would I tread the tott'ring ball,
Crush'd but unconquer'd, in the dreadful fall.
FEMALE WARRIOR.

* His father was a plowman plain,
His mother milk'd the cow;
And yet the way to get a son,
This couple knew not how;
Until such time the good old man
To learned Merlin goes,
And there to him in great distress,
In secret manner shows —
How in his heart he wish'd to have
A child, in time to come,
To be his heir, tho' it may be
No bigger than his thumb:
Of which old Merlin was foretold,
That he his wish should have;
And so a son of stature small,
The charmer to him gave.

Thou'st heard the past, look up and see the future.

Thumb. † Lost in amazement's gulph, my senses sink;
See there, Glumdalca, see another ‡ me!

Glum. O sight of horror! see, you are devour'd
By the expanded jaws of a red cow.

Merl. Let not these sights deter thy noble mind,
§ For lo! a sight more glorious courts thy eyes;
See from afar a theatre arise;

* See the History of TOM THUMB, page 2.

† ——Amazement swallows up my sense,
And in th' impetuous whirl of circling fate
Drinks down my reason. PERSIAN PRINCESS.

‡ ———I have outfaced myself.
What! am I two? Is there another me? K. ARTHUR.

§ The character of Merlin is wonderful throughout, but most so in this prophetic part. We find several of these prophecies in the tragic authors, who frequently take this opportunity to pay a compliment to their country, and

There ages, yet unborn, shall tribute pay
To the heroic actions of this day;
Then buskin Tragedy at length shall choose
Thy name, the best supporter of her Muse.
Thumb. Enough, let every warlike music sound,
We fall contented, if we fall renown'd.

SCENE IX.

LORD GRIZZLE, FOODLE, *Rebels, on one side.* TOM THUMB, GLUMDALCA, *on the other.*

Food. At length the enemy advances nigh,
* I hear them with my ear, and see them with my eye.
Griz. Draw all your swords: for liberty we fight,
† And liberty the mustard is of life.
Thumb. Are you the man whom men fam'd Grizzle name?

sometimes to their prince. None but our author (who seems to have detested the least appearance of flattery) would have passed by such an opportunity of being a political prophet.

* I saw the villain, Myron, with these eyes I saw him.
BUSIRIS.

In both which places it is intimated, that it is sometimes possible to see with other eyes than your own.

† 'This mustard (says Mr. D.) is enough to turn one's stomach: I would be glad to know what idea the author had in his head when he wrote it.' This will be, I believe, best explained by a line of Mr. Dennis:

And gave him liberty, the salt of life.
LIBERTY ASSERTED.

The understanding that can digest the one, will not rise at the other.

Griz. *Are you the much more fam'd Tom Thumb?

Thumb. The same.

Griz. Come on, our worth upon ourselves we'll prove;
For liberty I fight.

Thumb. And I for love.

[*A bloody engagement between the two armies here; drums beating, trumpets sounding, thunder and lightning.——They fight off and on several times. Some fall.* Grizzle *and* Glumdalca *remain.*

Glum. Turn, coward, turn, nor from a woman fly.

Griz. Away—thou art too ignoble for my arm.

Glum. Have at thy heart.

Griz. Nay, then I thrust at thine.

Glum. You push too well; you've run me thro' the guts,
And I am dead.

Griz. Then there's an end of one.

Thumb. When thou art dead, then there's an end of two,
† Villain.

* *Han.* Are you the chief, whom men fam'd Scipio call?
Scip. Are you the much more famous Hannibal?
HANNIBAL.

† Dr. Young seems to have copied this engagement in his Busiris:

Myr. Villain!
Mem. Myron!
Myr. Rebel!
Mem. Myron!
Myr. Hell!
Mem. Mandame!

Griz. Tom Thumb!
Thumb. Rebel!
Griz. Tom Thumb!
Thumb. Hell!
Griz. Huncamunca!
Thumb. Thou hast it there.
Griz. Too sure I feel it.
Thumb. To hell then, like a rebel as you are,
And give my service to the rebels there.
Griz. Triumph not, Thumb, nor think thou shalt enjoy
Thy Huncamunca undisturb'd; I'll send
* My ghost to fetch her to the other world;
† It shall but bait at heaven, and then return.
‡ But ha! I feel death rumbling in my brains,
§ Some kinder spright knocks softly at my soul,
And gently whispers it to haste away.
I come, I come, most willingly I come.

* This last speech of my Lord Grizzle hath been of great service to our poets:

——————I'll hold it fast
As life, and when life's gone I'll hold this last;
And if thou tak'st it from me when I'm slain,
I'll send my ghost, and fetch it back again.
CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

† My soul should with such speed obey,
It should not bait at heaven to stop its way.

Lee seems to have had this last in his eye:

'Twas not my purpose, Sir, to tarry there,
I would but go to heaven to take the air. GLORIANA.

‡ A rising vapour rumbling in my brains. CLEOMENES.

§ Some kind spright knocks softly at my soul.
To tell me fate's at hand.

So when some city wife, for country air,
To Hampstead or to Highgate does repair;
Her, to make haste, her husband does implore,
And cries, 'My dear, the coach is at the door.'
With equal wish, desirous to be gone,
She gets into the coach, and then she cries—'Drive on!'

Thumb. With those last words † he vomited his soul,
Which, ‡ like whipt cream, the devil will swallow down,
Bear off the body and cut off the head,
Which I will to the king in triumph lug.
Rebellion's dead, and now I'll go to breakfast.

SCENE X.

KING, QUEEN, HUNCAMUNCA, *and Courtiers.*

King. Open the prisons, set the wretched free,
And bid our treasurer disburse six pounds
To pay their debts.———Let no one weep to day.
Come, Dollallolla; § curse that odious name!

* Mr. Dryden seems to have had this simile in his eye, when he says,

My soul is packing up, and just on wing.
CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

† And in a purple vomit pour'd his soul. CLEOMENES.

‡ The devil swallows vulgar souls
Like whipt cream. SEBASTIAN.

§ How I could curse my name of Ptolemy!
It is so long it asks an hour to write it.
By heaven! I'll change it into Jove or Mars!
Or any other civil monosyllable,
That will not tire my hand. CLEOMENES.

It is so long, it asks an hour to speak it.
By heavens I'll change it into Doll, or Loll,
Or any other civil monosyllable,
That will not tire my tongue!—Come, sit thee down.
Here seated, let us view the dancers' sports.
Bid 'em advance. This is the wedding-day
Of princess Huncamunca and Tom Thumb—
Tom Thumb! who wins two victories * to-day,
And this way marches, bearing Grizzle's head.

A dance here.

Nood. Oh! monstrous, dreadful, terrible! Oh! oh!
Deaf be my ears, for ever blind my eyes!
Dumb be my tongue! feet lame! all senses lost!
† Howl wolves, grunt bears, hiss snakes, shriek all ye ghosts!——

King. What does the blockhead mean?

Nood. I mean, my liege,
‡ Only to grace my tale with decent horror:—
Whilst from my garret, twice two stories high,
I look'd abroad into the streets below;
I saw Tom Thumb attended by the mob,
Twice twenty shoeboys, twice two dozen links,
Chairmen and porters, hackney-coachmen, whores;

* Here is a visible conjunction of two days in one, by which our author may have either intended an emblem of a wedding, or to insinuate that men in the honey-moon are apt to imagine time shorter than it is. It brings into my mind a passage in the comedy, called the Coffee-House Politician:

We will celebrate this day at my house to-morrow.

† These beautiful phrases are all to be found in one single speech of King Arthur, or The British Worthy.

‡ I was but teaching him to grace his tale
With decent horror. CLEOMENES.

Aloft he bore the grizly head of Grizzle;
When of a sudden thro' the streets there came
A cow, of larger than the usual size,
And in a moment——guess, oh! guess the rest!
And in a moment swallow'd up Tom Thumb.

King. Shut up again the prisons, bid my treasurer
Not give three farthings out—hang all the culprits,
Guilty or not——no matter——ravish virgins,
Go bid the schoolmasters whip all their boys!
Let lawyers, parsons, and physicians loose,
To rob, impose on, and to kill the world.

Nood. Her majesty the queen is in a swoon.

Queen. Not so much in a swoon, but I have still
Strength to reward the messenger of ill news.
[*Kills* Noodle.

Nood. Oh! I am slain.

Cle. My lover's kill'd, I will revenge him so.
[*Kills the* Queen.

Hunc. My mamma kill'd! vile murderess, beware!
[*Kills* Cleora.

Dood. This for an old grudge to thy heart.
[*Kills* Huncamunca.

Must. And this
I drive to thine, oh Doodle! for a new one.
[*Kills* Doodle.

King. Ha! murderess vile, take that!
[*Kills* Mustacha.

*And take thou this. [*Kills himself, and falls.*

* We may say with Dryden,

Death did at length so many slain forget,
And left the tale, and took them by the great.

I know of no tragedy which comes nearer to this charming and bloomy catastrophe than Cleomenes, where the curtain covers five principal characters dead on the stage. These lines too,

I ask'd no questions then, of who kill'd who?
The bodies tell the story as they lie.

So when the child whom nurse from danger guards,
Sends Jack for mustard with a pack of cards,
Kings, queens, and knaves, throw one another down,
Till the whole pack lies scatter'd and o'erthown;
So all our pack upon the floor is cast,
And all I boast is——that I fall the last. [*Dies.*

seem to have belonged more properly to this scene of our author. Nor can I help imagining they were originally his. The Rival Ladies too seem beholden to this scene:

> We're now a chain of lovers link'd in death;
> Julia goes first, Gonsalvo hangs on her,
> And Angelina hangs upon Gonsalvo,
> As I on Angelina.

No scene, I believe, ever received greater honours than this. It was applauded by several Encores, a word very unusual in tragedy. And it was very difficult for the actors to escape without a second slaughter. This I take to be a lively assurance of that fierce spirit of liberty which remains among us, and which Mr. Dryden, in his Essay on Dramatic Poetry, hath observed---' Whether custom (says he) hath so insinuated itself into our countrymen, or nature hath so formed them to fierceness, I know not; but they will scarcely suffer combats, and other objects of horror, to be taken from them.'------And indeed I am for having them encouraged in this martial disposition: nor do I believe our victories over the French have been owing to any thing more than to those bloody spectacles daily exhibited in our tragedies, of which the French stage is so entirely clear.

THE

LETTER WRITERS;

OR,

A NEW WAY

TO

KEEP A WIFE AT HOME.

A FARCE,

IN THREE ACTS.

FIRST ACTED IN 1731.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Rakel,	MR. LACY.
Commons,	MR. MULLART.
Mr. Wisdom,	MR. JONES.
Mr. Softly,	MR. HALLAM.
Risque,	MR. REYNHOLD.
John,	MR. WATHAN.
Sneaksby,	MR. DAVENPORT.

WOMEN.

Mrs. Wisdom,	MRS. LACY.
Mrs. Softly,	MRS. MULLART.
Betty,	MRS. STOKES.

CONSTABLES, WHORES, FIDLERS, SERVANTS, &C.

SCENE — THE STREET.

A

NEW WAY

TO KEEP A

WIFE AT HOME.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE—*The Street.*

RAKEL, RISQUE.

RAKEL [*Reading a letter.*]

'Sir,

'YOUR late behaviour hath determined me never 'to see you more; if you get entrance into this 'house for the future, it will not be by my consent; 'for I desire you would henceforth imagine there 'never was any acquaintance between you and

'LUCRETIA SOFTLY.'

So! the letter was thrown out of the window, was it?

Risq. Ay, Sir, I am sure there is no good news in it, by the face of that jade Susan. I know by the countenance of the maid when the mistress is in good humour.

Rak. Well, may you meet with better success in the next expedition! Here, carry this letter to Mrs. Wisdom, I'll wait here till you return with an answer.

Risq. But, Sir———

Rak. Well, Sir!

Risq. This affair, Sir, may end in a blanketing, and that is a danger I never love to run with an empty stomach.

Rak. Sirrah! if I were to be tossed myself, I would wish to be as empty as possible; but thou art such an epicure, thou art continually thinking on thy belly.

Risq. The reason of that is very plain, Sir; for I am continually hungry. Whilst I followed your honour's heels as a soldier, I expected no better fare; but since I have been promoted to the office of pimp, I ought to live in another manner. Would it not vex a man to the heart to run about gnawing his nails like a starv'd skeleton, and see every day so many plump brethren of the same profession riding in their coaches?

Rak. Bring me but an answer to my wish, and then————

Risq. Don't promise me, Sir——for then I shall be sure of having nothing.——If you were but as like a great man in your riches, as you are in your promises, I should dine oftener by two or three days in a week than I do now.

Rak. To your business. It is happy for the nation that this fellow ran away from his master; for had he become an authorised attorney, he would have been a greater burden to the town he was quartered on, than our whole regiment.

SCENE II.

RAKEL, COMMONS.

Com. Captain Rakel, your servant.

Rak. Jack Commons!——My dear rake, welcome to town: how do all our friends at quarters?

Com. All in the old way. I left your two brother officers with two parsons and the mayor of the town as drunk as your drums.

Rak. Mr. Mayor, indeed, is a thorough honest fellow; and hath not, I believe, been sober since he was in the chair: he encourages that virtue as a magistrate, which he lives by as a publican.

Com. Very fine, faith! and if the mayor was a glazier, I suppose he would encourage breaking windows too.

Rak. But pr'ythee, what hath brought thee to town?

Com. My own inclinations chiefly. I resolved to take one swing in the charming plains of iniquity; so I am come to take my leave of this delicious lewd place, of all the rakes and whores of my acquaintance——to spend one happy month in the joys of wine and women, and then sneak down into the country, and go into orders.

Rak. Ha, ha, ha! and hast thou the impudence to pretend to a call?

Com. Ay, Sir; the usual call: I have the promise of a good living. Look'e, captain, my call of piety is much the same as your's of honour. You will fight, and I shall pray—for the same reasons, I assure you.

Rak. If thy gown doth not rob thee of sincerity, thou wilt have one virtue under it at least.

Com. Ay, ay, sincerity is all that can be expected; that is the chief difference among men. All men have sins; but some hide them. Vice is as natural to us as our skins, and both would equally appear, if we had neither clothes nor hypocrisy to cover them.

Rak. Thou art a fine promising holderforth, faith, and dost begin to preach in a most orthodox manner.

Com. Pox of preaching! will you go steal an act or two of the new tragedy?

Rak. Not I——I go to no tragedy——but the tragedy of Tom Thumb.

Com. The tragedy of Tom Thumb! what the devil is that?

Rak. Why, Sir, it is a tragedy that makes me laugh: and if your sermons will do as much, I shall be glad to make one of your audience.

Com. Will you to the tavern?

Rak. No, I am engaged.

Com. Engaged! then it must be to a bawdy-house, and I'll along with you.

Rak. Indeed, you cannot, my young Levite; for mine is a private bawdy-house, and you will not be admitted, even though you had your gown on.

Com. If thy engagement be not pressing, thou shalt go along with me: I will introduce thee to a charming fine girl, a relation of mine.

Rak. Dost thou think me dull enough to undergo the ceremonies of being introduced by a relation to a modest woman?—Hast thou a mind to marry me to her?

Com. No, Sir, she is married already.—There are a brace of them, as fine women as you have seen, and both married to old husbands.

Rak. Nay, then they are worth my acquaintance, and some other time thou shalt introduce me to them.

Com. Nay, thou shalt go drink tea with one of

them now—it is but just by—I dined there to-day, and my uncle is now gone abroad. Come, 'tis but two steps into the square here, at the first two lamps.

Rak. The first two lamps!

Com. Ay, no further——Her husband's name is Wisdom.

Rak. By all that's unlucky, the very woman I have sent Risque to! [*Aside.*

Com. Come, we'll go make her a visit now, and to-morrow I'll carry thee to my aunt Softly.

Rak. Another mistress of mine, by Lucifer. [*Aside.*
Hast thou no more female relations in town?

Com. No more. Won't two serve your unreasonable appetite?

Rak. But thou seemest to be so free of them, I could wish thee, for the sake of the public, related to all the beauties in Christendom. But Jack, I hope these two aunts of thine are not rigidly virtuous.

Com. Ha, ha, ha!—Do not I tell thee they are young and handsome, and that their husbands are old?

Rak. And thou wouldst not take it amiss if one were to dub an uncle of thine a cuckold.

Com. Hearkee, Tom, if thou hadst read as much as I, thou wouldst know that cuckold is no such term of reproach as it is imagined: half the great men in history are cuckolds on record. Take it amiss! ha, ha, ha! why, my uncle himself will not; for the whole world knows he is a cuckold already.

Rak. How!

Com. Ay, Sir, when an old man goes publicly to church with a young woman, he proclaims that title loud enough. But come, will you to my aunt?

Rak. You must excuse me now.

Com. When I make you such another offer, you

shan't refuse it: I thought you would have postponed any business for a mistress.

Rak. But I am in pursuit of another mistress, one I am pre-engaged to.—Afterwards, Sir, I am at the service of your whole family.

Com. Success attend your iniquity.—I'll inquire for you at the Tilt-yard. So, your servant.

Rak. Your's.—A very pretty fellow this—I find, if he should discover my amours, he is not likely to be any obstacle to them.

SCENE III.

RAKEL, RISQUE.

Rak. So, Sir.

Risq. Sir, I have with great dexterity deliver'd your honour's letter, and with equal pleasure have brought you an answer.

Rak. [*Reads.*]

'Be here at the time you mention, my husband
'is luckily out of the way. I wish your happiness
'be (as you say) entirely in the power of
'ELIZABETH WISDOM.'

Ay, now thou hast perform'd well indeed, and I'll give thee all the money I have in my pocket for an encouragement. Odso! I have but sixpence about me——here, take, take this and be diligent.

Risq. Very fine encouragement truly! This it is to serve a poor, beggarly, lousy——If half this dexterity had been employ'd in the service of a great man, I had been a captain or a Middlesex justice long ago—But I must tug along the empty portmanteau of this shabby no-pay ensign. Pox on't, what can a man expect who is but the rag-carrier of a rag-carrier?

SCENE IV.

MRS. WISDOM, RAKEL.

Mrs. Wisd. Sure never any thing was so lucky for us as this threat'ning letter: while my husband imagined I should go abroad, he was almost continually at home; but now he thinks himself secure of my not venturing out, he is scarce ever with me.

Rak. How shall I requite this goodness which can make such a confinement easy for my sake?

Mrs. Wisd. The woman that thinks it worth her while to confine herself for her gallant, thinks herself sufficiently requited by his company.

Betty. [*Entering.*] Oh! madam, here's my master come home: had he not quarrell'd with the footman at the door, he had certainly found you together.

Rak. What shall I do?

Mrs. Wisd. Step into this closet—quick, quick, what can have sent him home so soon?

SCENE V.

MR. WISDOM, MRS. WISDOM.

Mrs. Wisd. Oh! my dear! you are better than your word now; this is kind indeed, to return so much earlier than your promise.

Mr. Wisd. Mr. Mortgageland hath disappointed me: I'm afraid somebody else hath taken him off my hands: so let some of the servants get me my nightgown and slippers, for I intend to stay at home all the evening.

Mrs. Wisd. Was ever such ill-luck——they are both in my closet——Lord, child, why will you put on that odious nightgown; indeed, it doth not become you — you don't look pretty in it, lovey, indeed you don't.

Mr. Wisd. Pshaw; it doth not become a wife to dislike her husband in any dress whatsoever.

Mrs. Wisd. Well, my dear, if you command I will be always ready to obey.—Betty, go fetch your master's nightgown out of my closet-—Take care you don't open the door too wide, lest you throw down a China bason that is just within it.

Mr. Wisd. Come, give me a kiss; you look very pretty to-night, you little wanton rogue.—Adod! I shall, I shall make thee amends for the pleasures you miss abroad.

Mrs. Wisd. So, you won't put the money where the rogues order you, and you'll have your poor wife murder'd to save twenty guineas.

Mr. Wisd. If you stay at home, you will not be murder'd, and I shall save many a twenty guineas.

Mrs. Wisd. But then, I shall lose all my acquaintance by not returning their visits.

Mr. Wisd. Then I shall lose all my torments: and truly, if I owe this loss to the letter-writer, I am very much obliged to him. I would have tied a much larger purse to the knocker of my door to have kept it free from that rat-tat-tat-tat-tat, which continually thunder'd at it.

SCENE VI.

MR. SOFTLY, MR. WISDOM, MRS. WISDOM.

Mr. Soft. Mr. Wisdom, your servant.—Madam, I am your humble servant: a friend of your's, Mr. Wisdom, expects you at Tom's.

Mr. Wisd. Nay, if he be come, I must leave thee for one hour, my dear. So, take the key of my closet, and fetch me that bundle of parchment that lies in the bureau.

Mrs. Wisd. I will, my dear.—This is extremely lucky. [*Aside.*

SCENE VII.

MR. WISDOM, MR. SOFTLY.

Mr. Soft. Well: doth the plot succeed notably?

Mr. Wisd. To my wish. She hath not ventured to stir abroad since. This demand you have drawn upon my wife for twenty pound, will be of more service to me, than a draught on the bank for so many hundreds.

Mr. Soft. I wish your threat'ning letter to my wife had met with the same success: but alack! it hath a quite contrary effect. She swears, she'll go abroad the more now to show her courage: but that she may not appear too rash, she hath put me to the expence of an additional footman; and instead of staying at home, she carries all my blunderbusses abroad.——Her coach, when she goes a visiting, looks like a general officer's going to a campaign.

Mr. Wisd. But if it came to that extremity, I would lock up my doors, and shut her in, on pertence of shutting rogues out.

Mr. Soft. But I cannot shut her companions out: I should have a regiment of women on my back for ill-using my wife, and have a sentence of cuckoldom pronounced against me at all the assemblies and visiting-days in town. If I could prevail by stratagem—well; but I am too certain

of the enemy's strength to attempt the subduing her by force.

Mr. Wisd. Thank my stars, my wife is of another temper.

Mr. Soft. You will not take it ill, brother Wisdom: but your wife is not a woman of that spirit as mine is.

Mr. Wisd. No, heaven be praised; for of all evil spirits, that of a woman surely is the worst.

Mr. Soft. Truly, it is a perfection that costs a man as much as it is worth.

Mr. Wisd. But what do you intend to do?

Mr. Soft. I know not Something I must; for my house at present is like a garrison; I have continually guards mounting and dismounting, while I know of no enemy but my wife, and she's within.

SCENE VIII.

MR. SOFTLY, MR. WISDOM, MRS. WISDOM.

Mrs. Wisd. Here are the parchments, my dear.

Mr. Wisd. You know the necessity of my engagement, and will excuse me.

Mr. Soft. No ceremony with me, brother.

Mr. Wisd. If you will stay with my wife till my return, she will be much obliged to you: you may entertain one another at piquet; you are no high player any more than she.

Mrs. Wisd. I shall be too hard for him; for I fancy he is a player much about your pitch, and you know I always get the better of you.

Mr. Wisd. Well, well, to it, to it. I leave you together.

SCENE IX.

MR. SOFTLY, MRS. WISDOM.

Mr. Soft. I am but a bad player, madam; but to divert you—

Mrs. Wisd. How shall I get rid of him?—I am not much inclined to piquet at present, Mr. Softly.

Mr. Soft. Hum! very likely! any other game that you please——if I can play at it.

Mrs. Wisd. No, you can't play at it——for to be plain, I am obliged to write a letter into the country. I hope you will excuse me.

Mr. Soft. Oh! dear sister! I will divert the time with one of these news-papers: ay, here's the Grubstreet Journal—an exceeding good paper this; and hath commonly a great deal of wit in it.

Mrs. Wisd. ——But——I am the worst person in the world at writing: the least noise disturbs me.

Mr. Soft. I am as mute as a fish.

Mrs. Wisd. I know not how to express it, I am so ashamed of the humour——But I cannot write whilst any one is in the room.

Mr. Soft. Hum! very probable! there is no accounting for some humours.—Well—you may trust me in the closet. This closet and I have been acquainted before now. [*Offers to go in.*

Mrs. Wisd. By no means; I have a thing in that closet you must not see.

SCENE X.

MR. SOFTLY, MRS. WISDOM, COMMONS.

Com. What, is not my uncle Wisdom returned yet?

Mrs. Wisd. I am surprised you should return, Sir, unless you have learnt more civility than you

showed at dinner to-day: your behaviour then seem'd very unfit for one who intends to put on that sacred habit you are design'd for.

Com. You may be as scurrilous as you please, aunt: it hath been always my resolution to see my relations as seldom as I can; and when I do see them, never to mind what they say.—I have been at your house too, uncle Softly, and have met with just such another reception there: but come, you and I will go drink one honest bottle together—I have not crack'd a bottle with you since I came to town.

Mrs. Wisd. For Heaven's sake, dear brother, do any thing to get him hence.

Mr. Soft. Well, nephew, as far as a pint goes.

Com. Ay, ay, a pint is the best introduction to a bottle.—Aunt, will you go with us?

Mrs. Wisd. Faugh! brute!

Com. If you won't, you may let it alone.

Mr. Soft. Sister, your humble servant.

Mrs. Wisd. I'll take care to prevent all danger of a surprise. [*Locks the door.*]—There.—Captain captain, you may come out, the coast is clear.

SCENE IX.

MRS. WISDOM, RAKEL.

Rak. These husbands make the most confounded long visits.

Mrs. Wisd. Husbands! why I have had half a dozen visitants since he went away; I thought you had overheard us.

Rak. Not I, truly; I have been entertaining myself with the Whole Duty of Man, at the other end of the closet.

Mrs. Wisd. You are very unconcerned in danger, captain.

Rak. Yes, madam, danger is my profession;

and these sort of dangers are so common to me, that they give me no surprise. I have declar'd war with the whole commonwealth of husbands ever since I arriv'd at years of discretion.

Mrs. Wisd. Rather with the wives, I'm afraid.

Rak. No, madam; I always consider the wife as the town, and the husband as the enemy in possession of it. I am not for burning nor razing where I go; but when I have driven the enemy out of his fortress, I march in, in the most gentle peaceable manner imaginable. So, madam, if you please, we will walk into the closet together.

Mrs. Wisd. What, to read the Whole Duty of Man? Ha, ha, ha!

Rak. Ay, my angel! and you shall say I practise what I read. —— [*Takes her in his arms — Mr.* Wisdom *knocks, she starts from him.*

Mr. Wisd. [*Without.*] What, have you shut yourselves in?

Rak. Ourselves!" oh! the devil, doth he know I am here?

Mrs. Wisd. No, no, no! to your hole, quick, quick, quick!

Mr. Wisd. Why, child, Mr. Softly, don't you hear? what, have you play'd yourselves asleep?

Mrs. Wisd. Oh! my dear, are you there?

SCENE XII.

MR. WISDOM, MRS. WISDOM.

Mr. Wisd. [*Entering.*] If we were not so nearly related, I should not like this locking up together. Heyday! Where is my brother Softly?

Mrs. Wisd. Alas! my dear, my ungracious ne-

phew hath been here, and taken him away to the tavern.

Mr. Wisd. Why will you suffer that fellow to come within my doors, when you know it is against my will?

Mrs. Wisd. Alas, child, I don't know how to shut your doors against your own relations.

Mr. Wisd. And what were you doing, hey! that you were lock'd in so close by yourself?

Mrs. Wisd. I was only saying a few prayers, my dear; but indeed these incendiaries run so in my head, I never think myself safe enough.

Mr. Wisd. Heaven bless the hour I first thought of putting them there. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Wisd. Well, child, this is very good in you to come home so soon.

Mr. Wisd. I only call on you in my way to the city; for I must speak to alderman Longhorns before I sleep. I am sorry you lost brother Softly; he might have diverted you a little.

Mrs. Wisd. I can divert myself well enough in my closet for that matter.

Mr. Wisd. Ay, do so. Reading is an innocent and instructive diversion. I will be back with the utmost expedition. Is your closet lock'd, child? there are some papers in it which I must take with me.—

Mrs. Wisd. [*Aside.*] What shall I do?—Lud, My dear, I—I—have lost the key, I think.

Mr. Wisd. Then it must be broke open; for they are of the utmost consequence——Nay, if you can't tell me where you have laid it, I can't stay, the lock must be broke open; I'll call up one of the servants.

Mrs. Wisd. Nay, then, confidence assist me.—

Here, here it is, child—I have nothing but assurance to trust to; and I am resolved to exert the utmost.

[*Opens the door,* Rakel *runs against him, throws him down; he looks on Mrs.* Wisdom, *she points to the door, and he runs out. Mrs.* Wisdom *shrieks.*]

Mr. Wisd. Oh! I am murder'd.

Mrs. Wisd. The incendiaries are come. My dream is out, my dream is out.

Mr. Wisd. My horns are out.

Mrs. Wisd. Oh! my dear, sure never any thing was so lucky as this stay of your's. Heaven knows what he would have done to me had I been alone.

Mr. Wisd. Ay, ay, my dear, I know what he would have done to you very well.

Mrs. Wisd. I hope you will be advis'd, and put the money where you are desir'd, before any thing worse happens.

Mr. Wisd. I shall put you out of doors before any thing worse happens.

Mrs. Wisd. My dear!

Mr. Wisd. My devil! come, come, confess, it is done already: am I one or no?

Mrs. Wisd. Are you what, my love?

Mr. Wisd. Am I a beast? a monster? a husband?

Mrs. Wisd. Defend me——Sure the fright hath turn'd your brain. Are you a husband? yes, I hope so, or what am I?

Mr. Wisd. Ah! crocodile! I know very well what sort of robber was here. Nay, perhaps, he was a robber, and you may have conspired together to rob me: I don't doubt but you was concerned in writing the letter too. No one likelier to extort money from a man than his wife.

Mrs. Wisd. Oh! barbarous, cruel, inhuman aspersion.

Mr. Wisd. Is he a conjurer as well as a thief, and could he go through the key-hole? How came he into that closet! How came he into that closet, madam, without your knowledge? Answer me that. Did he go through the door?

Mrs. Wisd. I swear by——

Mr. Wisd. Hold, hold. I don't question but you will swear through a thousand doors to get off.

Enter JOHN.

John. Oh, Sir! this moment, as I was walking in the yard, I spied a fellow offering to get in at my lady's closet window——

Mr. Wisd. How!

John. Dear Sir, step but into the closet, you will find the window broke all to pieces.

Mr. Wisd. The villains!—John, take the candle and go in before me.

Mrs. Wisd. Miraculous fortune! Now will I stand it out that Rakel got in the same way. Sure it must have been the devil that hath broke these windows to encourage us to sin—by this delivery.—Oh! here comes my husband; it is my turn now to be angry, and his to ask pardon.

Mr. Wisd. John, do you watch carefully in the yard this night. I protest a man will shortly be safe no-where.

Mrs. Wisd. Not when thieves get through keyholes.

Mr. Wisd. Come, I ask thy pardon; I am sorry I suspected thee; I will make thee amends, I will—I will stay at home this week with thee in spite of business: thou shalt tie me to thy girdle. Nay, do not take on thus, I will buy thy forgiveness. Here, here is a purse to put thy money in; and it shall not be long before I give thee some money to put in

thy purse——you shall take the air every day in Hyde Park, and I'll go with you for a guard: I vow you shall forgive me. I'll kiss you till you do.

Mrs. Wisd. You know the way to mollify me.

Mr. Wisd. Why, I was but in jest: I never thought you had any hand in the letter.

Mrs. Wisd. Did you not indeed?

Mr. Wisd. No, indeed; may I be worse than robb'd if I did!

Mrs. Wisd. Well, but don't jest so any more.

Mr. Wisd. I promise you:—but I must not lose a moment before I go into the city—

Mrs. Wisd. And will you leave me again to-night?

Mr. Wisd. You must excuse necessity, my dear.

Mrs. Wisd. My dear, I shall always obey your commands without any further reason.

Mr. Wisd. What a happy man am I in a wife!—If all women were but such blessings to their husbands as thou art, what a heaven would matrimony be.

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE—*The Street.*

RAKEL, *and afterwards* RISQUE.

RAKEL.

LOVE and war I find still require the same talents: to be unconcerned in danger, is absolutely necessary to both. I know not whether it was more lucky that I thought of this stratagem, or that I

found Risque on the spot to execute it. I dare swear she will soon take the hint: nor do I see any other way she could possibly have come off.—So, rascal, what success?

Risq. I have broke the windows with a vengeance; I have made room enough for your honour to march in at the head of a company of grenadiers, and all this without the least noise. But I hope the lady did not use your honour very ill, that her windows must be broken.

Rak. No, Mr. Inquisitive, I have done it for the lady's sake, to give her an opportunity of saying I broke in there; for when I was taken in the closet, I was obliged to bring her off by pretending myself a robber.

Risq. But if he should take you at your word, and prosecute you, who would bring your honour off?

Rak. No matter: it were better fifty such as I were hang'd than one woman should lose her reputation. But as the closet was full of things of value, my touching none would sufficiently preserve me from any villainous imputation, should the worst happen.

Risq. I fancy, indeed, it would be no disgrace, to be thought to have stolen all you have in your pocket.

Rak. What's that you are muttering? Hearkee, rascal, be sure not to go to bed: I shall not be at home till early in the morning—Now for my unkind mistress; I may have better success there than I found with my kind one.

How bless'd is a soldier while licens'd to range,
How pleasant this whore for that to exchange.

Risq. Go thy ways, young Satan; the old gentleman himself cannot be much worse. Let me con-

sider a little. My master doth not come home till morning, the closet is full of things of value, and I can very easily get into it.——Egad, and I'll have a trial. I am in no great danger of being caught in the fact; so if I bring off a good handsome booty—my master stands fair for being hang'd for it. Hey-day! what the devil have we here?

SCENE II.

COMMONS, *with Whores and Music,* RISQUE.

Com. [*Sings.*] Tol, lol de rol lol.——Now am I Alexander the Great, and you my Statira and Roxana.——You sons of whores, play me Alexander the Great's march.

1 *Fid.* We don't know it, an't please your worship.

Com. Don't you? Why then—play me the Black Joke.

2 *Wh.* Play the White Joke; that's my favourite.

Com. Ay, ay, Black or white, they are all alike to me. [*Music plays.*

2 *Wh.* We had better go to the tavern, my dear; the justices of peace are so severe against us, we shall be taken up and sent to Bridewell.

Com. The justices be hang'd, they dare not attack a man of my quality. The moment they know me to be a lord, they would let us all go again.

1 *Wh.* Nay, my dear, I ask your pardon; I did not know you were a lord.

Com. Yes, my dear, yes; my lord Kilfob, that's my title, of the kingdom of Ireland.

Risq. [*Advancing.*] My lord Kilfob, I'm glad to see your honour in town.

Com. Ha! Ned Risque, give me thy hand, boy. Come, honest Risque, thou shalt go to the tavern

with me, and I'll treat thee with a whore and a bottle of wine——But hearkee. [*Whispers.*

1 *Wh.* A lord, and so familiar with this fellow! This is some clerk or apprentice strutting about with his master's sword on.

2 *Wh.* I fancy, Sukey, this is a sharper, and no coming-down cull.

1 *Wh.* Ay, damn him, he'll make us pop our unders for the reckoning: we'll not go with him.

Com. If thou canst lend me half a crown, do; the devil take me if I do not pay thee again to-morrow.

Risq. That I would with all my heart, but I have not one souse, I assure you.——I am on business for my master, and in a great hurry.——

Com. Get thee gone for a good-for-nothing dog as thou art. Come, sirrah, play on to the tavern.

2 *Wh.* I don't know what you mean, Sir; we are no company for such as you.——

Com. I own you are not fit company for a lord; —but no matter, several lords keep such company; and since I stoop to you——

1 *Wh.* You stoop to us, scrub!

2 *Wh.* You a lord! You are some attorney's clerk, or haberdasher's 'prentice.

1 *Wh.* Do you sit behind a desk, or stand behind a compter?

2 *Wh.* We're not for such as you——we'd have you to know, fellow.

Com. But I am for such as you—— and that I'll make you know with a vengeance———whores, strumpets!

Whores. Murder, murder, robbery, murder!

Com. I'll scour you with a pox.

[*Beats them off, and returns.*

2 *Fid.* I wish we were well rid of this chap; I wish we get any thing by him.

1 *Fid.* I wish we get off with a whole skin and a whole fiddle.

Com. I have paid you off, however.

1 *Fid.* I wish your honour would pay us off too; for we are obliged to play to some country-dances.

Com. Are not you impudent dogs to ask any thing for such music? —— I'll not give you a souse: you are a couple of wretched scrapers, and play ten degrees worse than the university waits. If you had your merit, you would have your fiddles broke about your heads.

1 *Fid.* Sir, you don't talk like a gentleman.

Com. Don't I, Sir? Why then I'll act like a gentleman. [*Draws.*] This is the way a man of honour pays debts, you dogs; I'll let out your own guts to make fiddle-strings of. A couple of cowardly dogs! run away from one. Blood! I have routed the whole army. Hannibal could have done no more. What pity it is such a brave fellow as I am should be made a parson of? [*Linkboy crosses.*
—Here, you son of a whore, come here. Are you the sun, or the moon, or one of the seven stars?

Link. Does your honour want a light, Sir?

Com. Want a light, Sir! ay, Sir. Do you take me for a dissenter, you rascal? Do you think I carry my light within, sirrah? I travel by an outward light. So lead on, you dog, and light me into darkness.

A soph, he is immortal,
  And never can decay;
For how should he return to dust
  Who daily wets his clay?

SCENE III.

RAKEL *and* MRS. SOFTLY.

Mrs. Soft. Forget that letter! it was the effect of a sudden short-liv'd anger which arose from a lasting love: jealousy is surely the strongest proof of that passion.

Rak. It is a proof I always wish to be without, if all my mistresses were as forward to believe my sincerity.

Mrs. Soft. All your mistresses——Bravo.

Rak. I speak of you, madam, in the plural number, as we do of kings, from my reverence; for if I have another mistress upon earth may I be—

Mrs. Soft. Married to her—which would be curse enough on both. But do not think, captain, that should I once discover my rival, it would give me any uneasiness; the suspicion of the falsehood raised my anger, but the knowledge of it would only move my contempt. Be assured I have not love enough to make me uneasy, if I knew you were false: so hang jealousy, I will believe you true.

Rak. By all the transports we have felt together, by all the eager raptures which this very night hath witnessed to my passion——[Softly *hems without.*

Mrs. Soft. Oh! heaven! My husband is upon the stairs.

Rak. A judgment fallen upon me before I had foresworn myself——Have you no closet? no chimney?

Mrs. Soft. None, nor any way but this out of the room; he must see you—Say nothing, but bow, and observe me.

SCENE IV.

MR. SOFTLY, MRS. SOFTLY, RAKEL.

Mr. Soft. Sure never man was so put to it to get rid of a troublesome companion.——Hey-day, what's here?

Mrs. Soft. Sir, I assure you, I am infinitely oblig'd to you, and so is my husband: I am sorry he is not at home to return you thanks.

[*She courtesies all this time to him, who bows to her.*

Mr. Soft. What's the matter, child? what hath the gentleman done for me?

Mrs. Soft. Oh! my dear, I am glad you are come——The gentleman hath done a great deal for me, he hath guarded me home from the play. Indeed, my dear, I am infinitely oblig'd to the gentleman.

Mr. Soft. Ay, we are both infinitely oblig'd to him. Sir, I am your humble servant: I give you a great many thanks, Sir, for the civility you have conferr'd on my wife. I assure you, Sir, you never did a favour to any one who will acknowledge it more.

Rak. The devil take me if ever I did; I have been as civil to several wives; but thou art the first husband that ever thank'd me for it. [*Aside.*

Mr. Soft. Sir, if you will partake of a small collation we have within, we shall think ourselves much honour'd in your company.

Rak. Sir, the honour would be on my side; but I am unhappily engaged to sup with the duke of Fleetstreet.

Mr. Soft. I hope, Sir, you will shortly give us some other opportunity to thank you.

Mrs. Soft. Pray, Sir, do not let it be long.

Mr. Soft. Sir, my doors will be always open to you.

Rak. All these acknowledgements for so small a gallantry make me asham'd: I was only fortunate in the occasion of doing what no young gentleman could have refused. However, Sir, I shall take the first opportunity to kiss your hands, and am your most obedient humble servant.——Not a step, Sir.

Mr. Soft. Sir, your most humble servant.

SCENE V.

MR. SOFTLY, MRS. SOFTLY.

Mr. Soft. I protest one of the civilest gentlemen I ever saw.

Mrs. Soft. Most infinitely well bred.

Mr. Soft. I have been making a visit to my neighbour Wisdom, where whom should I meet with but that unlucky rogue, my nephew Commons, who hath taken me to the tavern, and, I protest, almost fluster'd me.

Mrs. Soft. He was here just as you went out, and as rude as ever; but I gave him a sufficient rebuff: I fancy he'll scarce venture here again. And indeed, my dear, he is so very scandalous, I wish you would not suffer him.

Mr. Soft. He will be settled in the country soon, and so we shall be rid of him quite. But, my dear, I have some news to tell you: my sister Wisdom hath received just such another letter as your's, threatening to murder her in her chair the first time she goes abroad, unless she lays twenty guineas under a stone. Indeed, she shows abundance of prudence on this occasion, by keeping at home: she doth not go abroad and frighten her poor husband, as you do.

Mrs. Soft. My sister Wisdom receiv'd such a letter! I am heartily glad you have told me of it; for I owe her a visit, and on this occasion it would be unpardonable to neglect a moment.—Who's there?—Order my chair this instant, and do you and the other footman take to your arms.

Mr. Soft. Why, you would not visit her at this time o'night?

Mrs. Soft. Oh, my dear! it is time enough; it is not yet ten. Oh! I would not for the world, when she will be sure too that I know it. My dear, your servant; I'll make but a short visit, and be back again before you can be set down to supper.

Mr. Soft. Was ever so unfortunate a wretch as I am! All my contrivances to keep her at home, do but send her abroad the more. But I have a virtuous wife, however; and truly virtuous women are so rare in this age, one cannot pay too dear for them—Oh! a virtuous wife is a most prodigious blessing.

SCENE VI.

MR. WISDOM'S *House.*

RAKEL, MRS. WISDOM.

Rak. To rally again the same night after such a rebuff, is, I think, madam, a sign of uncommon bravery.

Mrs. Wisd. What is it in me to lead you to that rally, captain, when I must share the chief part of the danger too?

Rak. Why indeed, madam, to send me word of this second retreat of your husband, was a kindness I know but one way how to thank you for; and I

will thank thee so heartily, my dear, dear, lovely angel.

Betty. [*Entering.*] Oh, madam! here's Mrs. Softly just coming up.

Rak. Mrs. Softly!

Mrs. Wisd. How came she to be let in? Were not my orders, Not at home!

Betty. She said she knew you were at home, and would see you.—She will be here this instant.

Rak. [*Offers to go into the closet.*] The door is lock'd.

Mrs. Wisd. And my husband hath the key.—It signifies not much if she sees you.

Rak. Oh! madam, I am tender of your reputation—This table will hide me. [*Gets under it.*

SCENE VII.

MRS. WISDOM, MRS. SOFTLY.

Mrs. Soft. Oh! my dear, I am exceedingly concerned to hear of your misfortune; I ran away the very minute Mr. Softly brought me the news.

Mrs. Wisd. I am very much obliged to you, my dear.

Mrs. Soft. But I hope you are not frightened, my dear?

Mrs. Wisd. It is impossible to avoid a little surprise on such an occasion.

Mrs. Soft. Oh yes! a little surprise at first; but when one hath sufficient guards about one there can be no danger. Have you not heard that I received just such another letter about three days ago?

Mrs. Wisd. And venture abroad so late?

Mrs. Soft. Ha, ha, ha! Have I not a vast deal of courage?

Mrs. Wisd. Indeed, I think so. I am sure I have not slept one wink these three nights.

Mrs. Soft. I have not slept much — for I was up two of them at a ball.

Mrs. Wisd. Why, you venture abroad as fearless as if no such thing had happened.

Mrs. Soft. It is only the expence of a footman or two the more; no one would stay at home for that, you know. Sure you don't intend to confine yourself any longer on this account. I would not stay at home three days, if I had received as many letters as go by the post in that time.

Mrs. Wisd. You have more courage than I: the apprehension of the danger with me would quite extinguish the pleasure.

Mrs. Soft. Oh! you cowardly creature, there is no pleasure without danger: but, I thank heaven, my thoughts are always so full of the former, that I leave no room for any meditation on the latter.

SCENE VIII.

MR. WISDOM, MRS. WISDOM, MRS. SOFTLY, CONSTABLE, SERVANTS.

John. I'll take my oath I saw him go in.

Mrs. Wisd. Bless me, my dear, what's the matter?

Mr. Wisd. Don't be frightened, child; this fellow hath seen the rogue that was here to-day get into the house again. Mr. Constable, that is the closet-door: you have the key; therefore do you enter first, and we'll all follow you.

John. Ay, ay, let me alone; do you but lay hands on him, and I'll knock his brains out.

Mrs. Soft. Lud, sister, how you tremble! Take example by me, and don't be frightened——Here, John, Thomas, bring up your blunderbusses.

Mrs. Wisd. Support me, or I faint.

SCENE IX.

RISQUE (*discovered.*)

Const. You may as well submit, Sir, for we are too strong for you.

John. Confess, Sirrah! confess. How many are there of you?

Mr. Wisd. Search his pockets, Mr. Constable.

Mrs. Wisd. What do I see! } [*Aside.*
Mrs. Soft. Captain Rakel's man! }

Mr. Wisd. It is sufficient! the goods are found upon him. Sirrah! confess your accomplices this moment; you have no other way to save your life than by becoming evidence against your gang.

John. Learn to betray your friends, sirrah! if you would rob like a gentleman and not be hang'd for it.

Mr. Wisd. And so, Sir, I suppose it was you that writ the threat'ning letter to my wife. Why don't you speak? You may as well confess; for you will be hang'd whether you confess or no.

Const. Would it not be your wisest way to impeach your companions; so you may not only save your life, but get rewarded for your roguery?

Mr. Wisd. Is the rascal dumb? We'll find ways to make him speak, I warrant you.

SCENE X.

(To them.) COMMONS, *drunk and singing.*

Com. Hey! uncle, what a pox do you keep open house at this time of night? Oons, I thought you used to sneak to bed at soberer hours.

Mr. Wisd. How often must I forbid you my house?

Com. Sir, you may forbid me as often as you please; when your door is open I shall never be able to pass by.

Mr. Wisd. You shall find a very warm reception.

Com. As warm as you please, for it's damn'd cold without. But come, where's your liquor? You do not entertain all this company without wine, I hope. Why, what a pox are all these?——the militia!

Mr. Wisd. Sir, if you do not go out of my doors this instant, you shall be forced out.

Com. Damn your doors, Sir, and your tables too; I'll turn your house out o'doors, Sir——

[*Overturns the table, and discovers* Rakel.

SCENE XI.

MR. WISDOM, MRS. WISDOM, MRS. SOFTLY, RAKEL, RISQUE, CONSTABLE, SERVANTS.

John. More rogues! more rogues!

Const. I have him secure enough.

Mr. Wisd. This second visit, Sir, is exceeding kind. I suppose, Sir, this is the honest gentleman that conveys away the goods; we have stopped the

goods, and shall convey you both to a proper habitation.

Rak. Damnation! } [*Aside.*
Mrs. Wisd. Ruin'd beyond retrieval. }
Mrs. Soft. May I believe my eyes? }

Mr. Wisd. [*To* Risque.] You will have but a short time to consider on't; so it were good for you to resolve on being an evidence, and save your own neck at the expence of his.

Risq. Well, Sir, if I must peach, I must, I think.

Mr. Wisd. [*To* Rakel.] Do you know this gentleman, Sir?

Rak. [*Aside.*] Confusion! what shall I do?

Const. How the rogues stare at one another! What, did you never see one another before?

Risq. Pox take him, I wish I had never seen him; I'm sure I am like to pay dear enough for his acquaintance.

Mr. Wisd. You have no other way to prevent it than by swearing against him.

Risq. Ay, ay, Sir, I'll swear against him; he brought me to this shame, so let him look to it: I never took these courses till I became acquainted with that highwayman there, who hath robb'd on all the roads of England.

Rak. Ha!

Const. And will you swear that this fellow wrote the letter to my master, to threaten to murder my lady whenever she went abroad?

Risq. Ay, that I will; I saw him write it with my own eyes.

Mr. Wisd. ———You saw him write it?

Risq. Yes, an't please your honour.

Mr. Wisd. I find this fellow will do our business without any other evidence. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Soft. Can this be possible? [*Aside.*

Mr. Wisd. And so if my wife had ventured abroad, you had put your design in execution?

Risq. —She would have been murder'd the very first time, an't please your honour.

Mr. Wisd. See there now—Did I not advise you like a friend?——In short, I know not when it will be safe for you to stir without your own doors.

Mrs. Wisd. And was I to have fallen by the hands of this gentleman?

Risq. Yes, madam; he was to have murder'd your ladyship, and I was to have robb'd you.

Rak. Dog! villain!

Risq. Don't give ill language, Tom; I have often told you what your rogueries would come to. I told you, you would never leave off thieving but at the gallows.

Rak. Villain, be assur'd, I will be reveng'd on thee.

Risq. I desire of your worship that we may not be put together; I do not care for such company.

Mr. Wisd. Mr. Constable, convey them to the round-house; let them be kept separately, and in the morning you shall hear from me.

Rak. [*To* Wisd.] Sir, shall I beg to speak one word with you?

Mr. Wisd. You are sure he has no arms about him, Mr. Constable?

Const. No, Sir, he hath no arms about him, nor any thing else.

Rak. This prosecution will end in nothing but your own shame [*Apart to* Wisd.]; so you had best set me at liberty. Be assured that I am not the person you take me for; my character will make it evident that my design was neither to rob nor to murder you; my crime, Sir, will appear to be such as (Heaven be praised!) our laws do not hang a man for.

—As for that fellow there, he is my servant; but how, or with what design he came here, I cannot tell.

Mr. Wisd. And is this what you have to say, Sir?

Risq. Don't believe a word he says, Sir; for he is one of the damnedst liars that ever was hang'd; he'll tell you he kept a justice of peace for a servant, if you will believe him.

Mr. Wisd. He says he kept you as such.

Risq. Ay, there it is now. Art thou not a sad dog, Tom?—But thou wilt pay for all thy rogueries shortly. [Wisdom *points to the Constable.*

Const. Come, bring them along; march, you poor beggarly rascal—you a rogue, and be damn'd to you, without a penny in your pocket?

SCENE XII.

MR. WISDOM, MRS. WISDOM, MRS. SOFTLY.

Mr. Wisd. Don't be frightened, my dear, while you are at home; you are in no danger. Sister Softly, I am sorry you find my family in such disorder.

Mrs. Soft. I am heartily sorry for your sake, dear brother; but heaven knows how soon it may be our own fate; for I suppose you know we have receiv'd a letter too.

Mr. Wisd. We must find some way to break the neck of this trade. Here's my poor wife will not be able to stir abroad this winter.

Mrs. Soft. Not stir abroad this winter! Marry, forbid it; she hath staid at home longer already than I would have done, had the danger been ten times greater: I would rather lose my life than my liberty. —Where's the difference, whether one be lock'd up in one's own grave, or one's own house?—My

soul is such an enemy to confinement, that if my body were confined, it would not stay in it.

Mr. Wisd. Oh lud! here's doctrine for my wife. May your body never enter my doors again, I pray Heaven. [*Aside.*] But if you have no more fears for yourself, I hope you would have some for your husband.

Mrs. Soft. Oh, dear Sir! the wife who loves her husband as well as herself is an exceeding good Christian. That man must be a most unreasonable creature, who expects a woman to abstain from pleasures for his sake.

Mr. Wisd. Hoity-toity! I hope you'll allow that a woman ought to avoid some pleasures for the sake of her husband.

Mrs. Soft. Oh, certainly! ought, no doubt on't. But to speak freely, I am afraid when once a woman's pleasures run counter to the interest of her husband, when once she finds greater pleasures abroad than at home, I am afraid all the threat'ning letters in Europe will not keep her from them.

Mr. Wisd. Oh lud! Oh lud!

Mrs. Soft. But to show you that I am of a contrary opinion, I will leave the most agreeable company in the world to go home to my husband.—— No ceremony.

Mr. Wisd. I will see you into the chair.

Mrs. Soft. Sister, your servant.

Mrs. Wisd. My dear, I am your's.—What shall I think! Rakel cannot be guilty of such villainy. But then how came his servant here? He sent him to break the windows—and he exceeded his commission——It must be so——and what he hath said was only forged to excuse himself.

SCENE XIII.

MR. WISDOM, MRS. WISDOM.

Mr. Wisd. I wish you well home, madam; and may you never come abroad again.—My dear, I am afraid she hath quite struck you dumb with surprise. This woman is a walking contagion, and ought not to be admitted into one's house. She is able to raise a universal conjugal rebellion in the nation.

Mrs. Wisd. Alas! my dear, I wish this affair had not happened. I vow, I feel a sort of pity for these poor wretches, whom necessity hath driven to such courses. One of them seems so young too, that if he were forgiven, perhaps he might amend—

Mr. Wisd. His method of robbing, perhaps; and the next time cut our throats.

Mrs. Wisd. Strict justice seems too rigorous in my opinion; and tho' it may be a womanish weakness, I could wish you would forgive them.

Mr. Wisd. Be assur'd, my love, it is a womanish weakness which makes you plead for the life of a young fellow. By the woman's consent we should have no rogues hang'd till after they are forty.

Mrs. Wisd. In one so young, vice hath not so strong a root.

Mr. Wisd. You lie, my dear; vice hath often the strongest root in a young fellow. So, say no more, I am determin'd he shall be hang'd: I will go take my mess of sugar-sops, and to bed. In the morning early I will go to a justice of the peace.

Mrs. Wisd. But consider, my dear, will you not provoke the rest of the gang to revenge?

Mr. Wisd. Fear nothing, my dear.

While in your husband's arms you keep your
treasure,
You're free from fear of hurt.

Mrs. Wisd. ——— or hope of pleasure.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE—*An inner Room in the Round-house.*

COMMONS, RAKEL.

COMMONS.

Prithee, Tom, forgive me.

Rak. Forgive thee! Death and damnation! dost thou insult my misfortunes? Dost thou think I am come to the tree, where I am to whine out of the world like a good Christian, and forgive all my enemies. If thou wilt hear my last prayer, damn thee heartily, heartily.

Com. Amen, if I design'd thee any mischief.

Rak. Rat your designs: it is equal to me whether you design'd it or not; and I will forgive you and that rascal Risque at the same time.

Com. Nay, but dear Tom, why the danger is not so great as thou apprehendest: it will never be

believed that thou didst intend to rob my uncle; thy reputation will prevent that.

Rak. But it will be believed that I intended to cuckold your uncle; my reputation will not prevent that: and I would rather sacrifice the world than my mistress——Oons! I believe thou didst intend to discover me, to save the virtue of thy aunt.

Com. To save the devil! You should lie with all my aunts, or with my mother and sisters: nay, I will carry a letter for you to any of them.

Rak. Carry a letter! If thou wilt get me two letters that were taken out of my pocket when I was search'd, I will forgive thee—It is in vain to keep it a secret. Your uncle Wisdom hath in his possession a letter from each of your aunts, which unless we get back, must ruin them both.

Com. But I suppose he hath read them already.

Rak. Then they are ruin'd already.

Com. Prithee, what are the letters?

Rak. I believe, Sir, you may guess what business is between them and me.

Com. Hearkee, Tom———There is no smut in them?

Rak. There is nothing more in them than from the one an invitation to come and see her, and from the other a very civil message that she will never see my face again.

Const. [*Enters.*] Captain, you must go before the justice. As for you, Sir, you have your liberty to go where you please. I hope you will be as good as your word, and remember to buy your stockings at my shop; for if I had not persuaded the gentleman to make up the affair, you might have gone before the justice too.

Com. Mr. Constable, I am oblig'd to you; and

the next time you take me up, I hope I shall have more money in my pocket. Come, noble captain, be not dejected; I'll stand by thee, whatever be the consequence.——Mr. Constable, we'll wait on you immediately.——Hearkee, I have a thought just risen may bring the ladies off in the easiest manner imaginable.

Rak. What hath the devil inspired thee with?

Com. Suppose now I should swear that I forg'd their hands. Luckily for the purpose I have had a quarrel this very day with my uncle Wisdom, and another with my aunt Softly: so that we may persuade the old gentleman that I sent the letters to you, in order to be revenged on them. Now, if we could persuade them to this—

Rak. Which we might, if they were as ready to believe any thing as thou art to swear any thing; but as the case happeneth to be quite contrary, thy stratagem is good for nothing: so fare you well. Nothing will prosper with me whilst I keep such a wicked fellow company.

Com. The invitation must be from my aunt Wisdom by his being there———Odd, if there be no direction it may do——Thou art such a dear wicked dog, I cannot leave thee in the lurch.

SCENE II.

MR. WISDOM, MRS. WISDOM.

Mr. Wisd. Pray, no more of your good-nature, my dear. It is a very good-natur'd thing truly to save one rogue's throat, that he may cut twenty honest people's. The good-nature of women is as furious as their ill-nature; they would save or destroy, without distinction. But by this time, I sup-

pose, my brother Softly is ready. So, child, good-morrow.

Mrs. Wisd. Nay, my dear, I dare not trust myself even in my own house without you, now you have provok'd the gang. So, if you are determin'd to go, you shall carry me to return my sister's visit.

Mr. Wisd. Indeed, my dear, I will carry you to a masquerade as soon. No, no; no more visiting there. If my sister's husband's brother marries a mad woman, she shall not spoil my wife; I'll carry you to no such lectures. She will teach you more naughtiness in half an hour, than half a dozen modern comedies! nay, than the lewd epilogues to as many modern tragedies.

Mrs. Wisd. Which you never suffer me to go to, tho' you seldom miss yourself.

Mr. Wisd. Well, I must not lose a moment; good-morrow.

Mrs. Wisd. So you leave me behind to be murder'd.

Mr. Wisd. You'll come to no harm, I warrant you. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Wisd. I cannot think that, when I know what you are going upon. If this generous creature should have honour enough to preserve my reputation, shall I suffer him to preserve it at the expence of a life, which was dearer to me than fame before, and by such an instance of honour will become still more precious. No, should it come to that, I will give up my honour to preserve my lover, and will be myself the witness to his innocence.—— Who's there?

SCENE III.

MRS. WISDOM, BETTY.

Mrs. Wisd. Call a chair.

Bet. Madam!

Mrs. Wisd. Call a chair.

Bet. And is your ladyship resolv'd to venture abroad?

Mrs. Wisd. I begin to laugh at the danger I apprehended. But however, that I may not be too bold, order the footman to take a blunderbuss with him: and, d'ye hear, order him to hire chairmen, and arm them with muskets. I am resolv'd to pluck up a spirit, Betty, and show my husband that I am like other women.

Bet. I am heartily glad to see your ladyship hath so much courage; I always lik'd those families the best where the ladies governed the most. Where ladies govern there are secrets, and where there are secrets there are vails.——I liv'd with a lady once who used to give her clothes away every month, and her husband durst not oppose it.

Mrs. Wisd. Go, do as I bid you in a moment, I have no time to lose; I will but put on my mantle and be ready.

SCENE IV. MR. SOFTLY'*s House.*

MRS. SOFTLY. [*alone.*]

Mrs. Soft. That he should convey himself under her table without her knowledge, is something difficult to believe. Nor can I imagine any necessities capable of driving him to so abandon'd a course. Her concern seem'd to have another cause than

fear. Besides, I remember, when we were at the masquerade together, he talked to her near an hour; and if I mistake not, she was so pleased with his conversation, that she gave him encouragements which he was unlikely to have mistaken.— It must be so——whatever was his design, she was privy to it. He is false, and so adieu, good captain.

SCENE V.

MR. SOFTLY, MRS. SOFTLY.

Mr. Soft. My dear, your servant: no news of my brother Wisdom yet? I have been considering how lucky it is that our's was not the house attack'd ———we might not so happily have discover'd it. (Poor fool, how little she suspects who the incendiaries were.)

Mrs. Soft. Heaven send the gang be quite broke; I shall be obliged to make more servants mount the guard now whenever I go out.

Mr. Soft. It would be much more advisable for you to stay at home, and then no one need mount guard upon you but your husband.

Mrs. Soft. Never name it, I am no more safe at home than abroad; for if the rogues should set our house on fire, I am sure no one would wish to be in it.

Mr. Soft. Still my arguments retort upon me, and like food to ill blood promote the disease, not the cure. Well, my dear, take your swing. I'll give you no more of my advice——and I heartily wish you may never stay at home.

Mrs. Soft. Why do you wish so?

Mr. Soft. Because I am sure you must be lam'd first.

Mrs. Soft. Why indeed, my dear, I think no one would stay at home who had legs to go abroad.

Mr. Soft. Truly, my dear, if I was sure she would have staid at home, I would have chosen a wife without legs, before the finest legg'd woman in the universe; but she who can't walk will be carried. I have no need to complain of your legs, for they seldom carry you further than your own door. And truly, my dear, reckoning the number of your attendants, you go abroad now upon a dozen legs.

Servant. [*Enters.*] Sir, Mr. Wisdom to wait on your worship.

Mr. Soft. Show him up: will you stay and hear the trial?

Mrs. Soft. No, I have other business; by that time I am dress'd, I expect a lady to call on me to go to another trial! I mean the rehearsal of the new opera.

SCENE VI.

MR. WISDOM, MR. SOFTLY.

Mr. Soft. Brother Wisdom, your servant: my wife tells me you have made a discovery of the incendiaries. Ha, ha, ha! she little thinks who wrote the letters.

Mr. Wisd. No, nor do you think who will appear to have written them.

Mr. Soft. I hope we shall not appear to have written them.

Mr. Wisd. No, no. One of the fellows I have in custody offers to swear it on the other.

Mr. Soft. How! but you know we cannot admit of such a testimony, whereof we know the falsehood.

Mr. Wisd. And what then? you don't take the false oath, do you? Are you to answer for the sins of another?

Mr. Soft. But will not the other circumstances do without that of the letter?

Mr. Wisd. Yes, they will do to hang him; but will not have the same terror on our wives.

Mr. Soft. I am glad of it with all my heart; I am sure I have severely paid for all the terrors I have given my wife: if I could bring her to be only as bad as she was before, I should think myself entirely happy. In short, brother, I have found by woful experience, that mending our wives is like mending our constitutions, when often after all our pains we would be glad to return to our former state.

Mr. Wisd. Well, brother, if it be so, I have no reason to repent having been a valetudinarian.—But let me tell you, brother, you do not know how to govern a wife.

Mr. Soft. And let me tell you, brother, you do not know what it is to have a woman of spirit to govern.

Mr. Wisd. A fig for her spirit, I know what it is to have a virtuous wife; and perhaps I am the only man in town that knows what it is to keep a wife at home.

Mr. Soft. Brother, do not upbraid me with my wife's going abroad: if she doth, it is in the best company. And for virtue——for that, Sir, my wife's name is Lucretia——Lucretia the Second; and I don't question but she's as chaste as the first was.

Mr. Wisd. Ay, ay, and I believe so too——But don't let the squeamishness of your conscience put a stop to my success. And let me tell you, if you are not advantaged by the stratagem, you will be

disadvantaged by the discovery! for if you put such a secret into your wife's bosom, let me tell you, you are not Solomon the Second.

SCENE VII.

MR. WISDOM, MR. SOFTLY, CONSTABLE, RAKEL, RISQUE, CLERK, SERVANTS.

Servant. Sir, here is a constable with some prisoners.

Mr. Soft. Bring them in.—Brother Wisdom, I will stretch both law and conscience as wide as possible to serve you.

Const. Come, gentlemen, walk in and take your places.

Mr. Soft. Are these the two fellows, Mr. Constable, that you found last night broke into Mr. Wisdom's house?

Const. Yes, an't please your worship.

Risq. We are the two rogues, an't please your worship.

Mr. Wisd. This fellow is to be admitted evidence against the other.

Risq. Yes, I am evidence for the king.

Mr. Soft. Where is my clerk?—Mr. Sneaksby, let that fellow be sworn.

Risq. May it please your worship, I have a sort of scruple of conscience; I have been told that you are apter to hire rogues to swear against one another, than to pay them for it when they have done it. Therefore, supposing it to be all the same case with your worship, I should be glad to be paid beforehand.

Mr. Soft. What does the simple fellow mean?

Mr. Wisd. Perhaps we shall not want his evi-

dence; here are some papers which were found in the other's pocket. I have open'd one of them only, which I find to contain the whole method of their conspiracy.

Mr. Soft. Mr. Sneaksby, read these papers.

Sneaks. [*Reads.*] 'To ensign Rakel. Parole 'Plunder.'

Mr. Wisd. Plunder's the word, agad!

Sneaks. 'For the guard to morrow, ensign Rakel; 'two serjeants, two corporals, one drum, and six and 'thirty men.'

Mr. Soft. Why, the rogues are incorporated, they are regimented——we shall shortly have a standing army of rogues as well as of soldiers.

Mr. Wisd. Six and thirty rogues about the town to-day: Mr. Softly, we must look to our houses, I expect to hear of several fires and murders before night.

Mr. Soft. Truly, brother Wisdom, I fear it will be necessary to keep the city train-bands continually under arms.

Mr. Wisd. They won't do, Sir, they won't do. Six and thirty of these bloody fellows would beat them all.——Sir, six and thirty of these rogues would require at least one hundred of the foot-guards to cope with them.

Mr. Soft. Mr. Sneaksby, read on, we shall make further discoveries I'll engage.

Sneaks. Here's a woman's hand, may it please your worship.

Mr. Soft. Read it, read it, there are women robbers as well as men.

Sneaks. [*Reads.*] 'Be here at the time you men-'tion, my husband is luckily out of the way. I wish 'your happiness be as you say entirely in the power 'of ELIZABETH WISDOM.'

Mr. Wisd. What's that? Who's that?

Sneaks. Elizabeth Wisdom.

Mr. Wisd. [*Snatches the letter.*] By all the plagues of hell, my wife's own hand too.

Mr. Soft. I always thought she would be discovered one time or other, to be no better than she should be. [*Aside.*

Mr. Wisd. I am confounded, amazed, speechless.

Mr. Soft. What's the matter, brother Wisdom? Sure your wife doth not hold correspondence with these people; your wife! that durst not go abroad for fear of them; who is the only wife in town that her husband can keep at home.

Mr. Wisd. Blood and furies, I shall become the jest of the town.

Sneaks. May it please your worship, here is one letter more, in a woman's hand too.

Mr. Soft. The same woman's hand, I warrant you.

Sneaks. [*Reads.*] 'Sir, your late behaviour hath 'determined me never to see you more: if you get 'entrance into this house for the future, it will not 'be by my consent; for I desire you would henceforth imagine there was never any acquaintance 'between you and LUCRETIA SOFTLY.'

Mr. Wisd. Ha!

Mr. Soft. Lucretia Softly!—Give me the letter. —Brother Wisdom, this is some counterfeit.

Mr. Wisd. It must be so. Sure it cannot come from Lucretia the Second; she that is as chaste as the first Lucretia was——She correspond with such as these, who never goes out of doors but to the best company in town!

Mr. Soft. 'Tis impossible!

Mr. Wisd. You may think so; but I who understand women better, will not be so easily satisfied.——I'll go fetch my wife hither, and if she doth

not acquit herself in the plainest manner, brother Softly, you shall commit her and her rogues together.——Ha! what do I see? An apparition!

SCENE VIII.

(*To them.*) MRS. WISDOM, *guarded.*

Mrs. Wisd. Let the rest of my guards stay without.—My dear, your servant.

Mr. Wisd. This must be some delusion, this can't be real.

Mrs. Wisd. I see you are surprised at my courage, my dear; but don't think I have ventur'd hither alone, I have a whole regiment of guards with me.

Mr. Wisd. You have a whole regiment of devils with you, my dear.

Mrs. Wisd. Ha, ha, ha!

SCENE IX.

(*To them.*) MRS. SOFTLY.

Mrs. Soft. Joy of your coming abroad, sister Wisdom! I flew to meet you the moment my servants brought me the agreeable news you were here.

Mrs. Wisd. I am extremely obliged to you, madam; but I wish this surprise may have no ill effect on poor Mr. Wisdom; he looks as if he had seen an apparition.

Mrs. Soft. Nay, it will be a great surprise to all your acquaintance; you must have made an hundred visits before it will be believed.

Mrs. Wisd. Oh! my dear, I intend to make almost as many before I go home again.

Mr. Wisd. Plagues and furies!

Mr. Soft. I fancy, brother Wisdom, you begin to be as weary of the letter-project as myself.

Mr. Wisd. Hearkee, you, crocodile—devil! come here, do you know this hand?

[Softly *shows* Mrs. Softly *her letter at the same time.*

Mrs. Wisd. ————Ha! [*Starts.*

Mr. Wisd. You counterfeited your fear bravely; you were much terrified with the thoughts of the enemy, while you kept a private correspondence with him.

SCENE *the last.*

(*To them.*) COMMONS.

Com. So, uncles, I see you take turns to keep the rendezvous. Uncle Wisdom, I hope you are not angry with me for what I said last night. When a man is drunk, you know, his reason is not sober; and when his reason is not sober, a man that acts according to his reason, cannot act soberly. There's logic for you, uncle; you see I have not forgotten all my university learning.

Mr. Wisd. I shall take another opportunity, Sir, to talk with you.

Com. Well, aunt Wisdom, I hope you will reconcile my uncle to me; I should have waited on you last night, according to your invitation, when my uncle was abroad, but I was engag'd. I receiv'd your letter too, madam.

Mrs. Soft. My letter, brute!

Com. Yes, madam; did you not send me a letter last night that you would never see my face again, desiring me to forget that I had ever any acquaint-

ance with you: nay, I think you may be ashamed to own it; here's a good-natured woman that tries to make up all differences between relations——Ha! what do I see! captain Rakel.

Rak. You see a man who is justly punished by the shame he now suffereth for the injury he hath done you. Those two letters you mention, I took last night from your bureau, which you accidentally left open: and fir'd with the praises which you have so often and so justly bestowed on this lady, I took that opportunity, when she told me her husband would be absent, to convey myself thro' the window into the closet. What followed, I need not mention any more than what I design'd.

Com. Rob my bureau, Sir!

Rak. Nay, dear Jack, forgive me; these ladies have the greatest reason to be offended, since the letters being found in my pockets, had like to have caused some suspicions which would not have been to their advantage.

Mrs. Wisd. Excellent creature!

Rak. But, gentlemen, if you please to look at these letters, you will find they are not directed to me.

Mrs. Wisd. They have no direction at all.

Mr. Soft. I told you, brother—my wife could not be guilty.

Mr. Wisd. I am heartily glad to find mine is not—you see, madam, what your disobedience to my orders had like to have occasion'd—How often have I strictly commanded you never to write to that fellow!

Mrs. Wisd. His carelessness hath cured me for the future.

Mr. Wisd. And so, Sir, you keep company with highwaymen, do you?

Com. What do you mean, Sir?

Mr. Wisd. Sir, you will know when your acquaintance is sent to Newgate.—Brother Softly, I desire you would order a mittimus for these fellows instantly.

Com. A mittimus! for whom?

Mr. Wisd. For these honest gentlemen, your acquaintance, who were broke into my house.

Com. Do you know, Sir, that this gentleman is an officer of the army?

Mr. Wisd. Sir, it is equal to me what he is. If he be an officer, he only proves that a rogue may be under a red coat, and very shortly you will prove that a rogue may be under a black one.

Com. Why, Sir, you will make yourselves ridiculous, that will be all you will get by it. I'll be the captain's witness, he had no ill design on your house.

Mr. Wisd. And I suppose, Sir, you will be his witness that he did not write the letter threat'ning to murder my wife.

Mrs. Soft. That I will. If any one be convicted as an incendiary, I am afraid it will go hard with you two—I overheard your fine plot.—Sister Wisdom, do you know this hand?—This is the threat'ning letter. [*Showing a letter.*

Mrs. Wisd. Sure it cannot be my husband's.

Mrs. Soft. As surely as that which you receiv'd was written by mine.

Mrs. Wisd. Amazement! What can it mean?

Mrs. Soft. Only a new way to keep a wife at home; which, I dare swear mine heartily repents of.

Mr. Soft. Ay, that I do indeed.

Mrs. Wisd. And is it possible that these terrible threat'ning letters can have come from our own dear husbands?

Mrs. Soft. From those very hands which should defend us against all our enemies.

Mr. Soft. ——Come, brother Wisdom—I see we are fairly detected; we had as good plead guilty, and sue for mercy. I assure you, my dear, I shall think myself very happy if you will return to your old way of living, and go abroad just as you did before this happen'd.

Mr. Wisd. Truly I believe it would have been soon my interest to have made the same bargain.

Mrs. Soft. Lookee, my dear, as for the blunderbusses, I agree to leave them at home; but I am resolv'd not to part with the additional footman; he must remain as a sort of monument of my victory.

Mr. Soft. Well, brother Wisdom, what shall be done with the prisoner? This fellow's oath will have no great weight in a court of justice.

Mr. Wisd. Do just what you will; I am so glad and sorry, pleas'd and displeas'd, that I am almost out of my senses.

Rak. I told you how the prosecution would end. Upon my honour, Sir, I had no design upon any thing that belongs to you, but your wife.

Mr. Wisd. Your very humble servant, Sir. I do believe you by the emptiness of your pockets; but this gentleman seem'd to have some other design by the fullness of his.

Mr. Soft. With what conscience, sirrah, did you presume to take a false oath?

Risq. With the same, Mr. Justice, that you would have received it, when you knew it to be false. Lookee, gentlemen, you had best hold your tongues. or I shall become evidence for the king against you both. As for my master, he, I hope, will forgive me; for I only intended to get the reward, and then I would have sworn all back again.—Sir, if your

honour doth not forgive me, I'll confess that I brought you the letters from the ladies, and spoil all yet.

Rak. By your amendment, I know not what I may be brought to do——till I get you the regiment.

Com. Well, uncle Wisdom, you are not angry, are you?

Mrs. Wisd. Let me intercede, my dear.

Mr. Wisd. You are always interceding for him; I wish his own good behaviour would. I think, for the sake of religion, I will buy him what he desires, a commission in the army; and then, the sooner he is knock'd on the head the better.

Rak. Well, brother, if thou dost come among us, it may be some time or other in my power to make the reparation.—But to you, madam, I never shall be able to give any satisfaction for my bold design against your virtue.

Mrs. Wisd. Unless by desisting for the future.

Mrs. Soft. Be assur'd, if my sister forgives you the injury you intended her, I never will.

Mr. Soft. Come, come, my dear, you must be of a more forgiving temper; and since matters are like to be amicably adjusted, you shall entertain the company at breakfast, and we will laugh away the frolic.

Rak. Pray, ladies, let me give you this advice: If you ever should write a love-letter, never sign your name to it.—And, gentlemen, that you may prevent it——think not by any force or sinister stratagem to imprison your wives. The laws of England are too generous to permit the one, and the ladies are generally too cunning to be outwitted by the other.——But let this be your maxim:

Those wives for pleasures very seldom roam,
Whose husbands bring substantial pleasures home.

INTRODUCTION.

SCRIBLERUS, PLAYER.

PLAYER.

I VERY much approve the alteration of your title from the Welsh to the Grub-street Opera.

Scrib. I hope, Sir, it will recommend me to that learned society: for they like nothing but what is most indisputably their own.

Play. I assure you, it recommends you to me, and will, I hope, to the town.

Scrib. It would be impolitic in you, who are a young beginner, to oppose that society, which the established theatres so professedly favour: besides, you see the town are ever on its side: for I would not have you think, Sir, all the members of that august body confined to the street they take their name from; no, no, the rules of Grub-street are as extensive as the rules of the King's Bench. We have them of all orders and degrees; and it is no more a wonder to see our members in ribbands, than to see them in rags.

Play. May the whole society unite in your favour!

Scrib. Nay, Sir, I think no man can set out with greater assurance of success.—It was the favour which the town hath already shown to the Welsh Opera, which gave birth to this, wherein I have kept only what they particularly approved in

the former.——You will find several additions to the first act, and the second and third, except in one scene, intirely new.

Play. You have made additions, indeed, to the altercative or scolding scenes, as you are pleased to call them.

Scrib. Oh, Sir! they cannot be heighten'd; too much altercation is the particular property of Grub-street: with what spirit do Robin and Will rap out the lie at one another for half a page together—You lie, and you lie—Ah! ah! the whole wit of Grub-street consists in these two little words—you lie.

Play. That is esteemed so unanswerable a repartee, that it is, among gentlemen, generally the last word that is spoken.

Scrib. Ay, Sir, and it is the first and last among our's.——I believe I am the first that hath attempted to introduce this sort of wit upon the stage; but it hath flourished among our political members a long while. Nay, in short, it is the only wit that flourishes among them.

Play. And you may get as much by it as they do.——But pray, Sir, what is the plot or design of this Opera? For I could not well discover at the rehearsals.

Scrib. As for plot, Sir——I had writ an admirable one; but having observed that the plot of our English Operas have had no good effect on our audiences—so I have e'en left it out—For the design, it is deep—very deep.———This Opera was writ, Sir, with a design to instruct the world in œconomy—it is a sort of family Opera. The husband's Vade Mecum; and is very necessary for all married men to have in their houses.———So, if you please, I will communicate a word or two of my design to the audience, while you prepare matters behind the scenes.

THE

GRUB-STREET OPERA;

AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE

THEATRE IN THE HAY-MARKET.

BY

SCRIBLERUS SECUNDUS.

SING.	NOM.	Hic, hæc, hoc.	
	GEN.	Hujus.	
	DAT.	Huic.	
	ACCUS.	Hunc, hanc, hoc.	
	VOC.	Caret.	LIL. Gram, quod vid.

Play. I shall expect you there, Sir.

The author does, in humble scenes, produce
Examples fitted to your private use.
Teaches each man to regulate his life,
To govern well his servants and his wife.
Teaches that servants well their masters chouse;
That wives will ride their husbands round the house.
Teaches that jealousy does oft arise,
Because men's sense is dimmer than their eyes.
Teaches young gentlemen do oft pursue
More women than they well know how to—woo;
Teaches that parsons teach us the right way,
And when we err we mind not what they say.
Teaches that pious women often groan,
For sake of their religion—when they've none;
Teaches that virtue is the maid's best store:
Teaches all these, and teaches nothing more.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Sir Owen Apshinken, a gentleman of Wales, in love with tobacco,	MR. FURNIVAL.
Master Owen Apshinken, his son, in love with womankind,	MR. STOPLER.
Mr. Apshones, his tenant,	MR. WATHAN.
Puzzletext, his chaplain, in love with women, tobacco, drink, and backgammon,	MR. REYNOLDS.
Robin, his butler, in love with Sweetissa,	MR. MULLART.
William, his coachman, enemy to Robin, in love with Susan,	MR. JONES.
John, his groom, in love with Margery,	MR. DOVE.
Thomas, the gardener,	MR. HICKS.

WOMEN.

Lady Apshinken, wife to SIR OWEN, a great housewife, governante to her husband, a zealous advocate for the church,			MRS. FURNIVAL.
Molly Apshones, daughter to Mr. Apshones, a woman of strict virtue,			MISS PATTY VAUGHAN.
Sweetissa, waiting woman,	Women of strict virtue in love with	ROBIN,	MRS. NOKES.
Susan, cook,		WILL.	MRS. MULLART.
Margery, house-maid,		JOHN.	MRS. LACY.

SCENE—WALES, NORTH OR SOUTH.

THE TARANAKI ... NATIONAL

THE

GRUB-STREET OPERA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE—*Sir* OWEN ASPHINKEN'S *House. Table and Chairs.*

Sir OWEN APSHINKEN *and* PUZZLETEXT *smoking.*

SIR OWEN.

COME, Mr. Puzzletext, it is your glass.—Let us make an end of our breakfast before Madam is up.—Oh, Puzzletext! what a fine thing it is for a man of my estate to stand in fear of his wife, that I dare not get drunk so much as—once a day, without being called to an account for it.

Puz. Petticoat-government is a very lamentable thing indeed.—But it is the fate of many an honest gentleman.

AIR I.

What a wretched life
Leads a man a tyrant wife,

While for each small fault he's corrected;
One bottle makes a sot,
One girl is ne'er forgot,
And duty is always neglected.
But tho' nothing can be worse
Than this fell domestic curse,
Some comfort this may do you,
So vast are the hen-peck'd bands.
That each neighbour may shake hands,
With my humble service to you.

Sir Owen. Oh, Puzzletext! if I could but enjoy my pipe undisturb'd, how happy should I be! for I never yet could taste any pleasure, but in tobacco.

Puz. Tobacco is a very good thing, indeed, and there is no harm in taking it abundantly.

SCENE II.

SIR OWEN APSHINKEN, LADY APSHINKEN, PUZZLETEXT.

Lady Ap. At your morning-draught, Sir Owen, I find, according to custom; but I shall not trouble myself with such a drone as you are. Methinks you, Mr. Puzzletext, should not encourage drunkenness.

Puz. I ask your ladyship's pardon; I profess I have scarce drank your health this morning—and wine, while it contributeth only to the cheering o the spirits, is not forbidden us.—I am an enemy to excess—but as far as the second bottle, nay, t some constitutions, a third, is, no doubt, allowabl —and I do remember to have preached with much perspicuity even after a fourth.

Lady Ap. Oh intolerable! do you call four bottles no excess?

Puz. To some it may, to others it may not.—

Excess dependeth not on the quantity that is drank, but on the quality of him who drinketh.

Lady Ap. I do not understand this sophistry—tho' I think I have some skill in divinity.

Puz. Oh, madam! no one more.—Your ladyship is the honour of your sex in that study, and may properly be termed 'The great Welsh lamp of divinity.'

Lady Ap. I have always had an inclination to maintain religion in the parish——and some other time shall be glad to dispute with you concerning excess—but at present I must impart something to you concerning my son, whom I have observed too familiar with the maids——

Puz. Which of the maids, madam?—Not one of my mistresses, I hope? [*Aside.*

Lady Ap. Truly, with all of them—and unless we prevent it, I am afraid we shall hear of a marriage not much to our liking——and you know, Mr. Puzzletext, how hard a thing it would be for us, who have but one child, to have him throw himself away.

Puz. What methods shall we take in order thereto?

Lady Ap. I know but one—we must prevent his marrying them, by marrying them to others—we have as many men as maids; now I rely on you to match them up to one another;—for whilst there is one unmarried wench in the house, I shall think him in danger.—Oh, Mr. Puzzletext! the boy takes after his father, not me—his head is full of nothing but love; for whatever Nature hath done for him in another way, she hath left his head unfurnish'd.

Puz. Love, in a young mind, is powerful indeed.

AIR II. *Lads of Dunce.*

If love gets into a soldier's heart,
He puts off his helmet, his bow, and his dart.
Achilles, charm'd with a nymph's fair eye,
A distaff took, and his arms laid by.
The gay gods of old their heav'n wou'd quit,
And leave their ambrosia for a mortal tit-bit;
The first of that tribe, that whore-master Jove,
Preferr'd to all heav'ns, the heav'n of love.

Lady Ap. I think you have already asked them all in the church, so that you have only to hasten the match——this, I assure you, I shall not forget the favour. I am now going to take a short airing in the Park, in my own chaise, and would have you remember we have no time to lose.

Puz. Well, Sir, you heard what my lady says—what shall I do?

Sir Owen. E'en what she commands.—If she interferes not with my pipe, I am resolv'd not to interfere with her family.—Let her govern, while I smoke.

Puz. Upon my word, Sir Owen is a thorough epicurean philosopher. I must now seek the young 'squire, who is a philosopher of another kind.

SCENE III.

OWEN *solus* [*with two letters.*]

This is the day wherein Robin and Sweetissa propose to be married, which unless I can prevent I lose all my hopes of her; for when once a woman knows what's what, she knows too much for me.——Sure never man was so put to it in his

amours—for I do not care to venture on a woman after another, nor does any woman care for me twice.

AIR III. *Let the drawer bring clean glasses.*

How curst the puny lover!
How exquisite the pain,
When love is fumbled over,
To view the fair's disdain!
But oh! how vast the blessing!
Whom to her bosom pressing,
She whispers, while caressing,
Oh! when shall we again?

Here are two letters, which I have forged; one as from Susan to Robin, the other from William to Sweetissa: these must be dropt where they may be found by the improper parties, and will create a jealousy, whereof I may reap the fruit, and Sweetissa's maidenhead may yet be my own.

SCENE IV.

PUZZLETEXT *and* OWEN.

Puz. Mr. Owen! I have been searching for you. I am come, child, to give you some good instructions. —I am sorry to hear you have an intention to disgrace your family, by a marriage inferior to your birth.

Owen. Do not trouble your head with my marriage, good Mr. Parson.—When I marry, 'twill be to please myself, not you.

Puz. But let it not be such a marriage as may reflect upon your understanding.—Consider, Sir,—consider who you are.

AIR IV. *March in Scipio.*

Think, mighty Sir, ere you are undone,
Think who you are, Apshinken's only son;
At Oxford you have been, at London eke also;
You're almost half a man, and more than half a beau:
Oh do not then disgrace the great actions of your life!
Nor let Apshinken's son be buried in his wife.

Puz. You must govern your passions, master Owen.

Owen. You may preach, Mr. Parson, but I shall very little regard you. There is nothing so ridiculous as to hear an old fellow railing at love.

Puz. It is like a young fellow's railing at age.—

Owen. Or a courtier out of a place at court.

AIR V. *Sir Thomas, I cannot.*

The worn-out rake at pleasure rails,
And cries, 'Tis all idle and fleeting;
At court, the man whose int'rest fails,
Cries, All is corruption and cheating.
But would you know
Whence both these flow?
Tho' so much they pretend to abhor 'em,
That rails at court,
This at love's sport,
Because they are neither fit for 'em,
fit for 'em,
Because they are neither fit for 'em.

Owen. Besides, doctor, I fancy you have not always govern'd your own passions, tho' you are so fond of correcting others: as a poet burlesques the nonsense of others, while he writes greater nonsense himself———

our young squire had been like most young country squires—But he is a fine gentleman, Sweetissa.

Sweet. From such fine gentlemen, may my stars deliver me, Margery!

Marg. What, I suppose you are afraid of being made jealous, by his running after other women?

Sweet. Pshaw! I should not think him worth being jealous of—he runs after every woman he sees; and yet, I believe scarce knows what a woman is.—Either he has more affectation than desire, or more desire than capacity. O Margery, when I was in London with madam, I have seen several such sparks as these; some of them would attempt making love too——Nay, I have had such lovers!—But I could never find one of them that would stand it out.

AIR VIII. *Bessy Bell and Mary Gray.*

In long pig-tails and shining lace,
  Our beaux set out a-wooing;
Ye widows, never show them grace,
  But laugh at their pursuing.
But let the daw, that shines so bright,
  Of borrow'd plumes bereft be,
Alas! poor dame, how naked the sight!
  You'll find there's nothing left ye.

Oh Margery! there is more in Robin's little finger, than in a beau's whole body.

Marg. Yes, and more roguery in him than—

Sweet. I know you are prejudiced against him from what William says; but be assur'd, that is all malice—he is desirous of getting his place.

Marg. I rather think that a prejudice of your's against William.

Sweet. O Margery, Margery! an upper servant's honesty is never so conspicuous, as when he is abused

by the under-servants.—They must rail at some one; and if they abuse him, he preserves his master and mistress from abuse.

Marg. Well, I would not have such a sweetheart.

Sweet. Puh! if all you say were true, what is it to me? If women were to consider the roguery of their lovers, we should have even fewer matches among people of quality than we have.

AIR IX. *Mad Moll.*

Why should not I love Robin?
And why should not Bob love me?
While ev'ry one else he is fobbing,
He still may be honest to me.
For tho' his master he cheats,
His mistress shares what he gains;
And whilst I am tasting the sweets,
The devil take her who complains.
Marg. But should he be taken indeed;
Ah! think what a shame it would be
To have your love dragg'd out of bed,
And thence in a cart to the tree.
Sweet. Let halters tie up the poor cheat,
Who only deserves to be hang'd;
The wit who can get an estate,
Hath still too much wit to be hang'd.

But I don't speak this on Robin's account; for if all my master's ancestors had met with as good servants as Robin, he had enjoyed a better estate than he hath now.

Puz. Or as a prude corrects the vices of others, while she is more vicious herself.

Owen. Or as a parson preaches against drinking, and then goes to the alehouse.

Puz. Very true—if you mean a presbyterian parson.

AIR VI. *One evening having lost my way.*

I've heard a noncon parson preach
  'Gainst whoring with just disdain;
Whilst he himself to be naught did teach
  Of females as large a train
As stars in the sky, or lamps in the street,
Or beauties in the Mall we meet,
  Or as—or as—or as,
  Or as the whores in Drury-lane.

Owen. Thy similies are all froth, like bottled ale——and it is as difficult to get thee out of a simile, as out of an alehouse.

AIR VII. *Dutch skipper.*

Puz. The gaudy sun adorning
  With brightest rays the morning,
                  the morning,
    Shines o'er the eastern hill;
  And I will go a sporting,
Owen. And I will go a courting,
                  a courting,
  There lies my pleasure still.
Puz. In Gaffar Woodford's ground
    A brushing hare is found,
  A course which even kings themselves might
      see;

Owen. And in another place
There lies a brushing lass,
Which will give one ten times more sport than she.

Second Part.

Puz. What pleasure to see, while the greyhounds are running,
Poor puss's cunning, and shifting, and shunning!
To see with what art she plays still her part,
And leaves her pursuers afar:
First this way, then that;
First a stretch and then squat,
Till quite out of breath,
She yields her to death.
What joy with the sportman's compare?

Owen. How sweet to behold the soft blooming lass,
With blushing face, clasp'd close in embrace!
To feel her breasts rise, see joy fill her eyes,
And glut on her heav'n of charms!
While sighing and whining,
And twisting and twining,
With kissing and pressing,
And fondest caressing,
With raptures she dies in your arms.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

SWEETISSA AND MARGERY.

Sweet. If ever you had known what it was to love, Margery, you would not have wonder'd how I could prefer a man to his master.

Marg. I should not have wonder'd, indeed, if

SCENE VI.

ROBIN AND SWEETISSA.

AIR X. *Masquerade minuet.*

Rob. Oh my Sweetissa!
Give me a kiss-a,
Oh what a bliss-a
To behold your charms!
My eyes with gazing
Are set a blazing.
Sweet. Come then and quench them within my arms.

Rob. Oh my Sweetissa! thou art straighter than the straightest tree—sweeter than the sweetest flower—thy hand is white as milk, and as warm; thy breast is as white as snow, and as cold.—Thou art, to sum thee up at once, an olio of perfections; or, in other words, a garden of bliss which my soul delights to walk in.—Oh! I will take such strides about thy form, such vast, such mighty strides——

Sweet. Oh Robin! it is as impossible to tell thee how much I love thee, as it is to tell—how much water there is in the sea.

Rob. My dear Sweetissa! had I the learning of the author of that opera-book in the parlour-window, I could not make a simile to my love.

Sweet. Be assur'd there shall be no love lost between us.

AIR XI. *Young Damon once the happiest swain.*

When mutual passion hath possess'd,
With equal flame, each am'rous breast,
  How sweet's the rapt'rous kiss!
While each with soft contention strive,
Which highest ecstasies shall give,
  Or be more mad with bliss.

Rob. Oh my Sweetissa! how impatient am I till the parson hath stitch'd us together: then, my dear, nothing but the scissors of the Fates should ever cut us asunder.

Sweet. How charming is thy voice! sweeter than bagpipes to my ear: I could listen ever.

Rob. And I could view thee ever: thy face is brighter than the brightest silver. Oh could I rub my silver to be as bright as thy dear face, I were a butler indeed!

Sweet. Oh Robin! there is no rubbing on my face; the colour which I have, nature, not art, hath given; for on my honour, during the whole time I have lived with my mistress, out of all the pots of paint which I have plaistered on her face, I never stole a bit to plaister on my own.

Rob. Adieu, my dear, I must go whet my knives; by that time the parson will be return'd from coursing, and we will be married this morning.—Oh Sweetissa! it is easier to fathom the depth of the bottomless sea, than my love.

Sweet. Or to fathom the depth of a woman's bottomless conscience, than to tell thee mine.

Rob. Mine is as deep as the knowledge of physicians.

Sweet. Mine as the projects of statesmen.

Rob. Mine as the virtue of whores.

Sweet. Mine as the honesty of lawyers.

Rob. Mine as the piety of priests.

Sweet. Mine as—I know not what.

Rob. Mine as—as—as—I—'gad I don't know what.

AIR XII. *All in the Downs.*

Would you my love in words display'd,
  A language must be coin'd to tell;
No word for such a passion's made,
  For no one ever lov'd so well.
Nothing, oh nothing's like my love for you,
And so my dearest, and so my dearest, and my
    dear, adieu.

SCENE VII.

SWEETISSA *and* MARGERY.

Sweet. Oh my Margery! if this fit of love continues, how happy shall I be!

Marg. Ay, it will continue the usual time, I warrant you—during the honey-moon.

Sweet. Call it the honey-year, the honey-age. Oh Margery! sure never woman loved as I do!—tho' I am to be married this morning, still it seems long to me. To a mind in love, sure an hour before marriage seems a month.

Marg. Ay, my dear, and many an hour after marriage seems a twelvemonth; it is the only thing wherein the two states agree; for we generally wish ourselves into it, and wish ourselves out of it.

Sweet. And then into it again; which makes one poet say, Love is like the wind.

Marg. Another, that it is like the sea.

Sweet. A third, a weather-cock.

Marg. A fourth, a Jack with a lanthorn.

Sweet. In short, it is like every thing.

Marg. And like nothing at all.

AIR XIII. *Ye nymphs and sylvan gods.*

How odd a thing is love,
Which the poets fain would prove
To be this and that,
And the lord knows what,
Like all things below and above.
But believe a maid,
Skill'd enough in the trade
Its mysteries to explain;
'Tis a gentle dart
That tickles the heart,
And tho' it gives us smart,
Does joys impart,
Which largely requite all the pain.

Marg. Oh, my dear! whilst you have been singing, see what I have discovered!

Sweet. It is a woman's hand, and not my own. [*Reads.*] Oh my Margery! now I am undone indeed.—Robin is false, he has lain with and left our Susan.

Marg. How!

Sweet. This letter comes from her, to upbraid him with it.

Marg. Then you have reason to thank Fate for this timely discovery.——What would it avail you to have found it out when you were married to him? —When you had been his wife, what would it have profited you to have known he had another?

Sweet. True, true, Margery; when once a woman is married, 'tis too late to discover faults.

AIR XIV. *Red House.*

Ye virgins who would marry,
Ere you choose, be wary,
If you'd not miscarry,
Be inclined to doubting:
Examine well your lover,
His vices to discover,
With caution con him over,
And turn quite inside out him;
But wedding past,
The stocking cast,
The guests all gone,
The curtain drawn,
Be henceforth blind,
Be very kind,
And find no faults about him.

Sweet. Oh Margery! I am resolv'd never to see Robin more.

Marg. Keep that resolution, and you will be happy.

SCENE VIII.

ROBIN.

How truly does the book say—hours to men in love are like years. O for a shower of rain to send the parson home from coursing, before the canonical hours are over!—Ha! what paper is this?—The hand of our William is on the superscription.

To MRS. SWEETISSA.

'MADAM,

'Hoping that you are not quite de-t-e-r-ter-m-i-'n-e-ed, determined to marry our Robin, this comes

'for to let you know.'—[I'll read no more: can there be such falsehood in mankind?—I find footmen are as great rogues as their masters; and henceforth I'll look for no more honesty under a livery than an embroider'd coat—but let me see again!] —'to let you know I am ready to fulfil my promise 'to you—'
Ha! she too is guilty.—Chambermaids are as bad as their ladies, and the whole world is one nest of rogues.

AIR XV. *Black Joke.*

The more we know of human kind,
The more deceits and tricks we find
  In ev'ry land as well as Wales;
For would you see no roguery thrive,
Upon the mountains you must live,
  For rogues abound in all the vales.
The master and the man will nick,
The mistress and the maid will trick;
  For rich and poor
  Are rogue and whore,
There's not one honest man in a score,
Nor woman true in twenty-four.

SCENE IX.

ROBIN *and* JOHN.

Rob. Oh John! thou best of friends! come to my arms.—For thy sake I will still believe there is one honest—one honest man in the world.

John. What means our Robin?

Rob. O my friend! Sweetissa is false, and I'm undone—let this letter explain the rest.

John. Ha! and is William at the bottom of all?

—Our William, who us'd to rail against women and matrimony! Oh! 'tis too true what our parson says, there's no belief in man.

Rob. Nor woman neither.——John, art thou my friend?

John. When did Robin ask me what I have not done?—Have I not left my horses undrest, to whet thy knives?—Have I not left my stable unclean'd, to clean thy spoons? And even the bay stone-horse unwater'd, to wash thy glasses?

Rob. Then thou shalt carry a challenge for me to William.

John. Oh Robin! consider what our parson says —We must not revenge, but forget and forgive.

Rob. Let our parson say what he will.—When did he himself forgive? Did he forgive Gaffar Jobson having wrong'd him of two cocks of hay in five load? —Did he forgive Gammar Sowgrunt for having wrong'd him of a tythe-pig?——Did he forgive Susan Foulmouth, for telling him he lov'd the cellar better than his pulpit?—No, no, let him preach up forgiveness, he forgives nobody.—So I will follow his example, not his precepts.—Had he hit me a slap in the face, I could have put up with it. Had he stole a silver spoon, and laid the blame on me, tho' I had been turn'd away, I could have forgiven him. But to try to rob me of my love—that, that, our John, I never can forgive him.

AIR XVI. *Tipling John.*

The dog his bit
Will often quit,
A battle to eschew;
The cock his corn
Will leave in barn,
Another cock in view.

One man will eat
Another's meat,
And no contention seen;
Since all agree
'Tis best to be,
Tho' hungry, in a whole skin.
But should each spy,
His mistress by,
A rival move his suit,
He quits his fears,
And by the ears
They fall together to't.
A rival shocks
Men, dogs, and cocks,
And makes the gentlest froward;
He who won't fight
For mistress bright,
Is something worse than coward.

John. Nay, to say the truth, thou hast reason on thy side. Fare thee well.—I'll go deliver thy message, and thou shalt find I will behave myself like a Welchman, and thy friend.

SCENE X.

ROBIN.

Now were it not for the sin of self-murder, would I go hang myself at the next tree. Yes, Sweetissa, I would hang myself, and haunt thee.—Oh woman, woman! is this the return you make true love?—No man is sure of his mistress, till he has gotten her with child. A lover should act like a boy at school, who spits in his porridge that no one may take it from him.—Should William have been beforehand with me—Oh!

SCENE XI.

ROBIN *and* SWEETISSA.

Sweet. Oh! the perjury of men! I find dreams do not always go by contraries; for I dreamt last night, that I saw our Robin married to another.

[*A long silence, and walking by one another, she takes out her handkerchief, and bursts out a crying.*]

Rob. Your crying won't do, madam; I can tell you that.—I have been your fool long enough—I have been cheated by your tears too often, to believe them any longer.

Sweet. Oh barbarous, perfidious, cruel wretch! —Oh! I shall break my heart—Oh!

Rob. No, no, your heart is like a green stick, you may bend it, but cannot break it.—It will bend like a willow, and twist round any one.

Sweet. Monster! monster!

Rob. Better language would show better breeding.

AIR XVII. *Hedge-lane.*

Rob. Indeed, my dear,
With sigh and tear,
Your point you will not carry;
I'd rather eat
The offal meat,
Than others' leavings marry.
Sweet. Villain, well
You would conceal

Your falsehood by such catches;
Alas! too true
I've been to you,
Thou very wretch of wretches.

Well you know
What I might do,
Would I but with young master.
Rob. Pray be still,
Since by our Will
You're now with child of bastard.
Sweet. I with child!
Rob. Yes, you with child.
Sweet. I with child, you villain!
Rob. Yes, you,
Madam, you,
And now with child by William.

It is equal to me with whom you play your pranks; and I'd as lieve be my master's cuckold as my fellow-servant's.——Nay, I had rather, for I could make him pay for it.

Sweet. Oh, most inhuman! dost thou not expect the ceiling to fall down on thy head, for so notorious a lie? Dost thou believe in the Bible? Dost thou believe there is such a thing as the Devil? Dost thou believe there is such a place as Hell?

Rob. Yes, I do, madam; and you will find there is such a place to your cost.—Oh, Sweetissa, Sweetissa! that a woman could hear herself ask'd in church to one man, when she knew she had to do with another?

Sweet. I had to do with another!

Rob. You, madam, you.

Sweet. I had to do with Will!

Rob. Yes, you had to do with Will.

AIR XVIII. *Lord Biron's Maggot.*

Sweet. Sure nought so disastrous can woman befal,
As to be a good virgin, and thought none at all.
Had William but pleas'd me,
It never had teaz'd me
To hear a forsaken man bawl.
But from you this abuse,
For whose sake and whose use
I have safe cork'd my maidenhead up;
How must it shock my ear!
For what woman can bear
To be call'd a vile drunkard,
And told of the tankard,
Before she has swallow'd a cup?

Rob. O Sweetissa, Sweetissa! well thou knowest that wert thou true, I'd not have sold thee for five hundred pounds. But why do I argue longer with an ungrateful woman, who is not only false, but triumphs in her falsehood; her falsehood to one who hath been too true to her. Since you can be so base, I shall tell you what I never did intend to tell you—When I was in London, I might have had an affair with a lady, and slighted her for you.

Sweet. A lady! I might have had three lords in one afternoon; nay, more than that, I refused a man with a thing over his shoulder like a scarf at a burying, for you; and these men, they say, are the greatest men in the kingdom.

Rob. O Sweetissa! the very hand-irons thou didst rub before thou wast preferr'd to wait on thy lady, have not more brass in them than thy forehead.

Sweet. O Robin, Robin! the great silver candlesticks in thy custody are not more hollow than thou art.

Rob. O Sweetissa! the paint, nay the eyebrows that thou puttest on thy mistress are not more false than thou.

Sweet. Thou hast as many mistresses as there are glasses on thy sideboard.

Rob. And thou lovers as thy mistress has patches.

Sweet. If I have, you will have but a small share.

Rob. The better my fortune.——To lose a wife when you have had her, is to get out of misfortune ——to lose one before you get her, is to escape it; especially if it be one that somebody has had before you.—He that marries, pays the price of virtue. Whores are to be had cheaper.

AIR XIX. *Do not ask me.*

A woman's ware, like china,
  Once flaw'd is good for nought;
When whole, tho' worth a guinea,
  When broke's not worth a groat.
A woman at St. James's
  With guineas you obtain,
But stay till lost her fame is,
  She'll be cheap in Drury-lane.

SCENE XII.

SWEETISSA *and* MARGERY.

Sweet. Ungrateful, barbarous wretch!
Marg. What is the matter?
Sweet. Oh, Margery! Robin——
Marg. What more of him?

Sweet. O! worse than you can imagine—worse than I could have dreaded:—Oh, he has sullied my virtue?

Marg. How, your virtue?

Sweet. Yes, Margery, that virtue which I kept lock'd up as in a cupboard; that very virtue he has abus'd—he has barbarously insinuated to be no virtue at all.——Oh, I could have borne any fate but this;——I that would have carried a knapsack thro' the world, so that my virtue had been safe within it——I that would have rather been the poorest man's wife, than the richest man's whore——To be call'd the miss of a footman, that would not be the miss of a king!

Marg. It is a melancholy thing, indeed.

Sweet. O Margery! men do not sufficiently understand the value of virtue.——Even footmen learn to go a whoring of their masters——and virtue will shortly be of no use, but to stop bottles.

AIR XX. *Tweed-side.*

What woman her virtue would keep,
When nought by her virtue she gains?
While she lulls her soft passions asleep,
She's thought but a fool for her pains.
Since valets, who learn their lords' wit,
Our virtue a bauble can call,
Why should we our ladies' steps quit,
Or have any virtue at all?

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE—*The Fields.*

MR. APSHONES *and* MOLLY.

MR. APSHONES.

I TELL you, daughter, I am doubtful whether his designs be honourable: there is no trusting these flutt'ring fellows; they place as much glory in winning a poor girl, as a soldier does in conquering a town. Nay, their very parents often encourage them in it: and when they have brought up a boy to flatter and deceive the women, they think they have given him a good education, and call him a fine gentleman.

Molly. Do not, dear Sir, suspect my Owen; he is made of a gentler nature.

Mr. Ap. And yet I have heard that that gentle gentleman, when he was at London, rummaged all the playhouses for mistresses: nay, you yourself have heard of his pranks in the parish: did he not seduce the fidler's daughter?

Molly. That was the fidler's fault; you know he sold his daughter, and gave a receipt for the money.

Mr. Ap. Hath he not made mischief between several men and their wives? And do you not know that he lusts after every woman he sees, though the poor wretch does not look as if he was quite come from nurse yet.

Molly. Sure angels cannot have more sweetness in their looks than he.

Mr. Ap. Angels! baboons! these are the creatures that resemble our beaux the most. If they have any sweetness in them, 'tis from the same reason that an orange hath. Why have our women fresher complexions and more health in their countenances here than in London, but because we have fewer beaux among us; in that I will have you think no more of him; for I have no design upon him, and I will prevent his designs upon you. If he comes here any more, I will acquaint his mother.

Molly. Be first assured that his designs are not honourable, before you rashly ruin them.

Mr. Ap. I will consent to no clandestine affair. Let the great rob one another, and us, if they please; I will show them the poor can be honest. I desire only to preserve my daughter, let them preserve their son.

Molly. O, Sir! would you preserve your daughter, you must preserve her love.

AIR XXI.

So deep within your Molly's heart
  Her Owen's image lies,
That if with Owen she must part,
  Your wretched daughter dies.
Thus when unto the soldier's breast
  The arrow flies too sure,
When thence its fatal point you wrest,
  Death is his only cure.

Mr. Ap. Pugh, pugh! you must cure one love by another: I have a new sweetheart for you—— and I'll throw you in a new suit of clothes into the bargain——which I can tell you is enough to ba-

lance the affections of women of much higher rank than yourself.

Molly. Nothing can recompense the loss of my Owen; and as to what he loses by me, my behaviour shall make him amends.

Mr. Ap. Poor girl! how ignorant she is of the world! but little she knows that no qualities can make amends for the want of fortune, and that fortune makes sufficient amends for the want of every good quality.

Molly. My dear Owen, I am sure, will think otherwise.

AIR XXII. *Let ambition fire the mind.*

Happy with the man I love,
  I'll obsequious watch his will;
Hottest pleasures I shall prove,
  While his pleasures I fulfil.
Dames by proudest titles known,
  Shall desire what we possess;
And while they'd less happy own
  Grandeur is no happiness.

Mr. Ap. I will hear no more—remember what I have said, and study to be dutiful—or you are no child of mine.

Molly. Oh! unhappy wretch that I am! I must have no husband, or no father—What shall I do—or whither shall I turn? Love pleads strong for a husband, duty for a father—yes, and duty for a husband too—but then what is one who is already so.—Well then, I will antedate my duty. I will think him my husband before he is so. But should he then prove false—and when I've lost my father, should I lose my husband too, that is impossible—falsehood and he are incompatible.

AIR XXIII. *Sweet are the charms.*

Beauties shall quit their darling town,
Lovers shall leave the fragrant shades,
Doctors upon the fee shall frown,
Parsons shall hate the masquerades;
Nay, ere I think of Owen ill,
Women shall leave their dear quadrille.

SCENE II.

OWEN, MOLLY.

Owen. My dear Molly, let not the reflexion on my past gaieties give thee any uneasiness: be assur'd I have long been tir'd with variety; and I find after all the changes I have run thro', both of women and clothes—a man hath need of no more than one woman and one suit at a time.

AIR XXIV. *Under the greenwood-tree.*

To wanton pleasures, roving charms,
I bid a long adieu,
While wrapt within my Molly's arms,
I find enough in you.
By houses this, by horses that,
By clothes a third's undone,
While this abides—the second rides,
The third can wear but one.

Molly. My dear, I will believe thee, and am resolv'd from this day forward to run all the hazards of my life with thee.—Let thy rich parents or my

poor parents say what they will, let us henceforth have no other desire than to make one another parents.

Owen. With all my heart, my dear; and the sooner we begin to love—the sooner we shall be so.

Molly. Begin to love!—Alas, my dear—is it now to begin?———

Owen. Not the theory of love, my angel—to that I have long been an apprentice; so long that I now desire to set up my trade.

Molly. Let us then to the parson—I am as willing to to be married as thou art.

Owen. Why the parson, my dear?——

Molly. We can't be married without him.—

Owen. No, but we can love without him; and what have we to do with marriage while we can love?—Marriage is but a dirty road to love—and those are happiest who arrive at love without travelling thro' it.

AIR XXV. *Dearest charmer.*

Will you still bid me tell,
What you discern so well
By no expiring sighs,
My doating eyes?
Look thro' th' instructive grove,
Each object prompts to love,
Hear how the turtles coo,
All nature tells you what to do.

Molly. Too well I understand you now—No, no, however dirty the road of marriage be—I will to love no other way—Alas! there is no other way but one—and that is dirtier still—None travel

through it without sullying their reputations beyond the possibility of cleaning.

Owen. When cleanliness is out of fashion, who would desire to be clean?—And when ladies of quality appear with dirty reputations, why should you fear a little spot on your's:

Molly. Ladies of quality may wear bad reputations as well as bad clothes, and be admir'd in both—but women of lower rank must be decent, or they will be disregarded; for no woman can pass without one good quality, unless she be a woman of very great quality.

Owen. You judge too severely.—Nature never prompts us to a real crime: it is the imposition of a priest, not Nature's voice, which bars us from a pleasure allow'd to every beast but man—but why do I this to convince thee by arguments of what thou art sufficiently certain? Why should I réfute your tongue, when your fond eyes refute it.

AIR XXVI. *Canny Boatman.*

How can I trust your words precise,
My soft desires denying,
When oh! I read within your eyes
Your tender heart complying.
Your tongue may cheat,
And with deceit
Your softer wishes cover;
But oh! your eyes
Know no disguise,
Nor ever cheat your lover.

Molly. Away, false perjur'd, barbarous wretch—Is this the love you have for me, to undo me——to ruin me?——

Owen. Oh! do not take on thee thus, my dear Molly—I would sooner ruin myself than thee.——

Molly. Ay, so it appears.—Oh! fool that I was to think thou couldst be constant who hast ruin'd so many women—to think that thou ever didst intend to marry me, who hast long been practis'd in the arts of seducing our sex!—Henceforth I will sooner think it possible for butter to come when the witch is in the churn—or hay to dry in the rain—for wheat to be ripe at Christmas—for cheese to be made without milk—for a barn to be free from mice—for a warren to be free from rats—for a cherry orchard to be free from blackbirds——or for a churchyard to be free from ghosts, as for a young man to be free from falsehood.

Owen. Be not enrag'd, my sweetest dear——Let me kiss away thy passion.

Molly. Avaunt—a blight is in thy kiss——thy breath the wind of wantonness—and virtue cannot grow near thee.

AIR XXVII. *I'll range around.*

Since you so base and faithless be,
And would—without marrying me,
A maid I'll go to Pluto's shore,
Nor think of men or marriage more.

Owen. You'll repent that resolution before you get half-way.———She'll go pout and pine away half an hour by herself, then relapse into a fit of fondness, and be all my own.

AIR XXVIII. *Chloe is false.*

Women in vain love's powerful torrent
With unequal strength oppose?
Reason awhile may stem the strong current,
Love still at last her soul o'erflows;
Pleasures inviting,
Passions exciting,
Her lover charms her,
Of pride disarms her,
Down she goes.

SCENE III. *A Field.*

ROBIN, WILLIAM, JOHN, THOMAS.

Will. Here's as proper a place as can be for our business.

Rob. The sooner the better.

John. Come, Thomas, thou and I will not be idle.

Tho. I'll take a knock or two for love, with all my heart.

AIR XXIX. *Britons strike home.*

Will. Robin, come on, come on, come on,
As soon as you please,
Rob. Will, I will hit thee a slap in the,
Slap in the, slap in the face.
Will. Would, would I could see it,
I would with both feet
Give thee such a kick by the by.
Rob. If you dare, Sir, do.
Will. Why do not, Sir, you?
Rob. I'm ready, I'm ready,
Will. And so am I too.

Tho. You must fight to some other tune, or you will never fight at all.

SCENE IV.

ROBIN, WILLIAM, JOHN, THOMAS, SUSAN.

Sus. What are you doing, you set of lazy rascals? —Do you consider my master will be at home within these two hours, and find nothing ready for his supper?

Will. Let master come when he will——If he keeps Robin, I am free to go as soon as he pleases; Robin and I will not live in one house together.

Sus. Why, what's the matter?

Rob. He wanted to get my mistress from me, that's all.

Will. You lie, sirrah, you lie!

Rob. Who do you call liar, you blockhead?—— I say, you lie!

Will. And I say you lie!

Rob. And you lie!

Will. And I say you lie again!

Rob. The devil take the greatest liar, I say.

AIR XXX. *Mother, quoth Hodge.*

Sus. Oh fy upon't Robin, oh fy upon't Will,
What language like this what scullion defames?
'Twere better your tongues should ever be still,
Than always be scolding and calling vile names.

Will. 'Twas he that lies
Did first devise,
The first words were his, and the last shall
be mine.
Rob. You kiss my dog.
Will. You're a sly dog.
Rob. Loggerhead.
Will. Blockhead.
Rob. Fool.
Will. Fox.
Rob. Swine.

Will. Sirrah, I will make you repent you ever quarrell'd with me—I will tell my master of two silver spoons you stole—I'll discover your tricks—your selling of glasses, and pretending the frost broke them—making master brew more beer than he needed, and then giving it away to your own family; especially to feed the great swoln belly of that fat-gutted brother of your's—who gets drunk twice a day at master's expence.

Rob. Ha, ha, ha! And is this all?

Will. No, sirrah, it is not all—then there's your filing the plate, and when it was found lighter, pretending that it wasted in cleaning; and your bills for tutty and rotten stone, when you us'd nothing but poor whiting. Sirrah, you have been such a rogue, that you have stole above half my master's plate, and spoil'd the rest.

Sus. Fie upon't! William, what have we to do with master's losses? He is rich, and can afford it—don't let us quarrel among ourselves—let us stand by one another——for, let me tell you, if matters were to be too nicely examined into, I am afraid it would go hard with us all——Wise servants always stick close to one another, like plumbs in a pudding that's overwetted, says Susan the cook.

John. Or horse in a stable that's on fire——say John the groom.

Tho. Or grapes upon a wall—says Thomas the gardener.

Sus. Every servant should be sauce to his fellow-servant——as sauce disguises the faults of a dish—so should he their's.——O William, were we all to have our deserts, we should be finely roasted indeed!

AIR XXXI. *Dame of honour.*

A wise man other's faults conceals
  His own to get more clear of;
While Folly all she knows reveals,
  Sure what she does to hear of.
The parson and the lawyer's blind,
  Each to his brother's erring———
For should you search, he knows you'd find
  No barrel the better herring.

AIR XXXII. *We have cheated the parson.*

Rob. Here stands honest Bob, who ne'er in his life
Was known to be guilty of faction and strife.
  But oh what can
  Appease the man,
Who would rob me of both my place and my wife?

Will. If you prove it, I will be hang'd, and that's fair.

Rob. I've that in my pocket will make it appear.

Will. Pry'thee what?

Rob. Ask you that,
When you know you have written against me so flat?

Rob. Here is your hand, tho' there is not your name to it—Is not this your hand, Sir?

Will. I don't think it worth my while to tell you whether it is or no.

Rob. Was it not enough to try to supplant me in my place, but you must try to get my mistress?

Will. Your mistress—any man may have your mistress that can outbid you, for it is very well known, you never had a mistress without paying for her.

Rob. But perhaps you may find me too cunning for you, and while you are attempting my place, you may lose your own.

AIR XXXIII. *Hark, hark, the cock crows.*

Will. When master thinks fit,
I am ready to quit
A place I so little regard, Sir;
For while thou art here,
No merit must e'er
Expect to find any reward, Sir.
The groom that is able
To manage his stable,
Of places enough need not doubt, Sir;
But you, my good brother,
Will scarce find another,
If master should e'er turn you out, Sir.

Sus. If you can't be friends without it, you had best fight it out once for all.

Will. Ay—— so say I.

Rob. No, no, I am for no fighting; it is but a word and a blow with William; he would set the whole parish together by the ears, if he could; and

it is very well known what difficulties I have been put to, to keep peace in it.

Will. I suppose peace-making is one of the secret services you have done master——for they are such secrets, that your friend the devil can hardly discover—and whence does your peace-making arise, but from your fears of getting a black eye or bloody nose in the squabble?—for if you could set the whole parish a boxing, without boxing yourself, it is well known you would do it, sirrah, sirrah—— had your love for the tenants been the occasion of your peace-making, as you call it, you would not be always making master so hard upon them in every court; and prevent him giving them the fat ox at Christmas, on pretence of good husbandry.

Rob. Your's you have a great love for, master, we know by your driving to inch, as you do, sirrah. You are such a headstrong devil, that you will overturn the coach one day or other, and break both master and mistress's necks: it is always neck or nothing with you.

Sus. Oh fie! William, pray let me be the mediator between you.

Rob. Ay, ay, let Susan be the mediator, I'll refer my cause to any one—it is equal to me.

Will. No, no, I shall not refer an affair, wherein my honour is so concerned, to a woman.

AIR XXXIV. *Of a noble race was Shinken.*

Good madam cook, the greasy,
Pray leave your saucy bawling;
Let all your toil
Be to make the pot boil,
For that's your proper calling.

With men as wise as Robin,
A female judge may pass, Sir;
For where the grey mare
Is the better horse, there
The horse is but an ass, Sir.

SCENE. V.

ROBIN, THOMAS, SUSAN.

Sus. Saucy fellow!

Tho. I suppose he is gone to inform master against you.

Rob. Let him go, I am too well with madam to fear any mischief he can make with master.—And hearkee, between you and I, madam won't suffer me to be turn'd out——you heard William upbraid me with stealing the beer for my own family; but she knows half of it hath gone to her own private cellar, where she and the parson sit and drink, and meditate ways to propagate religion in the parish——

Sus. Don't speak against madam, Robin——she is an exceeding good woman to her own servants.

Rob. Ay, ay, to us upper servants—we that keep the keys fare well enough————and for the rest, let them starve for Robin.——It's the way of the world, Susan; the heads of all professions thrive while the others starve.

AIR XXXV. *Pierot's tune.*

Great courtiers palaces contain,
While small ones fear the jail,
Great parsons riot in champaigne,
Small parsons sot on ale;

Great whores in coaches gang,
Smaller misses,
For their kisses,
Are in Bridewell bang'd;
While in vogue,
Lives the great rogue,
Small rogues are by dozens hang'd.

SCENE VI.

SUSAN, SWEETISSA.

Sweet. Oh brave Susan! what, you are resolved to keep open doings: when a woman goes without the precincts of virtue, she never knows where to stop.

AIR XXXVI. *Country garden.*

Virtue within a woman's heart,
By Nature's hand is ramm'd in,
There must be kept by steady art,
Like water when it's damm'd in.
But the dam once broken,
Past all revoking,
Virtue flies off in a minute;
Like a river left,
Of waters bereft,
Each man may venture in it.

Sus. I hope you will pardon my want of capacity, madam, but I don't know what you mean.—

Sweet. Your capacity is too capacious——madam.

Sus. Your method of talking, madam, is something dark.

Sweet. Your method of acting is darker, madam.—

Sus. I dare appeal to the whole world for the justification of my actions, madam; and I defy any one to say my fame is more sullied than my plates, madam.

Sweet. Your pots you mean—-madam: if you are like any plates, it is soup-plates, which any man may put his spoon into.

Sus. Me, madam?

Sweet. You, madam.

AIR XXXVII. *Dainty Davy.*

Sus. What the devil mean you thus
Scandal scattering,
Me bespattering,
Dirty slut, and ugly puss,
What can be your meaning?

Sweet. Had you, madam, not forgot
When with Bob you---you know what,
Surely, madam, you would not
Twice inquire my meaning.

There, read that letter, and be satisfied how base you have been to a woman, to whom you have professed a friendship.

Sus. What do you mean by offering me a letter to read? when you know——

Sweet. When I know you writ it, madam.

Sus. When you know I can neither write nor read, madam.—It was my parent's fault, not mine, that gave me not a better education; and if you had not been taught to write, you would have been no more able to write than myself—tho' you barbarously upbraid me with what is not my fault.

Sweet. How!—and is it possible you can neither read nor write?

Sus. Possible!—why should it be impossible for a servant not to be able to write—when so many gentlemen can't spell?——

Sweet. Here is your name to a love-letter, which is directed to Robin—wherein you complain of his having left you, after he had enjoy'd you.——

Sus. Enjoy'd me!

Sweet. It is so, I assure you.——

Sus. If ever I had any thing to say to Robin—— But as one fellow-servant might say to another fellow-servant, may my pot ne'er boil again.

Sweet. I am sorry you cannot read, that you might see the truth of what I say, that you might read Susan Roastmeat in plain letters; and if you did not write it yourself, sure the devil must have writ it for you.

Sus. I think I have said enough to satisfy you.—and as much as is consistent with my honour.

Sweet. You have, indeed, to satisfy me of your innocence——nor do I think it consistent with my honour, to assure you I am sorry I said what I said—I do, and humbly ask your pardon—madam.

Sus. Dear madam, this acknowledgment from you is sufficient.—Oh! Sweetissa, had I been one of those, I might have had to do with my young master.——

Sweet. Nay, for that matter, we might all have had to do with my young master; that argues little in your defence—but this I am assured of—if you cannot write at all—you did not write the letter.

AIR XXXVIII. *Valentine's day.*

A woman must her honour save,
  While she's a virgin found;
And he can hardly be a knave
  Who is not worth a pound.

On horseback he who cannot ride,
  On horseback did not rob;
And since a pen you cannot guide,
  You never wrote to Bob.

SCENE VII.

OWEN *and* MR. APSHONES.

Mr. Aps. I desire not, Mr. Owen, that you would marry my daughter; I had rather see her married to one of her own degree.——I had rather have a set of fine healthy grandchildren ask me blessing, than a poor puny breed of half-begotten brats---that inherit the diseases as well as the titles of their parents.

Owen. Pshaw, pshaw, master Apshones, these are the narrow sentiments of such old fellows as you, that have either never known or forgotten the world, that think their daughters going out of the world, if they go five miles from them—and had rather see them walk a foot at home, than ride in a coach abroad.

Mr. Aps. I would not see her ride in her coach this year, to see her ride in a hearse the next.

Owen. You may never arrive to that honour, good Sir.

Mr. Aps. I would not advise you to attempt bringing any dishonour on us——That may not be so safe as you imagine.

Owen. So safe!

Mr. Aps. No, not so safe, Sir.——I have not lost my spirit with my fortune; I am your father's tenant, but not his slave.——Tho' you have ruin'd many poor girls with impunity, you may not always succeed so——for, let me tell you, Sir, whoever brings dishonour on me, shall bring ruin on himself.

Owen. Ha—ha—ha!——

Mr. Aps. I believe both Sir Owen and her ladyship too good people to suffer you in these practices, were they acquainted with them.——Sir Owen hath still behaved as the best of landlords; he knows a landlord should protect, not prey on his tenants——should be the shepherd, not the wolf to his flock.—But one would have thought, you imagin'd we liv'd under that barbarous custom—I have read of—when the landlord was intitled to the maidenheads of all his tenant's daughters.

Owen. Ha, ha, ha! thou art a very ridiculous, comical, odd sort of an old fellow, faith.

Mr. Aps. It is very likely you and I may appear in the same light to one another.—Your dress would have made as ridiculous a figure in my young days, as mine does now. What is the meaning of all that plaistering upon your wigs? unless you would insinuate that your brains lie on the outside of your heads.

Owen. Your daughter likes our dress, if you don't.

Mr. Aps. I desire you would spare my daughter, Sir—I shall take as much care of her as I can—and if you should prevail on her to her ruin, be assured your father's estate should not secure you from my revenge.—You should find that the true spirit of English liberty acknowledges no superior equal to oppression.

Owen. The true spirit of English liberty—ha, ha, ha!—thou art not the first father, or husband, that hath bluster'd in this manner, and been afterwards as quiet as a lamb.—He were a fine gallant, indeed, who would be stopt in the pursuit of his mistress, by the threatenings of her relations.—Not that I should care to venture, if I thought the fellow in earnest—but your heroes in words are never so in deeds.

AIR XXXIX. *My Chloe, why do you slight me?*

The whore of fame is jealous,
The coward would seem brave;
For we are still most zealous,
What most we want to have.
The madman boasts his senses,
And he whose chief pretence is
To liberty's defence, is
Too oft the greatest slave.

SCENE VIII.

OWEN *and* MOLLY.

Owen. She here!

Molly. Cruel, dost thou fly me? am I become hateful in thy sight?—are all thy wicked vows forgotten? for sure if thou didst even remember them, they would oblige thee to another behaviour.

Owen. Can you blame me for obeying your commands in shunning you? Sure you have forgotten your last vows, never to see me more.

Molly. Alas! you know too well, that I am as insincere in every repulse to you, as you have been in your advances to me. How unjustly do men accuse us of using a lover ill! when we are no sooner in his power, than he uses us so.

AIR XL. *Sylvia my dearest.*

Cruellest creature, why have you woo'd me,
Why thus pursu'd me
Into love's snare?
While I was cruel,
I was your jewel;
Now I am kind, you bid me despair.

Nature's sweet flow'rs
Warm seasons nourish,
In summer flourish,
Winter's their bane:
Love against nature
Check'd grows the greater;
And best is nourish'd with cold disdain.

Owen. How canst thou wrong me so, my dear Molly? Your father hath been here, and insulted me in the rudest manner; but notwithstanding that I am resolved——

Molly. To fulfil your promise, and marry me.

Owen. Why dost thou mention that hateful word? That, that is the cruel frost which nips the flower of love. Politeness is not a greater enemy to honesty, nor quadrille to common sense, than marriage is to love. They are fire and water, and cannot live together. Marriage is the only thing thou shouldst ask, that I would not grant.

Molly. And till you grant that, I will grant nothing else.

Owen. It is for your sake I would not marry you; for I could never love, if I was confined to it.

AIR XLI.

How happy's the swain,
Whom beauty firing,
All admiring,
All desiring,
Never desiring in vain!
How happy to rove
Thro' sweetest bowers,
And cull the flowers
In the delicious garden of love!

How wretched the soul
Under controul,
To one poor choice confin'd awhile!
Wanton it exerts the lass,
No, no, let the joys of my life,
Like the years in circles roll.
But since you are so ungrateful,
Since my service is so hateful,
Willing I my place forsake.

Molly. He's gone! he's lost for ever! irrevocably lost: Oh, Virtue! where's thy force? where are those thousand charms that we are told to lie in thee, when lovers cannot see them? Should Owen e'er return, should he renew his entreaties, I fear his success; for I find every day love attains more and more ground of virtue.

AIR XLII. *Midsummer wish.*

When Love is lodg'd within the heart,
Poor Virtue to the outworks flies,
The tongue in thunder takes its part,
And darts in lightning from the eyes.
From lips and eyes with gested grace,
In vain she keeps out charming him,
For Love will find some weaker place
To let the dear invader in.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE—SIR OWEN APSHINKEN'S *House*.

SIR OWEN, *smoking*.

WHAT a glorious creature was he who first discovered the use of tobacco!——the industrious retires from business——the voluptuous from pleasure——the lover from a cruel mistress——the husband from a curs'd wife——and I from all the world, to my pipe.

AIR XLIII. *Free-masons' tune*.

Let the learn'd talk of books,
The glutton of cooks,
The lover of Celia's soft smack-o;
No mortal can boast
So noble a toast,
As a pipe of accepted tobacco.

Let the soldier for fame,
And a general's name,
In battle get many a thwack-o;
Let who will have most,
Who will rule the roast,
Give me but a pipe of tobacco.

Tobacco gives wit
To the dullest old cit,
And makes him of politics crack-o;
The lawyers i' th' hall
Were not able to bawl,
Were it not for a whiff of tobacco.

The man whose chief glory
Is telling a story,
Had never arriv'd at the knack-o,
Between ev'ry heying,
And as I was saying,
Did he not take a whiff of tobacco.

The doctor who places
Much skill in grimaces,
And feels your pulse running tick-tack-o;
Would you know his chief skill?
It is only to fill,
And smoke a good pipe of tobacco.

The courtiers alone
To this weed are not prone;
Would you know what 'tis makes them so slack-o?
'Twas because it inclin'd
To be honest the mind,
And therefore they banish'd tobacco.

SCENE II.

SIR OWEN *and* LADY APSHINKEN.

Lady Ap. It is very hard, my dear, that I must be an eternal slave to my family: that the moment my back is turned every thing goes to rack and manger; that you will take no care upon yourself, like a sleepy good-for-nothing drone as you are.

Sir Owen. My wife is a very good wife, only a little inclin'd to talking. If she had no tongue, or I had no ears, we should be the happiest couple in Wales.

Lady Ap. Sir Owen! Sir Owen! it is very well known what offers I refus'd, when I married you.

Sir Owen. Yes, my dear, it is very well known, indeed—I have heard of it often enough in conscience.—But of this I am confident—if you ha ever had a better offer, you knew your own intere too well to have refus'd it.

Lady Ap. Ungrateful man!—If I have show that I know the value of money, it has been for your interest as well as mine: and let me tell you, Sir, whenever my conscience hath struggled with my interest, she hath always got the better.

Sir Owen. Why possibly it may be so—for I am sure which ever side your tongue is of, will get th better.—And hearkye, my dear, I fancy your c science and your tongue lie very near together.—As for your interest, it lies too near your heart to have any intercourse with your tongue.

Lady Ap. Methinks, Sir Owen, you should be the last who reflected on me for scolding your servants.

Sir Owen. So I would, if you would not scold at me.—Vent your ill-nature on all the parish, let me and my tobacco alone, and I care not: but a scolding wife to me is a walking bass-viol out of tune.

Lady Ap. Sir, Sir, a drunken husband is a bad fiddle-stick to that bass-viol, never able to put her into tune, nor to play any tune upon her.

Sir Owen. A scolding wife is rosin to that fiddlestick, continually rubbing it up to play, till it wear out.

AIR XLIV. *Tenant of my own.*

Of all bad sorts of wives
The scolds are sure the worst
With a hum, drum, scum, hurry scurry scum,
Would I'd a cuckold been,
Ere I had been accurst
With your hum, drum, &c.

Would he have curst mankind
(If Juno's drawn to life)
When Jupiter Pandora sent,
He should have sent his wife,
With her hum, drum, &c.

SCENE III.

LADY APSHINKEN *and* SUSAN.

Lady Ap. Go thy ways, for an errant knight as thou art.—So, Susan, what bring you?

Sus. The bill of fare, madam.

Lady Ap. The bill of fare! this looks more like a bill for a month than a day.

Sus. Master hath invited several of the tenants to-day, madam.

Lady Ap. Yes, I am acquainted with your master's generosity—he would keep a tenant's table by his consent.—On my conscience, he would suffer some of the poorer tenants to eat more than their rent out.

Sus. Heaven bless him for such goodness!

Lady Ap. This sirloin of beef may stand, only cut off half of it for to-morrow——it is too big for one dish.

Sus. O, dear madam! it is a thousand pities to cut it.

Lady Ap. Pshaw! I tell you no polite people suffer a large dish to come to their table.—I have seen an entertainment of three courses, where the substance of the whole would not have made half a sirloin of beef.

Sus. The devil take such politeness, I say.

Lady Ap. A goose roasted—very well; take particular care of the giblets, they bear a very good price in the market. Two brace of partridges—I'll

leave out one of them. An apple-pye with quinces —why quinces, when you know quinces are so dear?—There; and for the rest, do you keep it, and let me have two dishes a day, till it is out.

Sus. Why, madam, half the provision will stink at that rate.

Lady Ap. Then they will eat the less of it.—I know some good housewives that never buy any other, for it is always cheap, and will go the further.

Sus. So as the smell of the old English hospitality us'd to invite people in, that of the present is to keep them away.

Lady Ap. Old English hospitality! Oh, don't name it, I am sick at the sound.

Sus. Would I had liv'd in those days!—I wish I had been born a cook in an age when there was some business for one! before we had learnt this French politeness, and been taught to dress our meat by nations that have no meat to dress.

AIR XLV. *The king's old courtier.*

When mighty roast beef was the Englishman's food,
It ennobled our hearts and enriched our blood,
Our soldiers were brave and our courtiers were good.
    Oh the roast beef of England,
    And old England's roast beef!

But since we have learnt from all-conqu'ring France
To eat their ragouts as well as to dance,
Oh what a fine figure we make in romance!
    Oh the roast beef of England,
    And old England's roast beef!

Lady Ap. Servants are continually jealous of the least thrift of a master or mistress; they are never easy but when they observe extravagance.

SCENE IV.

LADY APSHINKEN *and* PUZZLETEXT.

AIR XLVI. *Oh Jenny, Oh Jenny.*

Lady Ap. Oh doctor, Oh doctor, where hast thou been?
Sure woman was never like me perplext!
I have been chiding:
Puz. I have been riding,
And meditating upon my text.

Lady Ap. I wish you would give us a sermon on charity, that my servants might know that it is no charity to indulge a voluptuous appetite.

Puz. There is, madam, as your ladyship very well knows, a religious charity, and an irreligious charity.——Now the religious charity teaches us rather to starve the belly of our friend, than feed it. Verily, starving is voluptuous food for a sinful constitution.

Lady Ap. I wish, Doctor, when you go next to London, you would buy me up, at the cheapest rates, all the books upon charity that have been publish'd.

Puz. I have a treatise, madam, which I shall shortly publish, that will comprehend the whole. It will be writ in Latin, and dedicated to your ladyship.

Lady Ap. Any thing for the encouragement of religion.——I am a great admirer of the Latin language.—I believe, doctor, I now understand Latin as well as English.—But oh, doctor! it gives me pain, very great pain, that notwithstanding all our endeavours, there should yet remain so many wicked

people in our parish.——One of the tenants, the other day, abus'd his wife in the most terrible manner. Shall I never make them use their wives tolerably?

AIR XLVII.

Lady Ap. Ah, doctor! I long much as misers for pelf,
To see the whole parish as good as myself.
Puz. Ah, madam! your ladyship need not to doubt,
But that by my sermons will be soon brought out.
Lady Ap. Ah, man! can your sermons put them in the right way,
When not one in ten e'er hears what you say?
Puz. Ah, madam! your ladyship need not to fear;
If you make them pay, but I'll make them hear.

SCENE V.

AIR XLVIII. *In Porus.*

(*To them.*) ROBIN.

Rob. Some confounded planet reigning,
Surely hath, beyond explaining,
Your sex beguiled,
Sense defiled,
Sense awry led
To mistake:
I should wonder,
Could you blunder
Thus awake.

But if your almighty wit
Me for William will quit,
E'en brew as you bake.

Lady Ap. What's the meaning of this?

Rob. Is your ladyship a stranger to it, then?—madam, don't you know that I am to be turn'd away, and William made butler?

Lady Ap. How!

Rob. Nay, I assure your ladyship it is true. I just now receiv'd a message from master, to give an account of the plate—and perhaps I shall give a better account than William would, had he been butler as long as I have.

Lady Ap. I am out of all patience! I'll to Sir Owen this moment—I will see whether I am a cipher in this house or no.

Puz. Hearkye, Mr. Robin, you are safe enough—her ladyship is your friend.——So go you and send me a bottle of good wine into my room, for I am a very good friend of your's.

SCENE VI.

ROBIN, *solus.*

It is not that I intend to live long in the family—but I don't care to be turn'd away.—I would give warning myself; and if this storm blows over, I will.—Thanks to my industry, I have made a shift to get together a little comfortable subsistence for the rest of my days.—I'll purchase some little snug farm in Wales of about a hundred a year, and retire with—ha!—with whom shall I retire, since Sweetissa's false?—What avails it to me that I can

purchase an estate, when I cannot purchase happiness.

AIR XLIX. *Cupid, God of pleasing anguish.*

What avail large sums of treasure,
But to purchase sums of pleasure,
But your wishes to obtain?
Poor the wretch whole worlds possessing,
While his dearest darling blessing
He must sigh for still in vain.

SCENE VII.

ROBIN *and* SWEETISSA.

Rob. Where is my wealth, when the cabinet it was lock'd up in, is broke open and plunder'd?

Sweet. He's here!—love would blow me like a whirlwind to his arms, did not the string of honour pull me back—Honour, that forces more lies from the mouth of a woman than gold does from the mouth of a lawyer.

Rob. See where she stands! the false, the perjur'd she.—Yet guilty as she is, she would be dearer to my soul than light—did not my honour interpose —my honour, which cannot suffer me to wed a whore.—I must part with honour, or with her—and a servant without honour, is a wretch indeed!—How happy are men of quality, who cannot lose their honour, do what they will?—Right honour is tried in roguery, as gold is in the fire, and comes out still the same.

AIR L. *Dame of honour.*

Nice honour by a private man
With zeal must be maintain'd!
For soon 'tis lost, and never can
By any be regain'd.

But once right honourable grown,
He's then its rightful owner;
For though the worst of rogues he's known,
He's still a man of honour.

Sweet. I wish I could impute this blindness of your's to love. But, alas! love would see me, not my faults.——You see my faults, not me.

Rob. I wish it were possible to see you faultless—but, alas! you are so hemmed in with faults, one must see through them to come at you.

Sweet. I know of none, but loving you too well.

Rob. That may be one, perhaps, if you were great with William.

Sweet. Oh Robin! if thou art resolv'd to be false, do not, I beseech thee, do not let thy malice conspire to ruin my reputation.

Rob. There, madam, read that letter once more, then bid me be tender of your reputation, if you can—tho' women have always the boldest claims to reputation when they have the least pretensions to it—for virtue, like gunpowder, never makes any noise till it goes off—when you hear the report you may be sure it's gone.

Sweet. This is some conspiracy against me—for may the Devil fetch me this instant, if ever I saw this letter before!

Rob. What! and drop it from your pocket?

Sweet. Oh, base! man!—If ever I suffer'd William to kiss me in my life, unless when we have been at questions and commands, may I never—be kiss'd while I live again!—And if I am not a maid now—may I die as good a maid as I am now!—But you shall see that I am not the only one who can receive letters, and drop them f om their pockets too.——

There, if thou art guilty, that letter will shock thee —while innocence guards me.

AIR LI. *Why will Florella.*

When guilt within the bosom lies,
A thousand ways it speaks,
It stares affrighted thro' the eyes,
And blushes thro' the cheeks.

But innocence, disdaining fear,
Adorns the injur'd face,
And while the black accuser's near,
Shines forth with brighter grace.

Rob. Surprizing!—sure some little writing devil lurks in the house. Ha! a thought hath just shot thro' my brain.—Sweetissa, if you have virtue—if you have honour—if you have humanity, answer me one question—Did the parson ever make love to you?

Sweet. Why do you ask me that?

Rob. These two letters are writ by the same hand—and if they were not writ by William, they must have been by the parson—for no one else, I believe, can write or read in the house.

Sweet. I can't say he hath, nor I can't say he hath not.—Once he told me, that if I was worth a hundred pounds, he'd marry me.

Rob. Did he? that's enough; by George, I'll make an example of him—I'll beat him till he hath as great an aversion to marriage, as any priest in Rome hath.

Sweet. O fie!—what, beat the parson?

Rob. Never tell me of the parson—if he will have my meat, I'll give him some sauce to it.

Sweet. Consider, good Robin; for tho' thou hast

been a base man to me, I would not have thee damn'd.

Rob. The parson would send me to heaven, I thank him.—I'd rather be damn'd than go to heaven as the parson's cuckold. Sbud! I'll souse him till he shall have as little appetite for woman's flesh as horse-flesh.

AIR LII. *Hunt the squirrel.*

Sweet. Oh for goodness-sake forbear!
Think he's a parson, think he's a parson;
Look upon the cloth he wears,
Ere you pull his ears.
Rob. Cease your chattering, I will batter him;
Blood and thunder-bolt!
I'll rub him, drub him, scrub him down,
As jockeys do a colt.

Sweet. He's gone; perhaps will knock the parson in the head. What can he then expect but to be hang'd by the neck? Oh! that he were hang'd once safe about my neck.—Ye powers, preserve him from the hangman's noose, and tie him fast in Hymen's!

SCENE VIII.

SWEETISSA *and* JOHN.

Sweet. Oh John! fly! if thou wilt save thy friend—fly up into the parson's closet.

John. What's the matter?

Sweet. One moment's delay, and Robin's lost.—He is gone in a mighty passion to beat the parson; run and prevent him, for if he should kill the parson, he will be hang'd.

John. Kill him! if he lifts up his hand against

him—he will be put into the spiritual court, and that's worse than hanging.

Sweet. Fly, fly! dear John.—What torments attend a mind in love!

AIR III. *The play of love.*

What vast delights must virgins prove,
Who taste the dear excess of love!
  Since while so many ways undone,
  And all our joys must fly from one,
  Eager to Love's embrace we run.

So when in some small island lies
The eager merchant's brilliant prize,
  That dear, that darling spot to gain,
  He views black tempests with disdain,
  And all the dangers of the main.

SCENE IX.

SWEETISSA *and* OWEN.

Owen. Sweetissa in tears!——so looks the lily after a shower, while drops of rain run gently down its silken leaves, and gather sweetness as they pass.

AIR LIV. *Si cari.*

Smile, smile, Sweetissa, smile;
    Repining banish,
    Let sorrow vanish,
Grief does the complexion spoil.
Smile, smile, Sweetissa, smile,
Lift up your charming, cha—a—arming,
    Charming, charming eyes,
As the sun's brightest rays in summer skies.

What is the matter, my dear Sweetissa?

Sweet. Whatever be the matter—it is no matter of your's, master Owen.

Owen. I would hug thee in my arms and comfort thee—if thou would'st let me.—Give me a buss—do.

AIR LV. *Sleepy body.*

Sweet. Little master,
Pretty master,
Your pursuit give over;
Surely nature
Such a creature
Ne'er meant for a lover.
A beau, and a baboon,
In a dull afternoon,
May ladies divert by their capers;
But weak is her head
Who takes to her bed
Such a remedy for the vapours.
Little master, &c.

SCENE X.

OWEN, *solus.*

AIR LVI.

Go, and like a slubb'ring Bess howl,
Whilst at your griefs I'm quaffing,
For the more you cry, the less you'll——
Tol, lol, de rol.
Be inclin'd to laughing.

SCENE XI.

OWEN *and* SUSAN.

Owen. So, Mrs. Susan, which way are you going?

Susan. Going!—why, I am going to find madam out—if she will have no victuals, she shall have no cook for Susan.—If I cut the sirloin of beef, may the devil cut me!

AIR LVII. *South-sea tune.*

An Irishman loves potatoes;
  A Frenchman chews
  Sallads and ragouts;
A Dutchman, waterzuche;
  The Italian, maccaroons;
The Scotchman loves sheeps' heads, Sir;
The Welch with cheese are fed, Sir;
  An Englishman's chief
  Delight is roast beef;
And if I divide the ox' surloin,
May the devil cut off mine!

Owen. Oh! do not spoil thy pretty face with passion.———Give me a kiss, my dear pretty little cook.

Sus. Give you a kiss!—give you a slap in the face, or a rod for your backside.—When I am kiss'd, it shall be by another guise sort of spark than you.—Sbud! your head looks like the scrag end of a neck of mutton, just flour'd for basting.—A kiss!——a fart!

SCENE XII.

OWEN *and* MARGERY.

Owen. Go thy ways, greasy face!——Oh, here's my little Margery now.

Marg. Not so little neither, Master Owen.——I am big enough for you still.

Owen. And so thou art, my dear, and my dove. —Come, let us——let us——let us——

Marg. Let us what?

Owen. Let us, I'gad, I don't know what——Let us kiss like any thing.

Marg. Not so fast, 'squire—your mamma must give you a larger allowance before it comes to that between you and me. Lookye, Sir, when you can produce that fine apron you promis'd me, I don't know what my gratitude may bring me to——But I am resolved, if ever I do play the fool, I'll have something to show for it, besides a great belly.

Owen. Pox on 'em all!——I shall not compass one out of the whole family.——I'gad, I'll e'en go back to Molly, and make sure of her, if possible—or I may be in danger of dying half a maid yet---for the devil take me, if I ha'n't a shrewd suspicion that, in all my amours, I never yet thoroughly knew what a fine woman was.———I fancy it often happens so among us fine gentlemen.

AIR LVIII.

The idle beau of pleasure
 Oft boasts a false amour,
As breaking cit his treasure,
 Most gaudy, when most poor;
But the rich miser hides the stores he does amass,
And the true lover still conceals his happy lass.

SCENE XIII.

PUZZLETEXT, ROBIN, *and* JOHN.

Puz. I will have satisfaction.—Speak not to me, Master John, of any thing but satisfaction.—I will box him.——I will show him that I was not bred at Oxford for nothing.——Splutter! I will show him my head is good for something else besides preaching.

[*Butts at him.*

Rob. You would have arm'd my head better for butting, I thank you.

Puz. You are a lying rascal, and a liar in your teeth.

Rob. You are a liar in your tongue, doctor, and that's worse.

Puz. The lie to me, sirrah! I will cut your brains out, if you have any brains. Let me go, John—let me go!

Rob. Let him come: I warrant he goes back again faster than he came.

Puz. Sbud! sbud! sbud!

John. Fie, doctor! be not in such a passion; consider who you are—you must forgive.

Puz. I will not forgive.——Forgiveness is sometimes a sin, ay, and a damn'd sin.—No, I will not forgive him.—Sirrah, I will make such an example of you, as shall deter all such vagabonds for the future how they affront the church.

AIR LIX. *Buff-coat.*

Puz. In spiritual court
I'll show you such sport,
Shall make you your own folly curse, Sir.
Rob. But you shall be bit,
For I'll stand in the sheet,
And keep you from handling my purse, Sir.
Puz. In this you'll be sham'd,
In the other world damn'd,
Here a priest, there a devil you'll find, Sir.
Rob. I shall know then if priest
Or devil be best
At the art of tormenting mankind, Sir.

Puz. Let me go, John—I will—splutter!—

SCENE XIV.

SIR OWEN APSHINKEN, LADY APSHINKEN, PUZZLETEXT, ROBIN, WILLIAM, JOHN, SUSAN, SWEETISSA, MARGERY.

Lady Ap. Heyday! what's the meaning of this?—Mr. Puzzletext, you are not mad, I hope?

Puz. Splutter! my lady, but I am. I have been abus'd—I have been beaten——

Lady Ap. It cannot be by Robin, I am sure; he's peaceably enough inclin'd.

Will. He'll not strike a blow, unless he's forced to it, I warrant him.

Puz. Yes, it is by Robin; he hath abus'd me for writing to his mistress, when I have not had a pen

in my hand, save for half a sermon, these six months.

Will. Sure letters run strangely in his head!—— he hath quarrell'd with me once to-day, and now he hath quarrell'd with Mr. Puzzletext, for writing to his mistress—— He knows his own demerits, and therefore is jealous of every man he sees for a rival.

Rob. I have not so bad an opinion of myself as to be jealous of you, however sensible you may be of your own merits.

Lady Ap. Let us have no quarrelling here, pray.— I thought you had more sense than to quarrel with the church. [*Aside to* Robin.

Will. Master may keep you, if he pleases—— when he knows you are a rogue; but I'll swear to your stealing the two silver spoons.

Sweet. You have reason to talk, good Mr. William——I'll swear to your having robb'd one of the coaches of the curtains to make yourself a waistcoat; and your having stole a pair of buckles out of the harness, and sold them to Mr. Owen, to wear them in his shoes.

Sus. If you come to that, madam, who stole a short silk apron from my lady, and a new flannel petticoat, which you have on at this moment?

John. Not so fast, good Susan saucebox---Who basted away dozens of butter more than she need, that she may sell the grease?——Who brings in false bills of fare, and puts the forg'd articles in her own pocket?—Who wants wine and brandy for sauces and sweetmeats, and drinks it herself?

Will. And who wants strong beer for his horses, which he drinks himself?

Marg. I think you [illegible] forget that, lest you should be put in mind of the same practice with the coach horses.

Sus. I suppose when you remember that, you don't forget taking a dram from her ladyship's bottle every time you make the bed.

Lady Ap. I can excuse you there, Margery, for I keep all my bottles under lock and key.

Sus. But I suppose your ladyship will not excuse her from a false key, the which I will take my oath she hath now in her pocket.

Lady Ap. Very fine, indeed!

Puz. Verily, I am concern'd to find my sermons have had no better effect on you. I think it is a difficult matter to determine which deserves to be hang'd most; and if Robin the butler hath cheated more than other people, I see no other reason for it, but because he hath had more opportunity to cheat.

Rob. Well said, parson!——once in thy life thou hast spoken truth.

Will. We are none of us so bad as Robin, tho'— there's cheating in his very name.——Robin, is as much as to say, robbing.

Puz. That is none of the best puns, Master Will.

Rob. Well said, parson, again?

AIR LX. *Ye madcaps of England.*

In this little family plainly we find
A little epitome of human kind,
Where, down from the beggar up to the great man,
Each gentleman cheats you no more than he can.
Sing tantarara, rogues all.

For if you will be such a husband of pelf,
To be serv'd by no cheats, you must e'en serve yourself;
The world is so cramm'd brimful of deceit,
That if Robin be a name for a cheat,
Sing tantarara, Bobs all, Bobs all,
Sing tantarara, Bobs all.

Lady Ap. And have I been raking, and rending, and scraping, and scratching, and sweating, to be plunder'd by my servants?

Sir Owen. Why truly, my dear, if you had any family to provide for, you would have had some excuse for your saving, to save fortunes for your younger children.—But as we have but one son to provide for, and he not much worth providing for, e'en let the servants keep what they have stole, and much good may it do them.

Lady Ap. This is such notorious extravagance!

Omnes. Heavens bless your good honour!

AIR LXI. *My name is old Hewson.*

Rob. I once as your butler did cheat you,
For myself I will set up now;
If you come to my house I will treat you
With a pig of your own sow.

Sweet. I once did your ladyship chouse,
And rob you of trinkets good store;
But when I am gone from your house,
I promise to cheat you no more.

Will. Your lining, I own, like a blockhead,
I stole, to my utter reproach;
But you will be money in pocket,
If you sell off your horses and coach.

Sus. My rogueries all are confess'd,
And for a new maid you may look;
For where there's no meat to be dress'd,
There is little need of a cook.

Chorus. And so we all give you warning,
And give you a month's wages too;
We all go off tomorrow-morning,
And may better servants ensue.

SCENE XV.

(*To them.*) OWEN *and* MOLLY.

Owen. / *Molly.* } Your blessing, Sir.

Sir Owen. / *Lady Ap.* } How!

Owen. / *Molly.* } We are your son and daughter.

Sir Owen. My son married to the daughter of a tenant!

Owen. Oh, Sir! she is your tenant's daughter, but worthy of a crown.

AIR LXII. *Fond Echo.*

Molly. Oh, think not the maid whom you scorn
With riches delighted can be!
Had I a great princess been born,
My Owen had dear been to me.
On others your treasures bestow,
Give Owen alone to these arms;
In grandeur and wealth we find woe,
But in love there is nothing but charms.

Owen. In title and wealth what is lost,
In tenderness oft is repaid;
Too much a great fortune may cost,
Well purchas'd may be the poor maid.
While fancy's faint dreams cheat the great,
We pleasure will equally prove;
While they in their palaces hate,
We in our poor cottage may love.

Sir Owen. She sings delightfully, that's the truth on't.

Owen. T'other song—t'other song—ply him with songs till he forgives us.

AIR LXIII. *Lass of Patie's Mill.*

Molly. If I too high aspire,
'Tis Love that plumes my wings,
Love makes a clown a 'squire,
Would make a 'squire a king.
What maid that Owen spies
From Love can e'er be free?
Love in his lac'd coat lies,
And peeps from his toupee.

Sir Owen. I can hold out no longer.

Lady Ap. Nor I: let me see you embrace one another, and then I'll embrace you both.

AIR LXIV. *Caro vien.*

Molly. With joy my heart's o'erflowing:
Owen. With joy my heart's jolly.
Molly. Oh, my dearest sweet Owen!
Owen. Oh, my charming Molly!

Owen. Since I am happy myself, I will make others so.—These letters, Robin, which caus'd all the jealousy between you and Sweetissa, I wrote out of a frolic.

Rob. Ha! and did I suspect Sweetissa falsely?

Sweet. And did I suspect my Robin?

Rob. Oh, my Sweetissa! my sweet.

Sweet. Oh, my Robin! my Bob.

Rob. This hour shall make us one.———Doctor, lead to church.

Will. What say'st thou, Susan? Shall we follow our leaders?

Sus. Why, faith, I am generally frank, you know, and speak my mind.—I say, yes.

John. And thou, Margery?

Marg. I do not say no.

Puz. I am ready to do your business whenever you please.

Owen. Lookye, as I have married first, I desire my wedding may be celebrated first, at least with one dance; for which I have prepar'd the fiddles.

Puz. And for which I have prepar'd my fiddle too; for I am always in *utrumque paratus.*

Owen. This shall be a day of hospitality, I am resolv'd.

Lady Ap. And I am resolv'd not to see it; and would advise you not to be extravagant in it.

A dance here.

AIR LXV. *Little Jack Horner.*

Puz. Couples united,
Ever delighted,
May they ne'er disagree!
Women. First we will wed,
Men. Then we'll to bed;
Omnes. What happy rogues are we!

Chorus.

Couples united,
Ever delighted,
May we ne'er disagree!
First we will wed,
Then we'll to bed;
What happy rogues are we.

THE

LOTTERY.

A

FARCE,

AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE, IN 1731.

PROLOGUE:

SPOKEN BY

Mr. CIBBER, Jun.

As Tragedy prescribes to Passion rules,
So Comedy delights to punish fools;
And while at nobler games she boldly flies,
Farce challenges the vulgar as her prize.
Some follies scarce perceptible appear
In that just glass, which shows you as you are.
But Farce still claims a magnifying right,
To raise the object larger to the sight,
And show her insect fools in stronger light.
Implicit faith is to her poets due,
And all her laughing legends still are true.
Thus when some conjuror does wives translate,
What dull affected critic damns the cheat?
Or should we see credulity profound,
Give to ten thousand fools, Ten Thousand Pound;
Should we behold poor wretches horse away
The labour of a twelvemonth in a day;
Nay should our poet, with his Muse agog,
Show you an Alley-broker for a rogue,
Tho' 'tis a most impossible suggestion,
Faith! think it all but Farce, and grant the question.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Mr. Stocks,	MR. HARPER.
Jack Stocks,	MR. CIBBER, jun.
First Buyer,	MR. BERRY.
Second Buyer, (a Hackney-coachman,)	MR. MULLART.
Lovemore,	MR. STOPELAER.
Whisk,	MR. R. WETHERILT.

WOMEN.

Chloe,	MISS RAFTOR.
Mrs. Stocks, (sister-in-law to Stocks,)	MRS. WETHERILT.
Jenny,	MISS WILLIAMS.
Lady,	MRS. OATES.

SERVANTS, &C.

SCENE—LONDON.

THE

LOTTERY.

SCENE I.

MR. STOCKS, *alone.*

AIR I.

A LOTTERY is a taxation
Upon all the fools in creation;
And Heav'n be prais'd,
It is easily rais'd,
Credulity's always in fashion:
For Folly's a fund
Will never lose ground,
While fools are so rife in the nation.
[*Knocking without.*

Enter 1 BUYER.

1 *Buy.* Is not this a house where people buy lottery-tickets?

Stocks. Yes, Sir——I believe I can furnish you with as good tickets as any one.

1 *Buy.* I suppose, Sir, 'tis all one to you what number a man fixes on?

Stocks. Any of my numbers.

1 *Buy.* Because I wou'd be glad to have it, Sir, the number of my own years, or my wife's; or if I

cou'd not have either of those, I wou'd be glad to have it the number of my mother's.

Stocks. Ay, or suppose, now, it was the number of your grandmother's?

1 *Buy.* No, no! she has no luck in lotteries: she had a whole ticket once, and got but fifty pounds by it.

Stocks. A very unfortunate person, truly. Sir, my clerk will furnish you, if you'll walk that way up to the office. Ha, ha, ha!—There's one 10,000l. got.——What an abundance of imaginary rich men will one month reduce to their former poverty! [*Knocking without.*] Come in.

Enter 2 BUYER.

2 *Buy.* Does not your worship let horses, Sir?

Stocks. Ay, friend.

2 *Buy.* I have got a little money by driving a hackney-coach, and I intend to ride it out in the lottery.

Stocks. You are in the right; it is the way to drive your own coach.

2 *Buy.* I don't know, Sir, that———but I am willing to be in Fortune's way, as the saying is.

Stocks. You are a wise man, and it is not impossible but you may be a rich one.—'Tis not above ——no matter how many to one, but that you are this night worth ten thousand pounds.

AIR II. *Free-masons' tune.*

Here are the best horses,
That ever ran courses,
Here is the best pad for your wife, Sir;
Who rides one a-day,
If luck's in his way,
May ride in a coach all his life, Sir.

The sportsman esteems
The horse more than gems,
That leaps o'er a pitiful gate, Sir;
But here is the hack,
If you sit but his back,
Will leap you into an estate, Sir.

2 *Buy.* How long a man may labour to get that at work, which he can get in a minute at play!

AIR III. *Black Joke.*

The soldier in a hard campaign
Gets less than a gamester by throwing amain,
Or dealing to bubbles, and all, all that:
The stoutest sailor, every one knows,
Gets less than the courtier, with cringing bows,
And Sir, I'm your vassal, and all, all that:
And town-bred ladies too, they say,
Get less by virtue than by play:
And dowdy Joan
Had ne'er been known,
Nor coach had been her ladyship's lot,
But for the black ace, and all, all that.

And belike you, Sir, I would willingly ride upon the number of my coach.

Stocks. Mr. Trick, let that gentleman have the number of his coach.—[*Aside.*] No matter whether we have it or no.———As the gentleman is riding to a castle in the air, an airy horse is the properest to carry him. [*Knocking hard without.*] Heyday! this is some person of quality, by the impudence of the footman.

Enter LADY.

Lady. Your servant, Mr. Stocks.

Stocks. I am your ladyship's most obedient servant.

Lady. I am come to buy some tickets, and hire some horses, Mr. Stocks.—I intend to have twenty tickets and ten horses every day.

Stocks. By which, if your ladyship has any luck, you may very easily get 30 or 40,000l.

Lady. Please to look at these jewels, Sir——they cost my lord upwards of 6000l.——I intend to lay out what you will lend upon 'em.

Stocks. If your ladyship pleases to walk up into the dining-room, I'll wait on you in a moment.

Enter PORTER.

Well, friend, what's your business?

Porter. Here's a letter for you, an't please you.

Stocks. [*Reading.*]

'Brother Stocks,

'Here is a young lady come to lodge at my house 'from the country, has desir'd me to find out some 'one who may instruct her how to dispose of 10,000l. 'to the best advantage.—I believe you will find her 'worth your acquaintance.—She seems a mere no'vice, and I suppose has just received her fortune; 'which is all that's needful from

'Your affectionate brother,

'TIM. STOCKS.'

Very well.—It requires no other answer than that I will come. [*Knocking hard without.*

Heyday! more people of quality. [*Opens the door.*

Enter JACK STOCKS.

Ha!

J. Stocks. Your servant, brother.

Stocks. Your servant, brother.—Why, I have not seen you this age.

J. Stocks. I have been a man of great business lately.

Stocks. I hope your business has turn'd to a good account.——I hope you have clear'd handsomely.

J. Stocks. Ay, it has turn'd to a very good account.——I have clear'd my pockets, faith!———

Stocks. I am sorry for that——but I hope you will excuse me at present, dear brother.——Here is a lady of quality stays for me; but as soon as this hurry of business is over, I shou'd be very glad to——drink a dish with you at any coffee-house you will appoint.

J. Stocks. Oh! I shall not detain you long; and so, to cut the affair as short as possible, I desire you would lend me a brace of hundreds.

Stocks. Brother!

J. Stocks. A brace of hundreds! Two hundred pounds in your own language.

Stocks. Dear Jack, you know I wou'd as soon lend you two hundred pounds as one; but I am at present so out of cash, that——

J. Stocks. Come, come, brother, no equivocation: two hundred pounds I must have, and will.

Stocks. Must have and will!—Ay, and shall have too, if you can get 'em.

J. Stocks. 'Sdeath, you fat rascal! what title had you to come into the world before me?

Stocks. You need not mention that, brother; you know my riches, if I have any, are owing to my industry; as your poverty is to your laziness and extravagance——and I have rais'd myself by the Multiplication-table, as you have undone yourself at the Hazard-table.

J. Stocks. That is as much as to say, I have un-

done myself like a gentleman, and you have rais'd yourself like a pickpocket—Sirrah, you are a scandal to the family; you are the first tradesman that has been in it.

Stocks. Ay, and the first that has been worth a groat in it. And tho' you don't deserve it, I have thought of a method to put you in a way to make you the second. There, read that letter. [J. Stocks *reads it to himself.*] Well, Sir, what say you to 10,000l. and a wife?

J. Stocks. Say! that I only want to know how to get them.

Stocks. Nothing so easy.——As she is certainly very silly, you may depend upon it, she will be very fond of a lac'd coat and a lord.—— Now, I will make over both those to you in an instant.——— My Lord Lace hath pawn'd his last suit of birth-night clothes to me; and as I intend to break before he can redeem 'em——the clothes and the title are both at your service—So, if your lordship pleases to walk in, I will but just despatch my lady, and be with you.

J. Stocks. If I can but nick this time, ame's-ace, I defy thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter LOVEMORE.

What a chace has this girl led me! However, I have track'd her all the way, till within a few miles of this town.—If I start her again, let her look to't.—I am mistaken, or she began to find her passion growing too violent, before she attempted this flight—and when once a woman is fairly wounded, let her fly where she will, the arrow still sticks in her side.

AIR IV. *Chloe is false, but still she is charming.*

Women in vain Love's powerful torrent
With unequal strength oppose;
Reason, awhile, may stem the strong current,
Love still at last her soul o'erflows.
Pleasures inviting,
Passions exciting,
Her lover charms her,
Of pride disarms her;
Down, down she goes.

Enter WHISK.

So Whisk, have you heard any news?

Whisk. News, Sir! ay, I have heard news, and such as will surprise you.

Love. What! no rival, I hope.

Whisk. You will have rivals enough now, I suppose.——Why, your mistress is got into fine lodgings in Pall-Mall.——I found her out by meeting that baggage her maid in the street, who wou'd scarce speak to me. I follow'd her to the door; where, in a very few minutes, came out such a procession of milliners, mantua-makers, dancing-masters, fiddlers, and the devil knows what; as I once remember at the equipping a parliamentman's country lady, to pay her first visit.

Love. Ha! by all that's infamous, she is in keeping already; some bawd has made prize of her as she alighted from the stage-coach.——While she has been flying from my arms, she has fallen into the colonel's.

AIR V.

How hapless is the virgin's fate,
  Whom all mankind's pursuing!
For while she flies this treach'rous bait,
  From that she meets her ruin.
So the poor hare, when out of breath,
  From hound to man is prest,
Then she encounters certain death,
  And 'scapes the gentler beast. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CHLOE *and* JENNY.

Chloe. Oh Jenny! mention not the country, I faint at the sound of it——there is more pleasure in the rattling of one hackney-coach, than in all the music that romances tell us of, in singing birds and falling waters.

AIR VI.

Farewel, ye hills and valleys;
  Farewel, ye verdant shades;
I'll make more pleasant sallies
  To plays and masquerades.
With joy, for town I barter
  Those banks where flowers grow;
What are roses to a garter?
  What lilies to a beau?

Jenny. Ay, madam—wou'd the 10,000l. prize were once come up!

Chloe. Oh Jenny! be under no apprehension. It is not only from what the fortune-teller told me, but I saw it in a coffee-dish, and I have dreamt of it every night these three weeks.——Indeed, I am so

sure of it, that I think of nothing but how I shall lay it out.

Jenny. Oh, madam! there is nothing so easy in nature, in this town, as laying it out.

Chloe. First of all, Jenny, I will buy one of the best houses in town, and furnish it.—Then I intend to set up my coach and six, and have six fine tall footmen.—Then I will buy me as many jewels as I can wear.—All sorts of fine clothes I'll have too.——These I intend to purchase immediately: and then for the rest, I shall make a shift, you know, to spend it in housekeeping, cards, plays, and masquerades, and other diversions.

Jenny. It is possible you may.—She has laid out twenty thousand of her ten, already.

Chloe. Well, I shall be a happy creature.—I long to begin, methinks.

AIR VII. *In Perseus and Andromeda.*

Oh what pleasures will abound
When I've got ten thousand pound!
Oh how courted I shall be!
Oh what lords will kneel to me!
  Who'll dispute my
  Wit and beauty,
When my golden charms are found?
  O what flattery,
  In the lottery,
When I've got ten thousand pound!

An't I strangely alter'd in one week, Jenny? Don't I begin to look as if I was born and bred in London, already? Eh! does not the nasty red colour go down out of my face? Han't I a good deal of pale quality in me?

Jenny. Oh, madam, you come on gloriously.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Madam! here's one Mr. Spadille at the door.

Chloe. Mr. Spadille! who is that?

Jenny. It is your ladyship's Quadrille master, madam.

Chloe. Bid him come another time.—I an't in a humour to learn any thing more this morning.—I'll take two lessons to-morrow tho'—for they tell me one is not qualified for any company, till one can play at Quadrille.

Serv. Mr. Stocks the broker, too, madam, is below.

Chloe. Oh! that's the gentleman who is to dispose of my ten thousand pound for me——desire him to walk up. Is it not pretty now to have so many visitants? Is not this better than staying at home for whole weeks, and seeing none but the curate and his wife, or the squire?

Jenny. It may be better for you than seeing the squire; for if I mistake not, had you stay'd many weeks longer, he had been a dangerous visitant.

Chloe. I am afraid so too——for I began to be in love with him, and when once a woman's in love, Jenny——

Jenny. Lud have mercy upon her!

AIR VIII.

Chloe. When Love is lodg'd within the heart,
Poor Virtue to the outworks flies;
The tongue, in thunder, takes her part,
She darts in lightning from the eyes.

From lips and eyes with gifted grace,
In vain we keep out charmed sin;
For Love will find some weaker place
To let the dear invader in.

Enter STOCKS.

Stocks. I had the honour of rcceiving your commands, madam.

Chloe. Sir, your humble servant—Your name is Mr. Stocks, I suppose.

Stocks. So I am call'd in the Alley, madam; a name, tho' I say it, which wou'd be as well receiv'd at the bottom of a piece of paper, as any He's in the kingdom. But if I mistake not, madam, you wou'd be instructed how to dispose of 10,000l.

Chloe. I wou'd so, Sir.

Stocks. Why, madam, you know, at present, public interest is very low, and private securities very difficult to get——and I am sorry to say it, I am afraid there are some in the Alley who are not the honestest men in the kingdom. In short, there is one way to dispose of money with safety and advantage, and that is——to put it into the charitable corporation.

Chloe. The charitable corporation! pray, what is that?

Stocks. That is, madam, a method invented by some very wise men, by which the rich may be charitable to the poor, and be money in pocket by it.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Madam, here is one my lord Lace desires to know if you are at home.

Chloe. Lord Lace! Oh Gemini! who's that?

Stocks. He is a man of the first quality, and one of the best estates in the kingdom: why, he's as rich as a supercargo.

Enter JACK STOCKS, *as Lord Lace.*

J. Stocks. Bid the chair return again an hour hence, and give orders that the chariot be not us'd this evening.——Madam, I am your most obedient humble servant.——Ha! egad, madam, I ask ten thousand pardons, I expected to have met another lady.

Stocks. I suppose your lordship means the countess of——

J. Stocks. Ay, the countess of Seven Dials.

Stocks. She left these lodgings this day-se'nnight, my lord, which was the day this lady came into 'em.

J. Stocks. I shall never forgive myself being guilty of so great an error! and unless the breath of my submission can blow up the redundancy of your good-nature, till it raise the wind of compassion, I shall never be able to get into the harbour of quiet.

Stocks. Well said, faith—the boy has got something by following plays, I see. [*Aside.*

Chloe. Is this one of your proud lords? Why, he is ten times more humble than the parson of our parish.

J. Stocks. Ha! and are you then resolv'd not to pardon me? Oh! it is now too late: you may pronounce my pardon with your tongue, when you have executed me with your eyes.

AIR IX.

Chloe. Alas! my lord, you're too severe
Upon so slight a thing;
And since I dare not speak for fear,
Oh give me leave to sing.
A rural maid you find in me,
That fate I've oft deplor'd;
Yet think not I can angry be
With such a noble lord.

J. Stocks. Oh ravishing! exquisite! extasy! joy! transport! misery! flames! ice! How shall I thank this goodness that undoes me!

Chloe. Undoes you, my lord!

J. Stocks. Oh madam! there is a hidden poison in those eyes, for which nature has no antidote.

Jenny. My lord has the same designs as the 'squire, I fear; he makes love too violent for it to be honourable. [*Aside.*

Chloe. Alas, my lord! I am young and ignorant——tho' you shall find I have sense enough to make a good market. [*Aside.*

J. Stocks. Oh madam! you wrong your own charms.—Mr. Stocks, do you send this lady the diamond ring you have of mine to set ——Shall I beg you wou'd honour it with wearing? It is a trifle, not worth above 3000 l.——You shall have it again the day after we are married, upon honour. [*Aside* to Stocks.

Stocks. It shall be sent to your lordship's order in three days time——which will be after you are married, if you are married at all. [*Aside to him.*

Chloe. Indeed, my lord, I know not what to say.

J. Stocks. Nor I neither, rat me! [*Aside.*] Say but you will be mine.

Chloe. You are too hasty, Sir. Do you think I can give my consent at first sight?

J. Stocks. Oh! it is the town way of wooing; people of fashion never see one another above twice before marriage——

Stocks. Which may be the reason why some of 'em scarce see one another above twice after they are married.

J. Stocks. I wou'd not presume to ask such a thing, if I were not pressed by necessity. For if I am not married in a day or two, I shall be obliged to marry another whom I have promis'd already.

Chloe. Nay, if you have been once false, you will always be so.

AIR X.

I've often heard
Two things averr'd
By my dear grandmamma,
To be as sure,
As light is pure,
As knavery in law.
The man who'll prove
Once false to love,
Will still make truth his scoff;
And woman that
Has——you know what,
Will never leave it off.

Stocks. I see, madam, this is a very improper time for business, so I'll wait on your ladyship in the afternoon.

J. Stocks. Let me beg leave, madam, to give you a little advice. I know something of this town.

—Have nothing to do with that fellow, he is one of the greatest rogues that ever was hang'd.

Chloe. I thought, my lord, you had spoke just now as if you had employ'd him too.

J. Stocks. Yes, madam, yes——the fellow has some 40 or 50, 000l. of mine in his hands, which if ever I get out, I give you my honour, if I can help it, I'll never see your face again. But as for your money, don't trouble yourself about it, leave the disposal of that to me.——I'll warrant I find ways to lay it out.

Enter LOVEMORE.

Love. My Chloe! Ha! can you turn thus disdainful from me?

Chloe. Sir, I know you not.

Love. Not know me! And is this the fellow for whom I am unknown? this powderpuff!—— Have you surrender'd to him in one week, what I have been ages in soliciting?

J. Stocks. Hearkye, Sir——whoever you are, I wou'd not have you think, because I am a beau and a lord, that I won't fight.

Love. A lord! Oh! there it is! the charms are in the title.—What else can you see in this walking perfume-shop, that can charm you? Is this the virtue, and the virtue, that you have been thund'ring in my ears? 'Sdeath! I am distracted! that ever a woman shou'd be proof against the arts of mankind, and fall a sacrifice to a monkey.

AIR XI. *Son Confuso.*

Some confounded planet reigning,
Must have mov'd you to these airs;

Or could your inclination
Stoop so low,
From my passion
To a beau?
Blood and thunder!
Wounds and wonder!
Can you under-rate me so?

But since I, to each pretender,
My pretensions must surrender,
Farewel all your frowns and scorns;
Rot me, madam, I
Wish my rival joy!
Much joy! much joy of his horns.
Zounds and furies! can I bear it?
Can I tamely stand the shock?
Sure——ten thousand devils
Cannot prove
Half such evils
As to love.
Blood and thunder!
Wounds and wonder!
Who'd be under
Woman's love?

AIR XII.

Chloe. Dear Sir, be not in such a passion,
There's never a maid in the nation
Who wou'd not forego
A dull 'squire for a beau;
Love is not your proper vocation.

Love. Dear madam, be not in such a fury;
For from St. James's to Drury,
No widow you'll find,
No wife of your mind.

Chloe. Ah hideous! I cannot endure you.
Ah! see him——how neat!
Ah! smell him——how sweet!
Ah! hear but his honey words flow!
What maid in her senses
But must fall into trances,
At the sight of so lovely a beau!

J. Stocks. Ha, ha, ha! we are very much obliged to you, madam.—Ha, ha!—'squire Noodle, faith, you make a very odd sort of a ridiculous figure, Ha, ha!

Chloe. Not worth your lordship's notice.

Love. I wou'd advise you, my lord, as you love the safety of that pretty person of your's, not to let me find it at my return; for if I come within the smell of your pulvilio, I will so metamorphose your beauship——

J. Stocks. Impudent scoundrel!

Chloe. I am frighten'd out of my wits, for I know he is very desperate.

J. Stocks. Oh! madam, leave me to deal with him—I'll let a little light thro' his body.

Chloe. Ah! but, my lord, what will be the consequence of that?

J. Stocks. Nothing at all, madam——I have kill'd half a dozen such dirty fellows, and no notice taken of it.

Chloe. For my sake, my lord, have a care of yourself.

AIR XIII.

Ah think, my lord! how I shou'd grieve
To see your lordship bang'd;
But greater still my fears, believe,
Lest I shou'd see you hang'd.

Ah! who cou'd see,
On Tyburn-tree,
You swinging in the air!
A halter round
Your white neck bound,
Instead of solitare.

J. Stocks. To prevent all danger, then, let us be married this instant.

Chloe. Oh fy! my lord; the world will say I am a strange forward creature.

J. Stocks. The world, madam, might be saucy enough to talk of you, if you were married to a private gentleman——but as you will be a woman of quality, they won't be surpris'd at any thing you do.

Chloe. People of quality have indeed privileges, they say, beyond other people; and I long to be one of them.

AIR XIV. *White Joke.*

Oh how charming my life will be,
When marriage has made me a fine lady!
In chariot, six horses, and diamonds bright,
In Flanders' lace and 'broidery clothes,
O how I'll flame it among the beaus!
In bed all the day, at cards all the night.
Oh! how I'll revel the hours away!
Sing it, and dance it, coquette it, and play;
With feasting, toasting,
Jesting, roasting,
Rantum scantum, flanting janting,
Laughing at all the world can say.

[*Exeunt.*

Jenny. This is something like——there is some

mettle in these London lords.——Our poor country 'squires will always put us to the blush of consenting ——these sparks know a woman's mind before she speaks it. Well, it is certainly a great comfort to a woman, who has done what she shou'd not do, that she did it without her own consent.

Enter LOVEMORE.

Love. Ha! flown? Mrs. Jenny, where's your mistress?

Jenny. My mistress, Sir, is with my master.

Love. Damnation! Where? Show me this instant, and———

Jenny. And what? It is surprising to me how a man of Mr. Lovemore's sense shou'd pursue a woman who uses him so ill—when, to my certain knowledge, there is a woman in the world has a much juster notion of his merit.

Love. Hearkye, Mrs. Minx, tell me where your mistress is, or I'll squeeze your little soul out.

Jenny. Oh murder! murder! help! murder!

Enter MRS. STOCKS.

Mrs. Stocks. Heyday! what's the matter? Who is this committing murder in my house? Who are you, Sir? What rascal, what thief are you, Sir? Hey!

Love. This must be the bawd, by the politeness of her language. [*Aside.*]——Dear madam, be not in such a passion; I am no bilking younger brother; and tho' I'm no lord, you may find me a good customer, and as good a paymaster as any lac'd fop in Christendom.

Mrs. Stocks. Sir, I keep no shop—nor want any of your custom.——What has he done to you, child? [*To* Jenny.

Jenny. He has done nothing to me, indeed ma-am, only squeez'd me by the arm, to tell him where my mistress was.

Mrs. Stocks. And what have you to do with her mistress?

Love. Why, faith, I am like to have nothing to do with her mistress, without your good offices.—Lookye, mother, let me have the first of her, and here are 500l. at your service.

Mrs. Stocks. What does the saucebox mean?

Love. Ha, ha, ha!

AIR XV.

When the candidate offers his purse,
  What voter requires what he meant?
When a great man attempts to disburse,
  What little man asks his intent?
Are you not then asham'd
When my mistress I've nam'd,
And my purse I've pull'd out,
Any longer to doubt
  My meaning, good mother?

Mrs. Stocks. Mother!——Oh that ever I shou'd live to see this day!—I that have escap'd the name of a whore in my youth, to be call'd a bawd in my old age.—Sirrah, sirrah, the mother that bore you was not an honester woman.

Enter JACK STOCKS, *and* CHLOE.

J. Stocks. What's the matter, Mrs. Stocks?

Mrs. Stocks. Oh, madam! had you heard how I've been abus'd upon your account—Here's a filthy fellow has offer'd me money to——

Chloe. What, dear madam?

Mrs. Stocks. To procure your ladyship—dear madam——

J. Stocks. Sir, I desire you wou'd omit any further solicitations to this lady, and on that condition I forgive the past. This lady is now my wife.

Love. How! Is this true, Chloe?

Chloe. Ev'n as you've heard, Sir.

J. Stocks. Here's a fellow won't take a lord's word for a wife!

Love. Henceforth, I will never take a woman's word for any thing.

J. Stocks. Then I wish you'd take yourself away, Sir.

Love. Sir, I shall take the liberty of staying here, because I believe my company is disagreeable to you.

J. Stocks. Very civil, faith!—Come, my dear, let us leave this sullen gentleman to enjoy his spleen by himself.

Chloe. Oh, my dear lord! let's go to the Hall to see the lottery drawn.

J. Stocks. If your ladyship pleases.——So, dear 'squire, adieu. [*Exeunt* J. Stocks *and* Chloe.

Love. I'll follow her still; for such a coxcomb of a husband will but give her a better relish for a gallant.

Jenny. And I'll follow you still; for such usage from one mistress, will give you the better relish for another. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Guildhall.*

COMMISSIONERS, CLERKS, SPECTATORS, MOB, &C.

1 Mob. What! are they not drawing yet?

Stocks. No, but they'll begin presently.

AIR XVI. *South-sea ballad.*

Stocks. The lottery just is beginning,
'Twill soon be too late to get an estate,
For Fortune, like dames fond of sinning,
Does the tardy adventurer hate.
Then if you've a mind to have her,
To-day with vigour pursue her;
Or else to-morrow
You'll find, to your sorrow,
She has granted another the favour,
Which to-day she intended for you, sir.

1 *Mob.* Never tell me, Thomas, it is all a cheat; what do those people do behind the curtain? There's never any honesty behind the curtain.

2 *Mob.* Hearkye, neighbour, I fancy there is somebody in the wheels that gives out what tickets he pleases; for if you mind, sometimes there are twenty blanks drawn together, and then two or three prizes.

1 *Mob.* Nay, if there be twenty blanks drawn together, it must be a cheat; for, you know, the man where I hired my horses told me there was not quite ten blanks to a prize.

2 *Mob.* Pox take their horses! I am sure they have run away with all the money I have brought to town with me.

1 *Mob.* And yet it can't be all a cheat, neither; for you know Mrs. Sugarsops of our town got twenty pound.

Mob. Ay, you fool; but does not her brother live with a parliament-man?

1 *Mob.* But he has nothing to do with the lottery, has he?

2 *Mob.* Ah, Laud help thee!——Who can tell what he has to do with it?

1 *Mob.* But here's Mrs. Sugarsops herself.

Enter MRS. SUGARSOPS.

Sug. How do you, neighbour Harrow?

2 *Mob.* Ah! Mrs. Sugarsops! you are a lucky woman.

Sug. I wish you would make your words good.

2 *Mob.* Why, have not you got twenty pounds in the lottery?

Sug. Ah Lud! that's all rid away, and twenty pounds more to it.——Oh! 'tis all a cheat; they let one get a little at first, only to draw one in, that's all. I have hired a horse to-day; and if I get nothing by that, I'll go down into the country to-morrow.

1 *Mob.* I intend to ride no longer, nor neighbour Graze here neither.—He and I go halves in a ticket to-day.—See, here is the number.

Sug. As I live, the very ticket I have hired myself!

2 *Mob.* Nay, that cannot be. It may be the same number, perhaps, but it cannot be the same ticket, for we have the whole ticket for ourselves.

Sug. I tell you, we are both cheated.

Irishman. Upon my shoul, it is very brave luck, indeed; the deel take me but this will be brave news to carry back to Ireland.

1 *Mob.* Ay, there's he that has got the five thousand pound which came up to-day.

2 *Mob.* I give you joy of the five thousand pound, Sir.

Irishman. Ah honey! fait, I have not got it as yet—but, upon my shoul, I was within a ticket of it, joy.

3 *Mob.* I hope your worship will take care that my horse be drawn to-day, or to-morrow, because I shall go out of town next day.

Stocks. Never fear, friend.

Sug. You are a fine gentleman, to let me the same ticket you had let before to these men here.

Stocks. Pshaw! madam, it's impossible; it's a mistake!

Sug. Here is the number, Sir; it is the same on both papers.

Stocks. Ha! why Mr. Trick has made a little blunder here indeed! However, madam, if it comes up a prize, you shall both receive it.—Ha, ha, ha! d'ye think my horses won't carry double, madam? ——This number is a sure card, for it was drawn a blank five days ago. [*Aside.*

Enter COACHMAN.

Coach. Oh Sir! your worship has let me a very lucky horse: it is come up twenty pound already. So if your worship would let me have the money—

Stocks. Let me see, tickets are this day nineteen pound; and your prize is worth eighteen pound eighteen shillings; so if you give me two shillings, which are the difference, we shall be quit.

Coach. How, Sir! how!

Stocks. Upon my word, friend, I state the account right.

Coach. Oh, the devil! and have I given three pound for the chance of losing two shillings more?

Stocks. Alas, Sir! I cannot help ill fortune.—You have had ill luck; it might have come up a hundred, or a thousand, or ten thousand.

Coach. Ten thousand!—ten thousand devils take you all. Oons! if I can but once get a stock-jobber into my coach, if I don't break his neck!—

AIR XVII. *Buff-coat.*

In all trades we've had
Some good, and some bad,
But a stock-jobber has no fellow;
To hell who would sally,
Let him go to 'Change alley,
There are fiends who will make his soul bellow.
The lawyer who's been
In the pillory seen,
While eggs his complexion made yellow:
Nay, the devil's to blame,
Or he'll own to his shame,
That a stock-jobber has no fellow.

Enter J. STOCKS *and* CHLOE. *Commissioners advance to open the wheels.*

J. Stocks. Well, my dear, this is one of the most unaccountable rambles, just after matrimony!—— but you shall always find me the most complaisant of husbands.

Chloe. Oh! my lord! I must see all the curiosities—the Tower, and the lions, and Bedlam, and the court, and the opera.

J. Stocks. Yes, yes, my dear, you shall see every thing—But the devil take me, if I accompany your ladyship. I think I will not talk to her of her fortune before to-morrow morning. [*Aside.*

Chloe. I will not mention the ten thousand pound before it's come up: it will be the prettiest surprise! [*Aside.*

J. Stocks. So, the lottery is going to begin drawing.

AIR XVIII. *Now ponder well, ye parents dear.*

1 *Procl.* Number one hundred thirty-two!
2 *Procl.* That number is a blank.
1 *Procl.* Number one hundred ninety-nine!
2 *Procl.* And that's another blank.

1 *Procl.* Number six thousand seventy-one!
2 *Procl.* That number blank is found.
1 *Procl.* Number six thousand eighty-two,
2 *Procl.* Oh! that is twenty pound.

1 *Mob.* Oh! ho! are you come? I am glad to find there are some prizes here.

AIR XIX. *Dutch skipper. Second part.*

1 *Procl.* Number six thousand eighty-two,
2 *Procl.* Is twenty pound, is twenty pound.
1 *Procl.* Number six thousand eighty-two!
2 *Procl.* Oh! that is twenty pound.
You see 'tis all fair,
See nothing is there.
[*Pointing to the boys, who hold up their hands.*
The hammer goes down,
Hey Presto! be gone,
And up comes the twenty pound.
Chorus. You see 'tis all fair, &c.

1 *Procl.* Forty-five thousand three hundred and ten.

2 *Procl.* Blank.

1 *Procl.* Sixty-one thousand ninety-seven.

4 *Mob.* Stand clear! stand clear! that's my ticket!

2 *Procl.* Blank.

4 *Mob.* Oh Lud! Oh Lud! [*Exit crying.*

1 *Procl.* Number four thousand nine hundred and sixty.

2 *Procl.* Blank. [Chloe *faints.*

J. Stocks. Help! help!

Sug. Here, here are some hartshorn and sal-volatile drops.

1 *Mob.* Poor lady! I suppose her ticket is come up blank.

2 *Mob.* May be, her horse has thrown her, neighbour.

[*The lottery continues drawing in dumb show.*

Enter LOVEMORE *and* JENNY.

J. Stocks. What's the matter, my angel?

Chloe. Oh!——that last blank was my ticket.

J. Stocks. Ha, ha! and cou'd that give you any pain?

Chloe. Does it nòt you?

J. Stocks. Not a moment's, my dear, indeed.

Chloe. And can you bear the disappointment, without upbraiding me?

J. Stocks. Upbraiding you! Ha, ha, ha! With what?

Chloe. Why, did not you marry me for my fortune?

J. Stocks. No, no, my dear——I marry'd you for your person; I was in love with that only, my angel.

Chloe. Then the loss of my fortune shall give me no longer uneasiness.

J. Stocks. Loss of your fortune! Ha! How! What! What!

Chloe. O my dear! I had no fortune, but what I promis'd myself from the lottery.

J. Stocks. Ha!

Chloe. So, the devil take all lotteries, dreams, and conjurers.

J. Stocks. The devil take them, indeed—and am I marry'd to a lottery-ticket, to an imaginary ten thousand pound? Death! hell! and furies! blood! blunders! blanks!

Chloe. Is this your love for me, my lord?

J. Stocks. Love for you! Dem you, fool, idiot.

Jenny. This it is to marry a lord —— he can't be civil to his wife the first day.

Enter STOCKS.

Stocks. Madam, the subscriptions are ready—— and if my lord——

J. Stocks. Brother, this is a trick of yours to ruin me.

Stocks. Heyday! what's the matter now?

J. Stocks. Matter! why, I have had a Levant thrown upon me.

Lovem. The ten thousand pound is come up a blank, that's all.

Stocks. A blank!

J. Stocks. Ay, a blank! do you pretend to be ignorant of it? However, madam, you are bit as well as I am; for I am no more a lord than you are a fortune.

Chloe. Now I'm undone, indeed.

AIR XX. *Virgins beware.*

Lovem. Now, my dear Chloe, behold a true lover,
Whom, tho' your cruelty seem'd to disdain,
Now your doubts and fears may discover,
One kind look's a reward for his pain.
Thus to fold thee,
How blest is life!
Love shall hold thee
Dearer than wife.
What joys in chains of dull marriage can be?
Love's only happy, when liking is free.

As you seem, Sir, to have no overbearing fondness for your wife, I'll take her off your hands.——As you have miss'd a fortune with her, what say you to a fortune without her?—Resign over all pretensions in her to me, and I'll give you a thousand pound this instant.

J. Stocks. Ha! pox! I suppose they are a thousand pounds you are to get in the lottery.

Lovem. Sir, you shall receive 'em this moment.

J. Stocks. Shall I? Then, Sir, to show you I'll be before-hand with you, here she is—take her—and if ever I ask her back of you again, may I lose the whole thousand at the first sitting.

Chloe. And can you part with me so easily?

J. Stocks. Part with you! If I was marry'd to the whole sex, I'd part with 'em all for half the money.

Lovem. Come, my dear Chloe, had you been marry'd, as you imagin'd, you should have lost nothing by the change.

Chloe. A lord! faugh? I begin to despise the name now, as heartily as I lik'd it before.

Commissioners, &c. close the wheels, and come forward.

AIR XXI.

Since you whom I lov'd,
So cruel have prov'd;
And you whom I slighted so true;
From my delicate fine powder'd spouse,
I retract all my thrown-away vows,
And give them with pleasure to you.

Hence all women learn,
When your husbands grow stern,
And leave you in conjugal want;
Ne'er whimper and weep out your eyes,
While what the dull husband denies,
Is better supplied by gallant.

Stocks. Well, Jack, I hope you'll forgive me; or if I intended you any harm, may tickets fall, and all the horses I have let to-day, be drawn blanks to-morrow.

J. Stocks. Brother, I believe you; for as I do not apprehend you could have got a shilling by being a rogue, it is possible you may have been honest.

Lovem. Come, my dear Chloe, don't let your luck grieve you——you are not the only person who has been deceiv'd in a lottery.

AIR XXII.

That the world is a lottery, what man can doubt?
When born, we're put in, when dead, we're drawn out;
And tho' tickets are bought by the fool and the wise,
Yet 'tis plain there are more than ten blanks to a prize.
Sing tantararara, fools all, fools all.

Stocks. The court has itself a bad lottery's face,
Where ten draw a blank, ere one draws a place;
For a ticket in law who would give you thanks?
For that wheel contains scarce any but blanks.
Sing tantararara, keep out, keep out.

Lovem. 'Mongst doctors and lawyers some good ones are found;
But, alas! they are rare as the ten thousand pound.
How scarce is a prize, if with women you deal!
Take care how you marry—for, oh! in that wheel,
Sing tantararara, blanks all, blanks all.

Stocks. That the stage is a lottery, by all 'tis agreed;
Where ten plays are damn'd, ere one can succeed;
The blanks are so many, the prizes so few,
We all are undone, unless kindly you,
Sing tantararara, clap all, clap all.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY

MISS RAFTOR.

LUD ! I'm almost asham'd to shew my face !
Was ever woman like my Lady Lace ?
Maids have been often wives, and widows soon,
But I'm maid, wife, and widow, all in one.
Who'd trust to Fortune, if she plays such pranks ?
Ten thousand———and a lord ! and both prove blanks ?
A piteous case ! and what is still more madding,
To lose so fine a lord before I had him.
Had all been well till honey-moon was over,
It had been then no wonder to discover,
I a new mistress, he a rival lover.
To wake so soon from such delicious dreams,
Such pure, polite, extravagant fine schemes,
Of plays, and operas, and masquerades,
Of equipage, quadrille, and powder'd blades,
And all blown up at once———Oh! horrid sentence !
Forc'd to take up at last—with—faugh ! an old acquaintance.
But hold——when my misfortunes I recal,
Agad ! 'tis well I've any man at all.

Yet, since discarded once at such short warning,
This too may turn me off to-morrow morning.
If that should happen, I were finely slur'd;
What should I then do? What! why get a third.
Well, if he does, as I have cause to fear,
To-morrow night, gallants, you'll find me here.

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